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1-4

635 Broadway, New York.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.**3654***Front View.***LADIES' DEMI-POLO-
NAISE, WITH BASQUE
BACK.**

No. 3654.—To make the stylish garment represented for a lady of medium size, 84 yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Any selection from the variety of fabrics now in vogue would be appropriate made up in this style. Heavy camel's-hair or light diagonal would be very stylish with trimmings of braid, bands of silk or velvet, or jetted embroidery. Sashes of ribbon may be substituted for those represented, with an attractive and dressy result. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 25 cents.

**3654***Back View.***3657***Front View.***LADIES' CLOAK.
(Known in Paris as the
ALBANAISE)**

No. 3657.—The pattern to this pretty and stylish garment is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as represented for a lady of medium size, 44 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**3657***Back View.*

LADIES' BASQUE.



3659

Front View.

No. 3659.—The pattern to this pretty and stylish basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The trimming represented is the new material called *matelassé*, but the same effect can be produced by bands of quilted silk. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3659

Back View.



3669

Front View.



3669

Back View.

GIRLS' PALETOT.

No. 3669.—The pattern to this pretty jacket is in 7 sizes for girls from 4 to 10 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a girl 7 years old, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3665

Front View.



3665

Back View.

GIRLS' JACKET.

No. 3665.—To make the pretty jacket illustrated for a girl of 6 years, 2 yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 3668.—The pattern to the charming suit illustrated is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a girl 4 years old, 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Although feather trimming is employed to complete this garment, borderings of fur, fringe, silk or velvet would be quite as appropriate.



3668

Front View.



3668

Back View.



3663

Front View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3663.—These engravings represent a very stylish over-skirt made up of gros-grain silk. The trimmings are especially adapted to the outline of the skirt, and consist of a velvet band pointed on its upper edge under fancy buttons, together with a fall of heavy silk fringe. Cashmere with embroidery or jetted lace would form a stylish combination. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3663

Back View.

3660

Front View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3660.—The pattern to the novel garment illustrated, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the over-skirt represented for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. The novel formation of this skirt causes the drapery to fit the figure closely, while its square and stylish outline remains undisturbed. A sash of the material ties it to position, but one of silk or velvet can be chosen if preferred. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3660

Back View.



3651
Front View.

**MISSES' WALKING
SKIRT, WITH AN
OVER-SKIRT AT-
TACHED TO THE
FRONT.**

No. 3651.—The skirt represented combines the characteristics of the two garments signified by its name. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and requires 7 yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make it up for a miss of 10 years. Price, 25 cents



3651
Back View.



3667
Front View.



3667
Back View.

BOYS' BELTED JACKET.

No. 3667.—The pattern to the garment represented is in 4 sizes for boys from 4 to 7 years of age. To make the jacket for a boy 5 years old, 2 yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3656
Front View.



3656
Back View.

GIRLS' NORFOLK JACKET.

No. 3656.—The pretty waist represented unites the characteristics of the blouse and basque in one garment. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. To make the jacket for a girl 4 years old, 2½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3652
Front View.



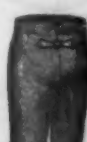
3652
Back View.

CHILD'S BLOUSE DRESS.

No. 3652.—These engravings represent a very stylish suit for a child. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, 4½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3666
Front View.



3666
Back View.

BOYS' KNEE PANTS.

No. 3666.—This natty little pattern is in 7 sizes for boys from 4 to 10 years of age; 1½ yard of material, 27 inches wide, are requisite to make the pants for a boy 9 years old. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

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THE GREAT HALL



WAITING.--Page 184.

ARTHUR'S
ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE



In this neighborhood was Averna, the mouth of Hell, over which no bird could complete its flight, but dropped into its depths, overcome by

After descending the mountain next comes a lake, near Murihaka, however, which the coast falls back to a deep bay, where stands houses and the warm baths, useful both for purposes of pleasure and for the cure of diseases. The Lucerne Lake



WAITING.--Page 184.

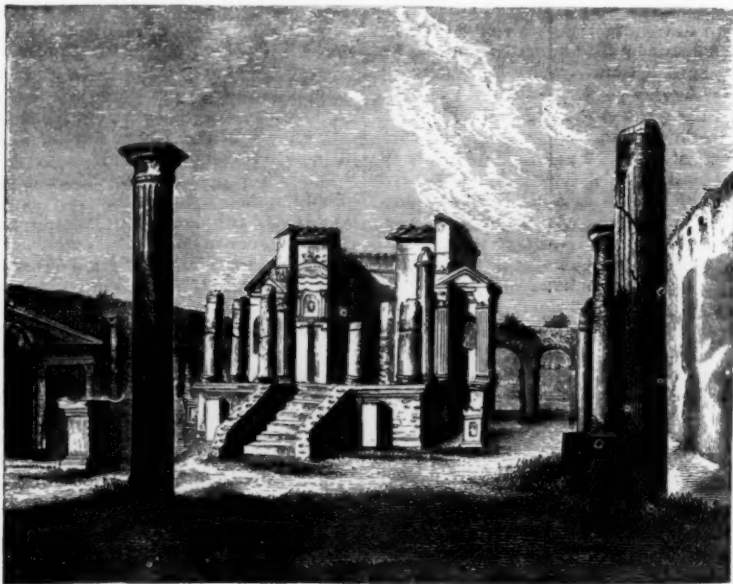
ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

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No. 2.

History, Biography and General Literature.



TEMPLE OF ISIS, POMPEII.

POMPEII.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THERE is no historic record of any eruption of Vesuvius before the Christian era. Yet the myths of the ancients bore testimony to its activity at some remote date. The shores of the Bay of Naples were called the Phlegra or Phlegræi Campi (Burnt Fields), from the traces of igneous action everywhere visible. The earth was riven and scorched, and bore traces of volcanic action. Here was located the famous battle between the giants and the gods, assisted by Hercules, in which the former were cast down and destroyed by the thunderbolts of Jupiter. And these scorching thunderbolts had burnt and blackened the earth, and left their traces in molten stone, lava and ashes.

In this neighborhood was Avernus, the mouth of Hell, over which no bird could complete its flight, but dropped into its depths, overcome by

the sulphurous exhalations. Avernus is the Greek form of the name, signifying birdless, and referring to the same supposed deadly character, while its dreary and terror-striking appearance was certainly suggestive of the idea that it might be the opening to the nether world. The superstition of the middle ages transferred the mouth of hell from Avernus to the crater of Vesuvius, and numerous are the stories which are recorded by eye-witness to the descent of the wicked dead to the infernal regions through this yawning pit, in support of the idea.

Strabo, who wrote some part of his work, at least, in the reign of Tiberius, about the commencement of our era, thus describes the Phlegræan Fields:

"After doubling Midenum, next comes a lake, (now *Mau Morto*,) beyond which the coast falls back in a deep bay, where stands *Baia* and its warm baths, useful both for purposes of pleasure and for the cure of diseases. The *Lucrine Lake*

borders upon Baie; within it is Lake Avernus. Here our ancestors placed the scene of Homer's Neknia; and here, they say, was an oracle, where answers were returned by the dead, to which Ulysses came. Avernus is a deep hollow, with a narrow entrance, in size and shape well suited for a harbor, but incapacitated for that purpose by the shallow Lucrine Lake, which lies before it. It is enclosed by steep ridges, which overhang it everywhere, except at the entrance, now highly cultivated, but formerly enclosed by a savage, trackless forest of large trees, which threw a superstitious gloom over the hollow. The inhabitants further fabled that the birds which flew over it fell down into the water, destroyed by the rising exhalations, as in other places of this sort, which the Greeks call Plutonia, or places sacred to Pluto; and imagined that Avernus was a Plutonian, and the abode where the Cimmerians were said to dwell. Here is a fountain of fresh water by the sea; but all persons abstain from it, believing it to be the Styx; and somewhere near was the oracle. Here, also, as they thought was Pyriphlegethon (Pyriphlegethon, burning with fire; one of the three rivers which encompassed hell), judging from the hot springs near Lake Acherusia. The Lucrine Lake in breadth reaches to Baie, being separated from the sea by a mound, about a mile long, and wide enough for a broad carriage road, said to have been made by Hercules as he was driving Geryon's oxen. Next to Baie come the shores and city of Dichæarchia, formerly a part of the Cumæans, placed on a hill. Next to Dichæarchia is Neapolis; next to Neapolis, Herculaneum, standing on a promontory remarkably open to the south-west wind, which makes it unusually healthy. This city, and its next neighbor, Pompeii, on the River Sarnus, were originally held by the Osci, then by the Tyrrhenians and Pelasgians, then by the Samnites who, in their turn, were expelled by the Romans. Above these places rises Vesuvius, well cultivated and inhabited all round, except its top, which is for the most part level, and entirely barren, ashy to the view, displaying cavernous hollows in cinereous rocks, which look as if they had been eaten in the fire, so that we may suppose this spot to have been a volcano formerly, with burning craters, now extinguished for want of fuel."

Thus it will be seen that eighteen hundred years ago Pompeii sat in calm security before the sea at the foot of Vesuvius, a burned out volcano, whose sides were covered with vines and trees. No one remembered when this volcano had been in activity; no one ever expected to see it rouse to action.

"Pompeii was not a large city, as it had only about thirty thousand inhabitants; but it was a favorite residence of many wealthy Romans, and was a busy, bustling town, with shops, manufactories, public baths, temples and theatres. Cicero speaks of his country property at Pompeii. Its houses were not magnificent in size, but many of them were beautiful with inlaid floors, marble columns, and with walls painted in brilliant colors. These houses were ornamented with pictures, statuary, beautiful vases and many curious and

costly things, showing their inmates to have been people of wealth and cultivated taste.

The streets of the city were very narrow, with pavements raised high above the roadway, which in a rain-storm must have become a foaming torrent of water. That this was the fact is testified to by the stepping-stones, placed on a level with the pavement, which cross the streets in some places. These streets were roughly formed, some of them too narrow for any vehicle whatever; others bear the traces of the heavy wheels of the clumsy ox-carts which the farmers used. Over the broader roadways, probably, dashed the gay chariots of the wealthy.

There had been a high wall about Pompeii to protect it from invading armies, but the wall was already crumbling into ruins, and the principal use it was then put to was that of a public promenade, while its eight or nine gates were no longer closed.

Away from the city stretched a pleasant country, made beautiful by green orchards and vineyards. To the west rolled the waters of the beautiful bay, now known as the Bay of Naples, embraced by the nearly surrounding land.

Thus the people of Pompeii lived happily and quietly in their beautiful city, buying and selling, going to the temples and the theatres, and holding elections, very much as we do now.

More than one hundred years before the time of which I write, there had been an earthquake, which had overthrown many of the public buildings, and greatly frightened the people. Several of the temples had toppled down; so also had the colonnade of the Forum, the great Basilica and the theatres, and many houses and trucks. Nearly every family fled from the place, taking with them their furniture and their statuary; and it was some time before the Senate decided that the city might with safety be re-peopled and rebuilt. But no further subterranean disturbances occurring, the people gradually returned, and the injured or demolished buildings were restored or rebuilt. This earthquake was a serious injury to the city in an architectural point of view, for many of the restorations were cheap and in bad taste. The injured columns were plastered up with stucco, and Ionic shafts received Corinthian capitals.

On the evening of the 23d of August, in the year 79, while many Pompeians were attending one of the theatres, and the rest engaged in their usual business, Vesuvius suddenly sent forth a volume of fire and smoke. The ground shook, and strange noises were heard in it, while peal on peal of thunder crashed down. The air grew thick with dust. It came down like rain, rushing, spinning, whirling, and blinding all in the streets. It was evening, and when the wind lifted the cloud of dust for a moment, then the bright flames of the burning mountain would kindle the darkness. The people in the theatre were filled with consternation. They rushed out and sought their homes to find shelter from the storm of dust and ashes. Vain hope! Next came mingling with the ashes a shower of light stones all ablaze—a snow of fire, which kept falling, falling, all the miserable night through. The houses blazed, the burning sheet

of flame blocked up the streets, the air was heavy and hot with ashes, smoke and burning cinders. The people rushed hither and thither for safety. Those in the city ran wildly toward the country to escape from the burning buildings, only to meet the country people pressing toward the city, hoping to find shelter and protection from the perils of the night. Some stopped to seize their jewels and money; others gathered together their families; while still others thought only of their own safety.

Dion Cassius, who wrote a century after the event, thus describes it:

"Thus day was turned into night, and light into darkness, and some thought the giants were rising again (for many phantoms of them were seen in the smoke, and a blast, as if of trumpets, was heard), while others believed that the earth was to

tinguished, to the earth, the earth to rise to the sky."

Pliny, the younger, describes at length the terrible scenes. Though the event seems to have come upon the city with terrible suddenness after nightfall, yet from his account it seems that Vesuvius gave warnings of the approaching catastrophe earlier in the day. Pliny writes to Tacitus:

"On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him (his uncle) to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. It was not at that distance discernable from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterward to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of



STREET IN POMPEII.

return to chaos, or to be consumed by fire. Therefore men fled, some from the houses out into the ways, others that were without, into their houses; some quitted the land for the sea, some the sea for the land, being confounded in mind, and thinking every place at a distance safer than where they were. Meanwhile, an inexpressible quantity of dust was blown out, and filled land, sea and air; which did much other mischief to men, fields and cattle, and destroyed all the birds and fishes, and, besides, buried two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while the population was sitting in the theatre. For this dust was so abundant that it reached Africa, Syria and Egypt, and filled the air above Rome, and overclouded the sun, which caused much fear for many days, men neither knowing nor being able to conjecture what had happened. But they thought that everything was to be thrown into confusion, the sun to fall, ex-

branches, occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air, that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upward, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders."

Again he says, describing subsequent events: "The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backward and forward, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain, at least, the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapor, darted out a

long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger."

The following is an extract from his description of the flight of himself and his mother:

"The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest she should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices. One lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together."

No doubt many escaped out of the reach of the volcano, but how many perished will never be known. Death overtook some in their dwellings, and they died clasping those whom they best loved. Others died on the streets, beaten down and smothered by the constant and terrible rain of ashes and cinders. Some were crushed beneath falling roofs, while some were suffocated in the very act of trying to gather together their valuables. Oh, it was a terrible hour! No wonder they thought the end of the world had come!

They could scarcely tell when morning dawned, for black darkness filled the air. The crowds were still pressing in the street. Men, women and children shrieked and screamed, and called upon one another in their terror and agony. Still the ashes kept falling, until the ground was covered as with a deep snow, and the weak were crushed and buried beneath them. The sea rose, and then rushed back from the shore, and was violently agitated. Vesuvius kept pouring forth its column of flame and smoke, until the light could be seen far away, and smoke and ashes obscured the daylight at Rome, and even drifted to the shores of Africa.

The buildings were consumed by the flames, and their roofs and walls crumbled, and the ashes and cinders descended upon them, and sifted into all the rooms and crevices, and wrapped themselves about every article of furniture, and rose higher and higher, until everything was covered. The narrow streets were filled, and all the shrieking, terror-stricken, rushing, running, writhing crowd became silent and motionless, and wrapped in a gray-white pall. Still the ashes came down. They filled the rooms of the houses to the very highest point, and then joined with the ashes which filled the streets, and everything was covered over. No trace of houses remained, not even a dome or a spire, or the unfallen fragment of a wall. The city was dead and buried, and grayish-white ashes spread in an unbroken surface

over its tomb—dead and buried, and its grave only to tell where it once was.

But as we sometimes see a grave in an old churchyard sink down to a level with the rest of the ground, the stone which marked it crumbled away, the grass and weeds grow over it, and at last all traces of it disappear, so gradually the gray-white ground began to grow green with grass. Trees sprung up over it, their seeds probably borne thither by the winds. Then, as the years passed away, and the terrible horror of the first remembrance of the occurrence was beginning to be somewhat lessened, the peasants planted vineyards and fig and olive orchards above the place where the old city once stood.

Still, time passed on. Mount Vesuvius again and again sent forth fire and smoke from her new crater within her old one; more ashes sifted through the air, and descended upon the surrounding plains, and streams of melted lava poured down the mountain sides. The whole face of the country became changed, and men gradually forgot the spot where Pompeii had once stood. After more than sixteen hundred years, when the people of the world had forgotten everything about Pompeii except its name and its destruction, some vine-dressers, while working in a vineyard, struck their spades upon some old walls, and, their curiosity excited, they kept on digging until they had unearthed some statues. This clearing was made in 1748, and since then there has been nearly constant work in digging out the ruins of the buried city. It is not, however, until within the last fifteen years that the labor has been pursued with system and energy. Now about one-third of it is cleared of rubbish, and the traveller who visits the spot may walk the streets of Pompeii, treading the very pavement the Pompeians did. He may enter their homes, which are more or less injured by the fires which burned their roofs and doors; but he may see the pictures upon the walls, and he will be shown, if not at Pompeii itself, then at the Pompeian museum at Naples, vases, cups, candlesticks, statuary, jewelry, and many other things which have been discovered buried in ashes.

The mode by which the present excavations of Pompeii are conducted is thus described by an eye-witness:

"The ground being bought, and the vegetation removed, the work begins. The earth at the summit of the hill is taken off and carried away on a railroad, which descends from the middle of Pompeii by a slope that saves all expense of machinery and fuel, to a considerable distance beyond the amphitheatre and the city. In this way the most serious question of all, to wit, that of clearing away the dirt, is solved. Formerly the ruins were covered in with it, and subsequently it was heaped up in a huge hillock, but now it helps to construct the very railroad that carries it away, and will, one day, tip it into the sea. Nothing can present a livelier scene than the excavation of these ruins. Men diligently dig away at the earth, and bevy of young girls run to and fro without cessation, with baskets in their hands, filling their baskets with soil, ashes and *lapillo*, hoisting them on their

heads, by the help of the men, with a single, quick, sharp motion, and thereupon setting off again, in groups that incessantly replace each other, toward the railway, passing and repassing their returning companions. Very picturesque in their ragged gowns of brilliant colors, they walk swiftly with lengthy strides, their long skirts defining the movements of their naked limbs, and fluttering in the wind behind them, while their arms, with gestures like those of classic urn bearers, sustain the heavy load that rests upon their heads without making them even stoop."

In the cleared portion of the city is the triangular Forum. Eight Ionic columns adorned its entrance, and sustained a portico of the purest elegance, from which ran two long, slender colonnades widening apart from each other, and forming an acute angle. They are still surmounted with their

doubt that of Venus, as Venus was the patroness of Pompeii. The ruins of this temple are very fine. There is a spacious enclosure, or peribolus, framing a portico of forty-eight columns—of which many are still standing—surrounding the podium where rose the temple. In front of the entrance, at the foot of the steps that ascend to the podium, rises the altar, seemingly destined for simple offerings of fruit, cakes and incense, which were consecrated to Venus. The steps that scaled the basement story were thirteen—an odd number—so that in ascending the first step with the right foot the level of the sanctuary was also reached with the right foot. The temple was entirely surrounded with open columns with Corinthian capitals. The portico opened broadly, and a mosaic of marbles, pleasingly adjusted, formed the pavement of the goddess' retreat, of which the



TEMPLE OF VENUS, POMPEII.

architrave, which they lightly supported. The Temple of Esculapius, besides its altar, has retained a very odd capital, Corinthian if you will, but on which cabbage-leaves, instead of the acanthus, are seen enveloping a head of Neptune. The Temple of Fortune is greatly dilapidated. The Temple of Isis, still standing, is more curious than handsome. It shows that the Egyptian goddess was venerated at Pompeii, but it tells us nothing about antique art. It is entered at the side, by a sort of corridor leading into the sacred enclosure. The temple is on the right: the columns enclose it; a vaulted niche is hollowed out beneath the altar, where it served as a hiding-place for the priests—at least so say the romance writers. On an altar in this temple were found some remnant of sacrifices, showing that Isis was the only divinity invoked at the moment of the eruption.

The most important temple in Pompeii was no

Painted walls represented simple panels, separated here and there by plain pilasters.

There was a larger and a lesser theatre in Pompeii. These have been more or less cleared of their rubbish, and the stages, the places for the orchestra, and the seats for the audience, are found more or less intact. The latter are divided by railings into three compartments. The first of these, being nearest the stage, and containing all the best seats, was reserved for the magistrates and other eminent persons. The second division was for quiet, respectable private citizens. The last and highest—the remotest from the stage—was for the rabble and—women!

The private dwellings display much magnificence. They not infrequently include two open courts, around which the various apartments were placed. These courts were frequently paved with a kind of cement, in which were ranged small

cubes of marble, of glass, of calcareous stone and of colored enamel, forming squares or stripes, or tracing regular designs, meandering lines and arabesques, until the divided pebbles at length completely covered the reddish basis, and became mosaics. The house of the Faun at Pompeii, which is the most richly paved of all, was a museum of mosaics. "The ancients put their feet where we put our hands," says an Englishman, who writes but the simple truth. The finest tables in the palaces at Naples were cut from the pavements in the houses at Pompeii.

A bakery has been unearthed in Pompeii where the whole process of bread-making is discovered. There are the rude mills, made of an upper and a nether stone, once put together in the shape of an hour-glass. In an adjoining room—most probably a stable—was found the bones of the mule who turned these stones. There were the troughs which served for the manipulation of the bread, and the oven, the arch of which is intact, with the cavity that retained the ashes, and other paraphernalia of the baking-house. In an oven, so hermetically sealed that there was not a particle of ashes in it, there were found eighty-one loaves, a little over-done, to be sure, as cannot be wondered at, considering the severe baking they had, but whole, and bearing their original shape—a shape still seen in Sicily.

The most curious and the saddest sight of all, is that of the statues which have been made by pouring plaster into the moulds found in the ashes where human beings had once been, but of whom nothing now remained but skeletons. The ashes, drifting and sifting around the lifeless bodies while they were still perfect, and hardening in that shape, furnish perfect casts, which, filled with plaster, produce the exact likeness of those who perished so fearfully long ago—their faces and attitudes, the clothes they had on, and the jewels they wore. Some of these figures appear stretched out in the calm of resignation; others are fearfully contorted in the agony of pain; still others are in the act of searching for their jewels, or of claspings to them their dearest ones.

A visit to this buried city must be one full of sad interest. The visitor is carried back eighteen hundred years, and finds the people and their belongings just as they existed then. He may even read upon the walls the names of the different candidates for office to be voted for at a coming election.

The work of digging and clearing out this buried city is still going on. Curious as it may seem, after remaining perfect under their covering of ashes for so many years, many of the articles, upon being brought to the light and air, soon crumble away and perish, and the pictures upon the walls lose their bright colors, and fade into dimness.

THE best way to keep out wicked thoughts, is always to be employed in good ones; let your thoughts be where your happiness is; and let your heart be where your thoughts are; so, though your habitation is on earth, your conversation will be in Heaven.

THE DRACHENFELS.

THE Drachenfels, or "Dragon Rock," which overlooks the little village of Koenigswinter on the Rhine, is a spur of the Siebengebirge, or "Seven Mountains," which were the scene of the Niebelungenlied, the Iliad and Odyssey of Germany. It takes its name from an old Pagan legend, which relates that it was once the abode of a horrible dragon, breathing fire and smoke, to whom the people offered human victims. It came to pass that a young girl, who had been taken captive, was offered to the dragon. Now it happened that Christianity was beginning to gain ground among the people, and that this maiden was a convert. So, when the dragon rushed at her, she held up a crucifix, which so surprised and terrified the beast that he threw himself over the precipice and was drowned in the river. Præd has given us this legend in his easy and graceful verse. We copy it entire.

THE LEGEND OF THE DRACHENFELS.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRÆD.

"Death be her doom! we must not spare,
Though the voice be sweet, though the face be fair,
When the looks deride and the lips blaspheme
The Serpent-God of our hallowed stream.

"Death be her doom! that the fearful King
May joy in the gift his votaries bring;
And smile on the valley, and smile on the rock,
To freshen the vine, and to fatten the flock.

"Death be her doom! ere the pitiless One
Leap from his rest at set of sun;
Seek from his crag his wonted prey,
And punish in wrath our long delay!"

It was a gray-haired Chief that said
The words of fate, the words of fear;
A battered casque was on his head,
And in his grasp a broken spear:
It was a captive maid that met,
Sedate, serene, the stern command.
Around her neck her beads were set,
An Ivory cross was in her hand.

"Lead me away! I am weak and young,
Captive the fierce and the proud among;
But I will pray an humble prayer,
That the feeble to strike may be firm to bear.

"Lead me away! the voice may fall,
And the lips grow white, and the cheeks turn pale;
Yet will ye know that naught but sin
Chafes or changes the soul within.

"Lead me away! oh, dear to mine eyes
Are the flowery fields, and the sunny skies;
But I cannot turn from the Cross divine
To bend my knee at an idol's shrine."

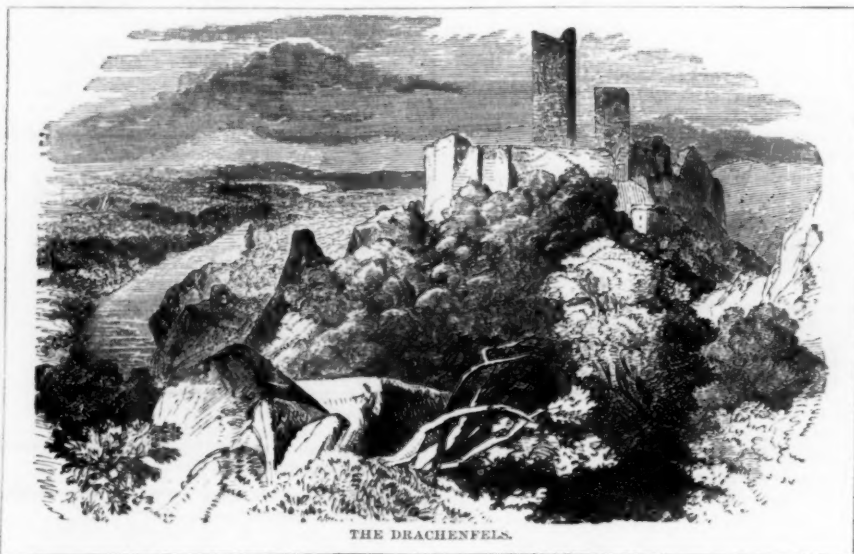
They clothe her in such rich array
As a bride prepares for her bridal day;
Around her forehead, that shines so bright,
They wreath a wreath of roses white,
And set on her neck a golden chain—
Spoil of her sire in combat slain.

Over her head her doom is said;
And with folded arms, and measured tread,
In long procession, dark and slow,
Up the terrible hill they go,
Hymning their hymn, and crying their cry
To him, their Demon Deity.—

Mary, Mother! slain and save!
The maiden kneels at the Dragon's cave!

Alas! 'tis frightful to behold
That thing of Nature's softest mould,
In whose slight shape and delicate hue
Life's loveliness beams fresh and new,
Bound on the bleak hill's topmost height,
To die, and by such death, to-night!
But yester-eve, when the red sun
His race of grateful toil had run,
And over earth the moon's soft rays
Lit up the hour of prayer and praise,
She bowed within the pleasant shade
By her own fragrant jasmine made;
And while her clear and thrilling tone
Asked blessing from her Maker's throne,
Heard the notes echoed to her ear
From lips that were to her most dear.
Her sire, her kindred, round her knelt;
And the young Priestess knew and felt
That deeper love than that of men
Was in their natural temple then.
That love—is now its radiance chill?
Fear not; it guides, it guards her still!

The crowd departed; and alone
She kneeled upon the rugged stone.
Alas! it was a dismal pause,
When the wild rabble's fierce applause
Died slowly on the answering air;
And, in the still and mute profound,
She started even at the sound
Of the half-thought, half-spoken prayer
Her heart and lip had scarcely power
To feel or frame in that dark hour.
Fearful, yet blameless!—for her birth
Had been of Nature's common earth,
And she was nursed, in happier hours,
By Nature's common suns and showers:
And when one moment whirls away
Whate'er we know or trust to-day,
And opens that eternal book
On which we long, and dread to look,
In that quick change of sphere and scope—
That rushing of the spirit's wings,
From all we have to all we hope,
From mortal to immortal things—



THE DRACHENFELS.

The temper of our stoutest mail
In battle's fiery shock may fail;
The trustiest anchor may betray
Our vessel in the treacherous spray;
The dearest friend we ever knew
In our worst need may prove untrue;
But come what may of doubt or dread
About our lonely path or bed,
On tented field, or stormy wave,
In dungeon-cell, or mountain cave,
In want, in pain, in death—where'er
One meek heart prays, God's love is there!

The crowd departed: her wandering eye
Followed their steps, as they left her to die.
Down the steep and stern descent,
Strangely mingled, the Heathen went—
Palsied dotard, and beardless boy,
Sharers to-night in their savage joy—
Hoary priest, and warrior grim,
Shaking the lance, and chanting the hymn;
And ever and anxiously looking back,
To watch if yet, on his slimy track
He rolled him forth, that ghastly guest,
To taste of the banquet he loved the best.

Though madly on the giddy brink
Despair may jest, and Guilt dissemble—
White Innocence awhile will shrink,
And Piety be proud to tremble!

But quickly from her brow and cheek
The flush of human terror faded,
And she aroused, the maiden meek,
Her fainting spirit, self-unbraided,
And felt her secret soul renewed
In that her solemn solitude.
Unwonted strength to her was given
To bear the rod and drink the cup;
Her pulse beat calmer, and to Heaven
Her voice in firmer tone went up:
And as upon her gentle heart
The dew of holy peace descended,
She saw her last sunlight depart
With awe and hope so sweetly blended
Into a deep and tranquil sense
Of unassuming confidence,
That if the blinded tribes, whose breath
Had doomed her to such dole and death,
Could but have caught one bright brief glance
Of that ungrieving countenance,

And marked the light of glory shed
 Already o'er her sinless head,
 The tears with which her eyes were full—
 Tears not of anguish—and the smile
 Of new-born rapture, which the while
 As with a lustrous veil arrayed
 Her brow, her cheek, her lip, and made
 Her beauty more than beautiful—
 Oh, would they not have longed to share
 Her torture—yea! her transport, there?

"Father, my sins are very great;
 Thou readest them, whate'er they be;
 But penitence is all too late;
 And unprepared I come to Thee,
 Uncleansed, unblessed, unshriven!"

"Yet Thou, in whose all-searching sight
 No human thing is undefiled—
 Thou, who art merciful in might,
 Father, Thou wilt forgive Thy child—
 Father, Thou hast forgiven!"

"Thy will, not hers, be done to-day!
 If in this hour, and on this spot,
 Her soul indeed must pass away
 Among fierce men who know Thee not—
 Thine is the breath Thou gavest!"

"Or if Thou wilt put forth Thine hand
 And shield her from the jaws of flame,
 That she may live to teach the land
 Whose people hath not heard Thy name—
 Thine be the life Thou savest!"

So spoke the blessed maid; and now
 Crossing her hands upon her breast,
 With quiet eye, and placid brow,
 Awaited the destroying pest;
 Not like a thing of sense and life
 Soul-harassed in such bitter strife,
 But tranquil, as a shape of stone,
 Upraised in ages long bygone,
 To mark where, closed her toilsome race,
 Some sainted sister sleeps in grace.
 Such might she seem: about her grew
 Sweet wild-flowers, sweet of scent and hue;
 And she had placed, with pious care,
 Her Crucifix before her there,
 That her last look and thought might be
 Of Christ, and of the Holy Tree.

And now, methinks, at what my lay
 Of this poor maid hath yet to say,
 Will Wit assume a scornful look,
 And Wisdom con a grave rebuke.
 I heed them not; full oft their lies
 In such time-honored histories,
 Hived through long ages in the store
 Of the rude peasant's nursery lore,
 A pathos of a deeper ruth,
 A moral of a purer truth,
 Than aught we study in the page
 Of lofty bard or learned sage;
 Therefore, my gentle Muse, prolong
 In faith thy legendary song.

The day was gone, but it was not night:—
 Whither so suddenly fled the light?
 Nature seemed sick with a sore disease;
 Over her hills and streams and trees
 Unnatural darkness fell;
 The earth and the heaven, the river and shore,
 In the lurid mist were seen no more;
 And the voice of the mountain monster rose
 As he lifted him up from his noontide repose,
 First in a hiss, and then in a cry,
 And then in a yell that shook the sky:—
 The eagle from high fell down to die
 At the sound of that mighty yell:—
 From his wide jaws broke, as in wrath he woke,
 Scalding torrents of sulphurous smoke;
 And crackling coals, in mad ascent,

As from a red volcano went,
 And flames, like the flames of hell!
 But his scream of fury waxed more shrill,
 When, on the peak of the blasted Hill,
 He saw his victim bound.
 Forth the Devourer, scale by scale,
 Unveiled the folds of his steel-proof mail,
 Stretching his throat, and stretching his tail,
 And hither and thither rolling him o'er,
 Till he covered fourscore feet and four
 Of the wearied and walling ground:
 And at last he raised from his stony bed
 The horrors of his speckled head;
 Up like a comet the meteor went,
 And seemed to shake the firmament,
 And batter heaven's own walls!
 For many a long mile, well I ween,
 The fires that shot from those eyes were seen;
 The Burschen of Bonn, if Bonn had been,
 Would have shuddered in their halls.
 Woe for the Virgin!—bootless here
 Were glistening shield and whistling spear
 Such battle to abide;
 The mightiest engines that ever the trade
 Of human homicide hath made,
 Warwolf, ballist, and catapult,
 Would like a stripling's wand insult
 That adamantine hide.
 Woe for the Virgin!—

Lo! what spell
 Hath scattered the darkness, and silenced the yell,
 And quenched those fiery showers?—
 Why turns the serpent from his prey?
 The Cross hath barred his terrible way,
 The Cross among the flowers.
 As an eagle pierced on his cloudy throne,
 As a column sent from its base of stone,
 Backward the stricken monster dropped;
 Never he stayed, and never he stopped,
 Till deep in the gushing tide he sunk,
 And buried lay beneath the stream,
 Passing away like a loathsome dream.
 Well may you guess how either bank
 As with an earthquake shook;
 The mountains rocked from brow to base;
 The river boiled with a hideous din
 As the burning mass fell heavily in;
 And the wide, wide Rhine, for a moment's space,
 Was scorched into a brook.

Night passed, ere the multitude dared to creep,
 Huddled together, up the steep;
 They came to the stone; in speechless awe
 They fell on their face at the sight they saw:
 The maiden was free from hurt or harm,
 But the iron had passed from her neck and arm,
 And the glittering links of the broken chain
 Lay scattered about like drops of rain.

And deem ye that the rescued child
 To her father-land would come—
 That the remnant of her kindred smiled
 Around her in her home,
 And that she lived in love of earth,
 Among earth's hopes and fears,
 And gave God thanks for the daily birth
 Of blessings in after-years?
 Holy and happy, she turned not away
 From the task her Saviour set that day;
 What was her kindred, her home, to her?
 She had been Heaven's own messenger!

Short time went by from that dread hour
 Of manifested wrath and power,
 Ere from the cliff a rising shrine
 Looked down upon the rolling Rhine,
 Duly the virgin Priestess there
 Led day by day the hymn and prayer;
 And the dark Heathen round her pressed
 To know their Maker, and be blessed.



THE LOVE-LETTER.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

ALL blue and pearl are summer skies;
 With gentle breathings moves the air;
 On meadows green the sunlight lies;
 Ah, all the world is wondrous fair!
 Aye, earth with Heaven seems to blend;
 All charms to such a day belong;
 The flowers their tints and fragrance lend,
 And sweet birds lend their gushing song.

Thus softly glide these golden hours,
 While Katy reads her open book,
 And decks her flowing locks with flowers,

When Mary comes with roguish look,
 Her hand behind her held, and cries,
 "Come, guess what I have brought you, dear."
 Kate's eyes light up with pleased surprise,
 She might but will not guess, I fear.

Behold, a letter, dainty, small!
 The blushes spring to Katy's cheek;
 That blush to Mary tells it all;
 She smiles, but does not pause to speak.
 Ah, Kate, you thought the day was fair;
 But such a glow now flashes o'er
 The earth and sky, and fills the air,
 It must have been most dark before!

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

I HAD come, at the request of my friend Marion Dawson, to spend with her the month preceding her marriage, and during my stay the house had been in a constant commotion with the wedding preparations. Dress, in its various forms, had been the main theme of conversation, and to a looker-on it would have seemed that the chief importance of the event lay in the grand pageant by which it was to be celebrated. But sometimes I could see that Marion was wearied by it, and I suspected that she would have preferred being married in the quiet fashion of forty years ago. But, however that might have been, she had made up her mind to the display that her parents and sisters wished, and submitted, with little remonstrance, to the purchasing of white satin and Brussels lace, and the issuing of six hundred invitations.

The week before the wedding there was a lull in the preparations. All was done that could be until the last day or two, and comparative quiet descended upon the family. As the cards were out, Marion could not show herself in public; and so it happened that one evening her mother and sisters were away, and she and I were left in quiet possession of the library. We had enjoyed for an hour a chat like those of former days, when the door-bell rang, and some one inquired for Marion. She went to see what was wanted, and in a few minutes returned, saying: "The veil has been sent home. Let us go up-stairs and look at it before the girls come."

I followed her willingly, and watched her as she arranged it in graceful folds over the gleaming satin. She had objected to buying it, preferring simple tulle to this costly film of mist, but she could not repress an exclamation of admiration as she saw its beauty.

"Cousin Annie must come and see it," she said, darting from the room; and in a moment I heard the wheels of the invalid's chair as Marion rolled it quickly through the hall.

Ten years before, Annie Dawson had been one of the gayest and brightest of girls, but a fall upon a slippery side-walk had crippled her for life, and now she only left her rolling-chair to be lifted to and from the bed, or, on rare occasions, to be carried down-stairs in the stalwart arms of Marion's brother. But her room was the brightest in the house, with the windows filled with tropical plants, the piano strewn with music, and the table covered with books and periodicals. And the sunshine that came in at the south windows was not as bright as that which shone from her happy, contented face. All the family went to her for counsel and comfort, and her room was regarded almost as a sanctuary, across the threshold of which no unkind thought or evil feeling might be carried. It was natural that Marion should hasten to bring her to join in our admiration of the beautiful veil; and as she lifted it in her thin fingers, and talked of its fineness and delicacy, there was no shadow upon her brow to show that she remembered the day, nine years before, when she slipped a spark-

ling ring from her finger and returned it to the giver, with a message releasing him from any obligation to fulfill to the helpless invalid the troth he had plighted to the blooming, healthy girl.

"Annie," said Marion presently, "I wonder if you cannot tell us something about this lace before the others come? I have heard so much nonsense lately that a little sense would be a pleasant relief. You know, Susie, that Annie is a sort of walking encyclopedia for the family. We go to her for instruction on all sorts of topics."

"A rolling encyclopedia, you mean," said Annie, smiling. "They all come to me, Miss Susie, to ask about anything that interests them, because if I do not know about it I have plenty of leisure to study up the subject for them. Yes, Marion, I can tell you something about your veil, for as soon as I heard that you had decided to have it, I began reading everything I could find about lace, both for my own instruction and yours, for I was sure some of you would ask me about it. Isn't it odd that these old patterns are still retained in lace-making?"

"Is this old?" asked Marion.

"Certainly," replied her cousin. "The makers say that they have tried in vain to alter the old designs, or substitute new ones, for the antique figures sell the best. Probably some of those that we see now were practised near the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century by the nuns in making genuine old point lace."

"What had the nuns to do with such vanities?" said I.

"A great deal," she replied. "When the monks were beguiling their idle hours by illuminating manuscripts, and carving elaborate designs in wood, stone and metal, the nuns were amusing themselves with the no less artistic work of manufacturing point lace. The taste and skill that they showed in forming and working out their designs were surprising. They did not attempt to imitate natural objects, but threw out free and graceful forms, guided only by their own fancy; and, as I said, their old patterns are still preserved in spite of modern efforts. The figures were cut in linen, over which a fairy-like web was woven with the needle, so skillfully as to entirely conceal the foundation. They were then joined by threads worked over very fine yarn."

"Is that the way that lace is made now?" asked Marion.

"Somewhat," she replied. "I do not know whether the figures are still cut out of linen, but in the finest varieties they are made separately. There is as much division of labor in making lace as silk or calico. First, there is the spinning of the thread, a work too delicate to be trusted to machinery. The very finest is made in Brussels, in underground cellars, because the light and dryness of the air above the surface would make it brittle. The work is unhealthy, for it confines the spinner to a dark, damp room, and requires great care and attention, and consequently it commands high prices. The thread is carefully watched as it comes from the distaff, being held against a dark blue background, that any unevenness may be

the more readily noticed. At every imperfection it is broken, the fragments being saved for other uses. The regular list of the Brabant spinners contains thread valued according to its fineness at from sixty to fifteen hundred francs per pound; but a pound of spun flax has been known to bring ten thousand francs."

"Two thousand dollars!" I cried.

"It seems almost incredible," she went on; "but it is the worth of the labor, not of the material. You know that iron may be made more valuable than gold, weight for weight."

"I should not think that a fabric made of such delicate threads would be durable," said Marion.

"Nor should I," replied Annie; "but there are still to be found, in choice collections, specimens of that made by the nuns nearly, or quite, four hundred years ago. It cannot be of more recent date, for the art of making genuine old point was lost about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and has never been recovered. That made since then is cheaper and less artistic, the designs being mainly copies of those of the older period."

"Do you know who invented lace?" I asked. "Did it originate with the nuns of the Middle Ages?"

"No," she answered; "it did not; but no one knows who invented it. The garments of the women of ancient Greece are represented as trimmed with something of the kind; and it seems to have been known to the Romans, for the name comes from a Latin word, meaning hem or fringe. It is said to have been introduced into France by one of her queens from Venice, where the art of making it had long been practised. Ten years before the discovery of America, an act of the British Parliament forbade the importing of thread, silk or gold lace, showing that the native manufacture of it was then of sufficient importance for it to be thought best to protect it from foreign competition."

"The people of the Low Countries have always been the most successful in making it, haven't they?" said I.

"Yes," she answered. "It may be called the national occupation of the women, and that is, probably, the reason why special branches of it are so localized. The women carry on the work at their homes, in the intervals of their household cares, many of them living and dying in the houses where they were born, and teaching the designs with which they are familiar to their children and grandchildren. Thus particular stitches become peculiar to certain places and take their names from them. Thus we hear of *point de Malines* or Mechlin lace, of *point de Valenciennes* or Valenciennes lace and *point de Bruxelles* or Brussels lace, like this veil of yours."

"But why *point*?" said Marion. "I cannot understand why that name is applied to so many varieties of lace. I do not see its appropriateness."

"Don't you?" said Annie. "Then I must try to show it to you. The word 'point' in the phraseology of needlework means simply stitch, so when we speak of *point de Malines* or *de Bruxelles* we mean simply lace worked with the stitch peculiar to Mechlin or Brussels. However, in England,

the term 'point' is applied especially to a rich old lace formerly much worn, but now reserved almost exclusively for court costumes."

"I suppose," said Marion, "that the makers of one kind of lace do not understand the manufacture of others?"

"Not generally," replied Annie. "Indeed, in the most elaborate varieties the different parts are assigned to workers each of whom understands only her own portion. There must have been at least four or five sets of needlewomen engaged upon this veil of yours."

"What was the first step after the spinning of the thread?" asked Marion.

"The making of the flowers or ground, either might have been done first or they might have been done at the same time."

"I don't see any flowers," said I.

"It is the name by which these figures are called, although they certainly bear little resemblance to the blossoms of any plant known to us. The technical terms used in lace-making, as in many other arts, would fill a small dictionary. In the Low Countries they were, of course, originally Flemish, but as French is now much spoken there they have been translated in that language. The workers of the figures or flowers are called *Platteuses*, and those who make the ground *Drochelcuses*. The *Strigueses* attach the flowers to the ground and the *Faiseuses de point à l'aiguille* work them together."

"I should think," said I, "that such delicate work would be so confining as to be very unhealthy."

"It is not," she answered. "Comparatively few of the workers devote their whole time to it, and they often sit in the doorways and gardens, for, as they have only their pillows and thread to carry, they can easily move from place to place. In most of the towns where lace-making is largely carried on there are particular localities where the workers centre. In these spots there is generally a wide street or open square where they bring their chairs and pillows, enjoy the air and sunshine and visit together while they weave their threads to and fro forming the meshes of their bone-lace."

"There is another term I do not understand," said Marion. "Why do they call it bone-lace?"

"Probably because when the pillows were first introduced pieces of bone were used, instead of brass pins, in fastening the threads."

"Then pillows have not always been used in the manufacture?" said I.

"No. They were first employed in Saxony about the middle of the sixteenth century. Probably their origin was gradual. Most likely some one discovered that the figures which had been worked separately could be more smoothly fastened together if tightly pinned to some firm substance. Then the threads would naturally be twisted around the pins when not in use, to prevent their ravelling, and then was, probably, discovered the mesh now made in such enormous quantities by machinery, and called bobbin-net."

"Has not the making of lace by machinery seriously injured the hand-trade?" I asked.

"In some places," was the reply. "In England

it has greatly. In most of that made there the ground, at least, is woven by machinery, but among the wealthy classes all over the world hand lace retains its precedence. Admirable as are the French imitations, the difference in price between them and the real article is seventy-five per cent. From Saxony two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of the handmade is exported yearly. In France the manufacture is carried on with great rapidity, mostly at Chantilly, Bayeau and Caen. At the last two places over fifty thousand women are thus employed. All the French hand lace is made with bobbins except that manufactured at Alençon, where the needle is used. Have you seen any notice of the lace dress ordered by the Empress Eugénie that was at the Vienna Exposition?"

"No," said Marion. "What of it?"

rion's veil, and our chat upon lace was ended, although it was plain that Cousin Annie knew much more than she had told.

POTTERY IN SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

BY MARY ELIZA ROGERS. (LONDON ART JOURNAL.)

AT an early hour on the morning of May the 29th, 1867, during my last visit to Beirût, I started from the new and comfortable Greek hotel, which is close to the seashore at the western extremity of the town, to walk to the potteries. Hassan, my brother's faithful Kurdish kawass, led the way along the tortuous and uneven road at the edge of the low cliff. Just below us on the right, wherever the sandy earth had drifted into the fissures and hollows of the rocks, samphire and other amphibious flowers flourished,

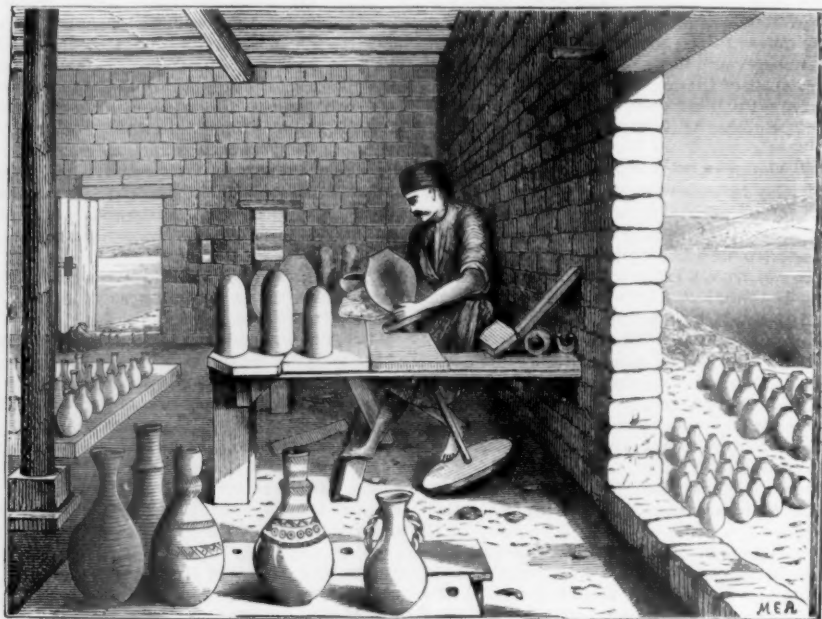


Fig. 1.—THE WORKSHOP.

"It seems that the art of making the real, antique point de Venise had been lost, and four years before the fall of the empire, the empress gave the Compagnie des Indes *carte blanche* to make her a dress in this mesh. They spared no pains to reproduce it, and succeeded in making the most beautiful specimen of the kind of lace that had been manufactured in a century. But when it was finished, Eugénie was an exile in England and Paris was in the hands of the Germans. She wrote to them that she would still take the dress if they would lose by keeping it, but they would not consent to her doing so, and sent it to the Vienna Exhibition."

"There come the girls!" cried Marion, and as she spoke we heard merry voices and laughter in the hall below, and in a moment they came hurrying into the room, eager to see and admire Ma-

while over the lower rocks, which were black and slippery with seaweed, the bright blue sea, fringed with foam, splashed gently.

The rude path became more indirect and irregular as we advanced, sometimes leading us over steep places and then sinking abruptly almost to the level of the sea. Hassan, wishing to find an easier and shorter route to the potteries, guided me to a mulberry-orchard; then we waded through drifting mounds of red sand till we came to an orange-garden, with clusters of fig-trees and a few palm-trees near. Thence we made our way through sandy lanes hedged with prickly pear (the *Cactus Opuntia*). We had wandered far from the shore and had quite lost our way, when some women who were gleaning in a field directed us to the potteries; but they marvelled greatly at my desire to visit such a place, and they said, "Whence

do you come?" When I told them that I came from England, they were still more astonished, and one old woman who walked with me across the stubble-field said, "Did you come all the way from your country to see our potters make clay-pots, which are sold for a few paras, and broken daily?" I think that her idea of my extraordinary want of sense was confirmed when she saw me pick up, as treasures, a few pieces of iridescent glass and some fragments of very hard ancient pottery, with turquoise-colored blue glaze on it, which is not now produced in Syria. Presently we approached the shore again, and soon came in

and gradually drew it up smoothly in the required form; then he finished off the bottom of the jar, which was uppermost.

Boys were bringing fresh supplies of clay, and carrying the newly-made jars to the shadiest corner of the shop. Jars which had been made many hours earlier were standing outside the door and along the edge of the cliff, drying in the sun. A low platform in the middle of the shop was covered with small jars, to which the necks had been recently added.

I seated myself on a wooden bench to rest and to sketch the pleasant scene (Fig. 1). I wish that I could reproduce it here in its true colors, with the bright blue of the sea and of the sky, and the gray, purple-shadowed mountains of the Kesrouan, on the opposite side of the beautiful Bay of Beirut, appearing through the wide open doors and windows. The pleasant shade of the workshop, "with its clay population all in rows" upon the light red floor, the faded indigo-blue gown of the potter, his red leather girdle and red tarbush with its purple tassel, produced altogether a most effective picture; and my young guide unconsciously made a good foreground to it, by bringing several jars of various forms and placing them upon the bench before me, to show me what his father could do. The jar with the twisted handles was made in imitation of Smyrna pottery; the other jars are especially characteristic of Beirut work. The engraved lines on the mouldings of these are precisely similar to the marks on some of the ancient pottery exhumed at the Troad by Dr. Schlegelmann, and which were mistaken at first for cuneiform characters. Figs. 2 and 3 represent



FIGS. 2 AND 3.—BEIRÛT WATER-COOLERS.

sight of the potteries—a group of houses and furnaces at the extremity of a rocky and sandy headland. Mounds of sand and finely sifted gray earth stood outside the houses, and excavations were made in the rocks for the clay pits. The furnaces were almost concealed by large stacks of fragrant pine branches, the chief fuel used in the ovens of Beirut and its suburbs.

A little boy who, at my request, brought me a clay-cup full of sweet water, told me that he would show me where the best water-jars were made. He led me to the workshop of his father. It was formed of roughly hewn stone, built up without mortar or plaster of any kind; the interstices were filled up with small stones. The roof was made of pine-planks and beams, supported by the stems of pine-trees. The planks over the wide doorway were upheld in the middle by a pine-post, with a block of stone for a capital. The floor was of red sand, mixed with clay. A man was at work at a wooden bench, and my little guide approached him, saying, "Oh, my father, a lady from England has come to see the work of your hands!" The potter did not speak or look up from his work until he had completed the jar which he was making, then he welcomed me courteously, and quickly resumed his work.

He was seated on a narrow, rudely-fixed tilted plank, and he pressed his right foot firmly on a foot-rest, while by a regular backward movement of his left foot he turned a wheel, which set in motion a smaller wheel above. On the bench before him there were many masses of measured clay; these, one after the other, he quickly transformed into jars. He threw the clay on to the revolving disc, drew it up rapidly in spiral form, then compressed it, hollowing it out with his fist,



FIG. 4.
WATER-COOLER, LATAKIA.



FIG. 5.
GLAZED JAR, LATAKIA.

the most usual form of the water-jars made at Ras Beirut. I visited one of the furnaces and a shop built on the western side of the cliff, where an artist was engraving the jars. We returned to the hotel by a direct route through lanes and stubble-fields, guided by boys who were leading donkeys laden with water-jars.

There is, in the thirty-eighth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, such an excellent description of a Syrian potter, that I venture to insert it here, with the introduction to it, as the Apocrypha is not always easily accessible.

"The wisdom of a learned man cometh by oppor-

tunity of leisure. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough? He giveth his mind to make furrows. So every carpenter and work master that laboreth night and day: and they that cut and grave seals and are diligent to make great variety, and give themselves to counterfeit imagery and watch to finish a work. The smith also sitting by the anvil and considering the iron work, the vapor of the fire wasteth his flesh and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace: the noise of the anvil and the hammer is ever in his ears, and his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh; he setteth his mind to finish his work and watcheth to polish it perfectly.

"30. So doth the potter sitting at his work, and turning the wheel about with his feet, who is always carefully set at his work: and maketh all his work by number.

"31. He fashioneth the clay with his arm and boweth down his strength before his feet; he applieth himself to lead it over; and he is diligent to make clean the furnace.



Fig. 6.—THE AITHÉ PUZZLE-JAR.

"All these trust to their hands, and every one is wise in his work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited, and they shall not dwell where they will, nor go up and down. They shall not sit on the judge's seat; but they will maintain the state of the world—their desire is in the work of their craft."

The reference to the glazed surface of pottery, produced by the application of lead, is especially interesting, as lead and silex are still the chief ingredients universally used for coating pottery. Unfortunately the art of glazing pottery is declining in Syria, and in some of the potteries it is quite abandoned. At Latakia it is, however, practised

very successfully. I never visited the potteries there, but I have seen many excellent specimens of the skill of the potters of that district—the ancient Laodicea. (Figs. 4 and 5.)

At the village of Aithé, in the Lebanon, exactly half way between Damascus and Deir el Kamar, in a direct line, there is a pottery of very early origin, and here also the art of glazing survives.

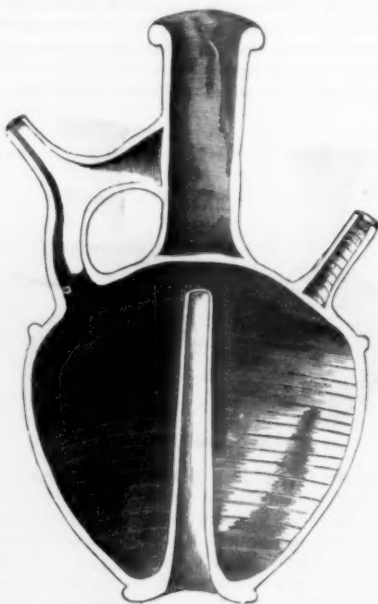


Fig. 7.—SECTION OF PUZZLE-JAR.

All the potters of Aithé are Christians. I have seen many examples of their work, both glazed and unglazed; but the most curious specimen was a green glazed puzzle-jar, which Mohammed, my brother's Indian kawass, one day brought in triumph to the consulate to show to me. I very gladly made two careful drawings of it, which I showed to Mohammed when I returned the jar to him. These drawings pleased him so much that he insisted on my keeping the jar, and it is before me now (see Fig. 6). It is exactly twelve inches in height, and is ornamented with rings of clay, several of which are movable; they are threaded on loops of clay, five being fixed round the neck and five on the body of the jar, which is encircled by small protuberances of clay. The green glaze on this jar is very irregularly distributed; in several places it does not hide the red clay of which the jar is composed, and over some parts it has been allowed to flow so thickly that the green tint is exceedingly dark, almost black in patches, and very iridescent. Where the coat of glaze is thin the color is pale green; but these accidents produce an excellent effect.

To show the peculiar construction of this jar, I have drawn an imaginary section of it (see Fig. 7). The diaphragm at the base of the neck is not pierced, and what appears to be the spout has no opening into the body of the jar, which must be

filled from the bottom. The easiest way to do this is to dip it, to the depth of not less than seven inches, into water, which will then rise up the central tube and overflow into the body of the jar. It is poured out from the short tube projecting from the clumsy-looking hollow handle.

Jars which are intended to contain only dry stores, such as wheat, rice, beans, onions, etc., are made in every district; and although they are always of good design, they are rudely wrought of clay mixed with chopped straw, and sometimes only baked by the heat of the sun.

Jars intended to hold oil, butter, wine, etc., are made of hard pottery, and are always carefully glazed inside, and sometimes outside also.

The large jars in the store-room of my brother's



Fig. 8.—THE INSCRIBED WATER-COOLER.

house at Damascus used always to remind me of "Ali Babi and the Forty Thieves." Many of them were more than four feet in height, and made of red clay splashed with red, brown and yellow glaze outside, but uniformly glazed within. Some of these jars had four handles, others only two. The smaller jars were of a yellowish gray color, and well glazed inside.

One of the most carefully-made Syrian water-coolers I ever saw was given to me a short time ago by a Greek merchant who had received it from northern Syria, but he could not tell me at what pottery it was made. It is of quite modern workmanship. It is eleven inches in height. The clay is of a pale gray tint, and the surface, which is very smooth, is ornamented with a fanciful tracery in dark chocolate color. Solomon's seal appears

upon it in eighteen places, and an Arabic love-song encircles it (see Fig. 8). The quatrain is the bitter complaint of a lover who has been encouraged to boldness, and then suddenly repulsed. With the assistance of a Syrian friend I have made a free translation of this thoroughly Oriental composition, which reminds me of some of the verses in the Song of Solomon:

"A gentle gazelle offered drink unto me from its lips, a sweet juice, a sweet wine, that made sweet unto me all the bitters of life: Enticingly turning it offered the chalice which urged me to seek for the wine that is lawful.

"By Zemzem the cup brimming over with nectarous lip-juice for me, banished fears, lured me on till I closely approached; then to my grief it upstart—and stood—in watchful, resentful, defiance."

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN was erected at Rome in the middle of the forum named after the same emperor; but the other buildings of this forum—the palace, gymnasium, library, temples, arches, porticoes, statues, etc.—have all been thrown down, leaving the column alone standing in its original position. It was erected by the Senate and people of Rome in commemoration of the victories obtained by the Emperor Trajan in his two expeditions against the Dacians; in the first of which he compelled them to sue for peace, and in the second conquered them entirely.

There does not, probably, exist any monument in the world more precious or more exquisite in its proportions than Trajan's Column, nor one that has rendered more capital service. It is of pure Carrara marble. The shaft is about ninety-seven English feet, by twelve diameter at the base, and ten below the capital, which, like the shaft, is Doric, and composed of a single block of stone. The statue is composed of thirty-three enormous blocks of marble, of which eight compose the base, twenty-three the shaft, one the capital, and one the pedestal supporting the statue. Every stone is hollowed in the middle, so as to consist, in fact, of a mere ring; and a central vertical aperture is thus formed, which is occupied by a spiral staircase from the bottom to the top. The column was anciently surmounted by a statue of the emperor, and later by a figure of the apostle St. Paul. The head of the original figure supported a golden ball, which is now preserved in the capital, and which is said to have contained the ashes of the emperor.

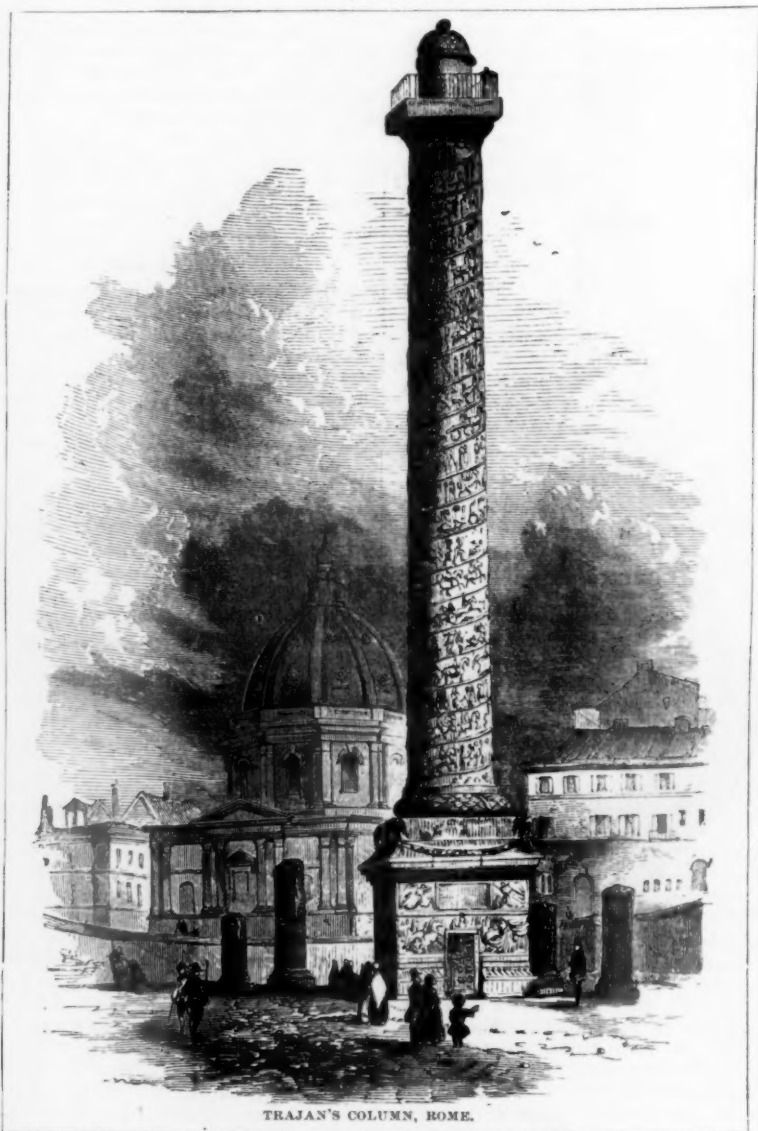
A very remarkable feature in this column is the mode in which it is decorated. There is a series of bas-reliefs running round the column in an ascending spiral ribbon, which makes twenty revolutions or turns of the spiral before reaching the top. On this is represented the chief incidents in the Dacian victories of Trajan, together with the two triumphal processions by which they were celebrated. The bas-reliefs represent the arms, the accoutrements, the engines of war, the dwellings of the barbarians; we discern the breed of the warriors and their horses; we look upon the ships of the time, canoes and quinqueremes;

women of all ranks, priests of all theologies, sieges and assaults. Such are the merits of this sculptured host, that Polydore of Caravaggio, Gulio Romano, Michael Angelo and all the artists of the Renaissance have drawn thence models of style and picturesque strategy. The figures are not fewer than between two and three thousand,

PALERMO, AND THE CAVE OF SANTA ROSALIA.

BY C.

PALERMO is the capital of Sicily, which is the largest island in the Mediterranean, and was annexed to the kingdom of Italy after the victories of Garibaldi had liberated it from the



TRAJAN'S COLUMN, ROME.

the figure of Trajan himself occurring as many as fifty times. In the lower part of the shaft the figures are each about two feet in height; but as they ascend, and are farther removed from the eye, their dimensions are enlarged, and they are more deeply worked, till at the top they become nearly double the size of those below.

tyranny of the Bourbons, in 1861. Palermo is a fortified city, built in the form of an amphitheatre, and facing the sea. It is defended by the strong fort of Castellamare. In ancient times it was a place of considerable importance, and was taken by the Romans two hundred and fifty years B. C. Since which time it has been ruled by the Saracens,

the Normans and the court of Naples. The city has many beautiful fountains, and its handsome edifices are numerous and ornamental. A cathedral, which was built in the tenth century, contains many fine monuments in porphyry. Here are magnificent churches, and a royal palace. The university has a library of forty thousand volumes. The botanic garden is extensive and valuable, and there are many learned societies and benevolent institutions.

On the west of Palermo, near the summit of Monte Pellegrino, there is a natural grotto of considerable extent, which is dear and sacred to all the inhabitants of the island. This cave is called Santa Rosalia; it has been enclosed by a curious church, and crossing which, a low, narrow vault is entered under the rocks—cold and gloomy, where silence is never broken except by the low whisperings of the devotees, or the echoes of the service in the church. Nearly at the extremity of the cavern there is a statue of a beautiful young girl in a reclining posture, with her half-closed eyes fixed on a cross, which is dimly seen by the light of some small silver lamps. The delicate beauty and youth of the countenance with its expression of simplicity, resignation and devotion, are quite captivating, and almost excuse the idolatry of which the statue is the object. The head and hands are of the finest Parian marble; the rest of the figure is of bronze gilt, appearing as if covered with a robe of gold. The devotion of many successive ages has adorned it with many valuable jewels. This statue represents Santa Rosalia, the patroness saint of Palermo, who is believed to have lived and died in this place.

According to the legend, this beautiful virgin was niece to King William the Good, a Norman prince, who reigned in Sicily, and who was succeeded by his son, William the Bad, under whose rule the island became the scene of civil wars and all kinds of iniquities. From her infancy, the young princess had been religious, and when she was sixteen, seeing the wickedness of the world, she retired to the solitary mountains. It was in 1159, when she disappeared, and the people thought she had been taken up to heaven, thinking her soul too pure, and her body too beautiful, to remain in this world. Nothing more was heard of her till her bones were found, nearly five hundred years after, on the spot where the statue now reposes. A miracle was, of course, connected with their discovery. In 1624, Palermo was visited by a dreadful plague, which no human means could moderate; when a holy man had a vision, and told the people, that the saint's bones were lying unhonored in a cave near the top of Monte Pellegrino, that if they were taken up with due reverence, and carried in procession round the walls of the city three times, the plague would immediately cease. This was done as the priest directed, and the people were cured. Then the fair Rosalia was made tutelar saint of Palermo. The bones, preserved in a silver box, curiously made and enriched with jewels, were deposited in the ancient cathedral of the city. A fine road was made to the holy grotto, terraces rising above each other, over the rugged heights and precipices of the moun-

tain. The church was built, and a house for a few priests, who are obliged to be constantly on the spot to celebrate mass, show the cave and receive the offerings of pilgrims. The view from the church is extensive, diversified, sublime and beautiful.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

CHARLES READE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

WHATEVER may be thought of the genius of the author whose name heads this article, there can be no question as to the freshness and vigor of his style, and his success in a certain field of fiction that might aptly be termed "blue-book light literature." "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "Hard Cash," and "Put Yourself in His Place," will illustrate what we mean. All three books have for their main purpose the discussion of social and legal grievances, and yet so deftly are the dry facts and tedious details interwoven with the story that we are carried along by the charm of its narration and swallow, unwittingly, the bitter dose concealed by the honey.

Mr. Reade himself frankly, and perhaps a little ostentatiously, explains his method of work to us in the last sentence of "Put Yourself in His Place." "I have taken a few undeniable truths out of many, and have labored to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand realizes, until fiction—which, whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest and greatest of all the arts—comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes their dry bones live."

Now, although there is a touch of Mr. Reade's inordinate self-conceit in this, it is nevertheless true that he has converted what, in other hands, would have been but a string of dry tracts or sermons, into novels that fairly glow with power and passion. There is seldom a dull page in his books, and so rapidly are the scenes shifted and the incidents piled one upon another, that once commenced the reader is sure to finish them. With the true instinct of the story-teller, everything is subordinated to the interest of the plot, even the purpose that underlies it, a purpose that has always been good and true to our thinking, notwithstanding "Griffith Gaunt" and "A Terrible Temptation." So exuberant, however, is Mr. Reade's invention, and so startling and dramatic the effects he produces, that nothing save the vitality breathing through his works and animating their most trivial characters and incidents, redeems them from the charge of sensationalism. Both his admirers and detractors are agreed that he frequently violates the rules of art and introduces glaring improbabilities, but the former contend that his grand and realistic powers of description make what would seem absurd in the hands of a less skilful narrator natural and lifelike in his. For he knows just what words to use to bring the thing itself before you, whether it be a storm at sea or a lady's dress, and thus it is that his pictures, how-

over highly colored, attract and hold the attention where others, whose tints and contrasts they resemble, simply disgust.

His last story, "A Simpleton," is a striking instance, both of his peculiar style and method, and the effective way in which he accumulates and gives an air of reality to the most surprising incidents and situations. The heroine, whom all of his readers will recognize at once, is pretty and impulsive, artful and inconsistent, as usual, the prototype of "Grace" and "Helen" and numberless others, though she is known this time as "Rosa" and the "Simpleton." She is true to his ideal of woman, an ideal invested with certain feline characteristics, with little understanding but great capacity for affection, charming and lovable, yet at the same time false and treacherous. The "giddy brain," "narrow mind" and "trivial heart," are brought into the foreground a little more prominently than those of the heroines who preceded her, but they are still the same, only intensified, and one may well wonder whether Mr. Reade has never met a truthful, guileless, high-souled woman, that he finds it so impossible to conceive one. His estimate is as unjust as it is degrading, and what makes his portrayures the more vexatious is, that they possess a certain truth and fidelity to nature, and show up in a strong light various foibles and frailties, distinctively feminine. Of these he has been a close observer, and doubtless records faithfully what he has himself seen and experienced; but there are depths in the feminine soul that he has not sounded, and reserves of power that would overthrow all his previous theories, if once understood.

How he can write that woman is incapable of long-sustained effort, or continuous labor, is a mystery, with the example of Mrs. Lewes before him in his own special field of work, whose brain products are as superior to his as his to those of the merest literary tyro. It is true, as he says, that the world has never had a "Bacon," a "Newton" or a "Handella," but in lieu thereof might we not cite Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Somerville and hosts of others, who have won distinction in pursuits that are popularly regarded as needing not only masculine strength of intellect, but lifelong patience and perseverance? Whatever Mr. Reade may think to the contrary, a "long, steady struggle" is no more impossible to a woman than to a man, given the same motives to spur her on and the same end to be attained. To talk of rivalry between the sexes, however, is absurd, for they are as different in mental as in physical characteristics, and whether or not this very difference does not promote the growth of distinctive virtues and vices is a subject that will bear investigation. Mr. Reade touches upon it incidentally, but nowhere in the true spirit of inquiry, and glaring as is his misconception of woman's intellectual strength, it is more than equalled by the injustice he does her morally when he brings forward as his highest type of womanly goodness, innocence and purity, such a creation as Rosa Staines.

But what would you have? cries one; Rosa Staines is real flesh and blood, and in spite of her

frivolity and affectation, amuses us more than a grand, heroic, impossible ideal. All the same, your liking for her is mingled with a sort of contempt, and should you analyze her character the feeling awakened would be one of pity rather than admiration. To be sure, suffering develops her into something nobler than an empty-headed doll, but she still retains those distinctive traits that in Mr. Reade's eyes are essentially feminine, and though piquant and lovable, is as far as ever from being the real honest, open-hearted, straightforward and truthful wife that Christopher deserves.

But, says another, Rosa Staines was only drawn as the type of a class, and was never meant to represent Mr. Reade's ideal of perfect womanhood. Perhaps not, yet her resemblance to his other heroines is remarkable, and it is certainly evident that he considers truth and simplicity almost, if not quite, feminine impossibilities.

With the development of Rosa's character, however, he has taken more pains than is usual, even with him, and the course adopted is at once novel and alarming. She is first cured by the hero (who, as usual, possesses wonderful scientific knowledge,) of consumption, brought on by tight lacing, and then marries him. Their means are limited, and she immediately enters upon a general course of deceit and falsehood to conceal her wasteful style of housekeeping and extravagance in dress, until her husband is so greatly in debt as to be compelled to eke out his professional income (he is a physician,) by driving a cab at night. This latter employment he keeps a secret from her, but is finally recognized while engaged in it, notwithstanding a partial disguise, by her dearest friend. Then comes an explanation, and Rosa is enlightened as to the cause of those mysterious absences that had so excited her jealousy. But, unfortunately, the friend expatiates too warmly on the merits of Rosa's husband, and her jealousy, allayed in one direction, is aroused in another, and she suspects the friend herself of disloyalty.

In the meantime, the hero saves the lives of two patients by most remarkable remedies, applied in a most remarkable way, and then, not finding his practice sufficiently lucrative, concludes to accompany a third on a sea-voyage. Nothing happens to him afterward except that he falls overboard and is reported in England as drowned; is rescued by means of a raft, manned by a corpse, from whose body he takes a belt containing precious stones and annexes it to his own; comes as near starving as he did drowning; and when finally picked up loses his mind and memory and all recollection of his wife. But, to counterbalance this misfortune, he falls into the hands of one of the patients spoken of before whose life he had so miraculously saved, and is nursed back to health, if not to reason, by the patient's sister. As time passes on he recalls various portions of the past, but not his matrimonial experiences, and finally becomes sane enough to make quite a fortune in the diamond fields of Australia. Then the mists clear away from his brain altogether, he remembers wife, home and England, and entrusts a letter for Rosa and a diamond of immense size and value to his mining partner. Now this partner is Rosa's

rejected suitor, but the poor hero is ignorant of that fact until informed of it by the traitor's wife. Both then make the horrifying discovery that the villain has embarked for England with the jewel and letter. How they follow, and arrive just in time to prevent the marriage of Rosa to the villain; how the villain is thrown out of the window by the enraged hero and maimed for life; and how Rosa's "giddy brain" is "enlightened," her "narrow mind widened," and her "trivial heart improved" by these various trials and incidents, we leave the reader to find out for himself. It is certainly alarming, as we said at first, if a "simpleton" can only be developed into a "helpmeet" by such processes as these. For surely not every husband would be willing to be nearly drowned and starved, and then lose his senses for over a year, just to finish his wife's education.

Mr. Reade, in a preface to the work, makes known to us the sources from whence it was derived, and ends with a hope that his aim is "too clear to need explanation." We are therefore either forced to confess ourselves ignorant as to what that aim can be beyond amusement, or else conclude that it is to teach us the only true method of woman's development. Jest aside, however, the ingenuity with which he has worked up his materials is truly admirable, and the story, though inferior in our estimation to some of his others, is remarkably entertaining. It is not so good as "Christie Johnstone," or either of his "blue-book" novels (we wish Mr. Reade would confine himself more exclusively to that branch of fiction, for he has written nothing since "Put Yourself in His Place" that would compare with it), but is marked, nevertheless, by the same breezy freshness and absence of cant that distinguish its predecessors. If only Mr. Reade were not quite so conscious of the good points he makes, and would be a little less sparing of capitals, and italics, and exclamation points, we should be grateful, and the typography would certainly present as fair an appearance. We should like it, too, if he would occasionally give us a new character, for we are thoroughly well acquainted with the old set—the stock hero and heroine; their kind-hearted but rough and eccentric friend, known sometimes as Dr. Sampson, again as Dr. Amboyne, or Uncle Philip; the uneducated but muscular and affectionate specimen of womanhood, called Phebe in his last work, and something else in his others; the white-livered sneak that plays the rôle of villain, etc., etc. To be sure, we don't remember having met Lady Cecilia before; yet really she seems more of a caricature than anything else, and notwithstanding her good heart, fails to touch our sympathies.

Mr. Reade wields a vigorous pen, and portrays faithfully certain phases of life and human nature, but he lacks imagination, and that penetrative insight into the springs of thought and action, as necessary to a novelist as a poet. He has not given us a single figure destined to be immortal; yet no one can tell a story better, or group incidents and situations more effectively. Some of his paragraphs are like pictures; others again are epigrammatic and full of shrewd sense; a few are

overstrained and charged with egotism. He delights in casting his ideas into an original and somewhat eccentric mould, and excites our amusement by the skill and deliberation with which he disentangles the narrative from a perfect labyrinth of plots and mysteries. But the "great novelist," Mr. Whipple tells us, must be a "poet, philosopher and man of the world, fused into one." He must "understand man as well as men, the elements of human nature as well as the laws of their combinations;" must possess the "most extensive practical knowledge of society, the most universal sympathies with his kind, and a nature at once shrewd and impassioned, observant and creative." That Mr. Reade lacks most, if not all, these essentials, we think is apparent; but nevertheless, as the result of thought and observation, his works rank high above the ephemeral trash of the day, and deserve a niche by themselves.

FIFTY YEARS AGO;

OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 2.

I WAS hundreds of miles away from home, and very, very lonely. I hardly hoped to ever look upon the dear faces of my family again. Thinking and fearing this, I often put my veil over my head and walked off briskly in any direction that my aimless steps led me. There was one lonely, dreamy, quiet place that I often frequented—a grassy lane past a farm-house; on either side was a tumble-down stone fence, ivies and wild morning-glories and sweet briars twined in and out and over the picturesque walls of gray and mossy stone. Across the stone fences were old orchards, full of thickly-set trees, some straight as pines, and others bent over and grown crooked and knobby and full of great protuberances that looked like huge joints. I used to wander through those orchards, and watch the robins in their clumsy nests, listen to the trill of the orioles, and rejoice in the placid beauty of the pairs of doves whose nests were in the peach-trees and on the apricot trained against the wall. Then I used to drink from the wayside well, whose old-time sweep was fastened at one corner of the level-roofed stoop in front of the kitchen.

I smile now, after the lapse of years, and think that I loved to loiter about the wayside well and quaff its crystal water, only because of the pastoral poetry of that pretty place. The old oaken bucket was a poem itself, as it came dripping and overflowing its brim from among the green, plummy ferns and the feathery maiden's hair that were swept aside in the upward passage.

At length I became acquainted with the inmates of that cosy country home, and I often sat on the cool, vine-covered porch, and talked with Aunt Mary while she plied her knitting-needles. Aunt Mary was the grandmother, and she lived with her son Levi and his wife Patience—or rather they lived with her, for she was a widow, and the old farm was hers—the farm on which she was born, and, as the only child, inherited from her father.

Everybody knew the "old Pettingill farm," as it was called.

One day, the old lady came out into the orchard, with a little pail on her arm, in search of "cookin' apples," and she came suddenly upon me and found me sitting down in a secluded corner with some letters in my lap, crying. I was troubled and sorrowing and, added to this, were all the pains of home-sickness. As soon as I saw her, I cried aloud; I could afford to do it, for was she not a woman, with a woman's tender, sympathizing heart?

"Laws, child, don't take on so! that's a dear, now—so there now—there now!" said she, dropping her pail and bending over me with every token of the kindest, motherly affection.

"But my troubles are more than I can bear," I cried, reaching up my hands pitifully.

"Oh, no! oh, no! don't say so, child; the Lord gives us strength to bear all our sorrows, if we only have faith and trust Him."

With a gentle, caressing touch she smoothed my hair softly, all the while saying those little snatches of comfort that grandmotherly women know so well how to say.

"Did you ever have any trouble?" I said, in a low voice, as I leaned forward, soothed by her sweet ministrations.

"Trouble, child!" said she; "the Lord knows that my troubles have been given me in full measure, shook down, and heaped up, and runnin' over; poured out as with a hand that spared not, nor gave grudgingly. And here; right there, where you see yon heap of old bath-stones with the nettles growin' in among 'em so viciously, there was where I lived when my sorrows wrapped me about so powerfully. Troubles! Lord have mercy! I should think I had seen 'em, child! W'y, I've laid all night on the hard puncheon floor and rassed with my grief, and cried aloud, and begged o' the Lord to deliver me from them! I used to wish that I could only die and take my little nursin' baby 'long with me to that rest that comes with death and the grave."

"Tell me all," said I, "maybe it will do me good and help me to be patient and hopeful."

We sat in the old orchard while she told the story. I shall never forget that day. The song of the harvester among the ripened grain came to us from the field beyond the farm-house. The bees hummed and droned among the flowers; the butterflies flitted on gay wings; the swallows darted in and out from under the dusty eaves and from the holes in the peaked gables of the old barn under the giant maples; the doves sang mournfully from the apple-trees, and the robins trilled and warbled from the top of an old drooping elm that stood a-near the site of the cabin home of long ago. A tangled mesh of the brier-rose lay in a fragrant heap where once had been the garden; a thistle stood all a-bristle where once had bloomed a thrifty lilac, and the old-time path that had led to the spring was marked now only by a border of that noisome plant of vigorous growth that the children of now-a-days call "butter and eggs." How mournful to witness all this defacement and cruel obliteration of what was once beautiful and

attractive! And this was the story, this the sorrow that life had held for Mary Pettingill:

She married Henry Pettingill when she was barely sixteen years of age. He was very kind and affectionate, and never a cloud came into her sky until her baby, Levi, was three years old. About that time a very beautiful young widow, sparkling with attractions, came to live with her sister, who was a near neighbor of the Pettingills. In those days quilting-bees, and pumpkin-parings, and log-rollings, and raisings, and corn-huskings, and dancing frolics were in vogue. Not a week passed, even in those sparse settlements, in which some of these social gatherings were not held. They made friends where else people would have remained strangers; they brought together neighbors in one common interest, and often cemented bonds that remained unbroken through all time.

One day, there was a quilting-bee at Jonas Hoskins's house. Now the Hoskins were near neighbors of the Pettingills, they lived over beyond the big woods about three miles east, on the hill above the Tilton still-house.

All the women in the neighborhood were invited to come in the morning and stay all day, while the men were to come in the afternoon and roll logs on the five-acre lot back of the house. Among the women invited was the young widow, Salome Chester. Oh, she was a beauty! Small, and spry, and quick-witted, with the strangest, prettiest black eyes and abundant, wavy black hair, rosy cheeks that were dotted with winsome dimples whenever she laughed, teeth as white as pearls, and a step as springy as a kitten's. Her clothes, too, were finer than any of the poor, toiling women in that new settlement could afford. They wore dresses of yellow and white check linen. That they spun and wove themselves, with the exception of a calico dress that they had brought with them to the "new country."

That evening, when the men came in to supper, they, good souls, were quite captivated by the little witch in fluttering ribbons. She knew just what to do, and it seemed that she could be in half a dozen places at one time. She could pass the big dish of wild honey, fill cups with the delicious rye coffee, "cheep!" to the toddling babies, and fry buckwheat cakes on two hot griddles, and keep the supply ahead for the long table full of hungry men, while the other women were slipping around slicing venison, carving wild turkeys and seeing that the "other potatoes" were cooking. Wonderful how easy it came to Mrs. Salome Chester to do whatever work came to her hands. Old Mr. Camden said she "took to work as naterally as a duck took to water." That night, the little widow eclipsed all the other women in the dance. In the Virginia reel she seemed more like a winged fairy than a poor, dependent, young widow.

There was Bacon, whose wife was called a good dancer, but he had no inclination to dance with his wife for a partner, that evening, no one would do but Salome Chester. Bacon was from Virginia, and wore a long hunting-shirt of linsey, with a collar cut so that the points came down on

to his shoulders. There were slits in the sides of the shirt, and it was trimmed all around with narrow, green, woollen fringe. None of the other men wore quite such a finished or fanciful garment; they wore roundabouts, or the loose, roomy, comfortable wamuses made of linsey, a home-spun material of cotton warp and woollen filling, or woof.

It was long after midnight before the frolic was over, the tallow-dips extinguished, the embers buried, and the little, disordered cabin dark and quiet.

And so for months and months were like scenes of gayety enacted.

In those days it was common for the mother to make a kettle of meal mush and stand it in a warm corner, put a crock of milk on the table, with tin cups and pewter spoons, for the children's suppers, give them their orders about behaving themselves, about burying the fire in the ashes, and then mount on an old horse behind her husband, and start off on a brisk gallop through the woods, five or seven miles away, to a dance.

What finely-developed, rosy, buxom, healthy wives our grandmothers were! And no wonder.

After awhile it was whispered that the young widow was not a safe woman, that the new neighborhood in the West were better without her. But then when traced back, the insinuation came from Susie Marshall, and they all knew that Susie always was jealous of every woman that Tom Marshall ever smiled upon, and so they laughed at her weakness, and only pitied her.

Henry Pettingill always spoke in praise of that "smart little creetur," and his wife sanctioned every word that he said. Salome came and visited Mary frequently, and she was always welcome, and Mary was always learning something new. Salome told her how to fix crabapples to keep all winter; how to preserve wild plums and wild cherries in honey; how to color black, and brown, and yellow, a new and an easier way; how to fix stalks of the golden rod, so that she would have something ornamental to stand beside the little mirror all through the gloomy days of winter; and how to make pantalettes the way they did in York State; and she initiated her into the mysteries of the oak-leaf pattern, and the pretty new kind of netting to put around stand-cloths and bureau-spreads. Why, such an ingenious little woman was worth her weight in gold in any new neighborhood. All the babies loved her, and two of the babies' mothers had named her little ones after her.

One day Mary Pettingill was taken suddenly ill—stricken down with pleurisy—and some one had to care for the duties of the household. Who shall we get? was a question easily answered, for in less than two hours' time the bay mare stood tied to the rail fence, her flanks flecked with foam; and inside the little cabin home the quick step of Salome Chester flitted hither and thither, while her soft touch and her gentle voice brought ease from pain and a sense of contentment to the invalid on the low bed back in the recess. But while she lay there her eyes were opened, and the newness of sight alarmed and saddened her almost

beyond the utterance of speech. At first she thought what she saw was only the effects of a disordered imagination. She asked herself if it were jealousy that filled her breast, when one day, as the wind blew back the strip of curtain that hung beside her bed, she saw her husband dallying with one of Salome's curls—saw the lustrous, heavy curl lying in his broad palm, and, while he bent over it admiringly, touched it to his lips? Why did she shrink, unless the fires of jealousy were burning in her bosom? she asked herself. Oh, of all women she would dread most to be like Tom Marshall's wife—the fun and jeer of the whole settlement. Wasn't her Henry faithful, and kind, and loving? And wasn't he the father of her babe, the choice of her girlhood, and the pride of her heart? Couldn't a man touch to his lips a shining curl of hair just as purely and righteously as he'd touch a velvety rose to his cheek? Shouldn't her husband, Henry Pettingill, have the same privilege of loving and admiring all beautiful things the same as she had? Of course. And turning her face to the wall, she closed her eyes, and counted all the precious blessings that were hers in this life.

The next evening there was to be preaching at Simpkins's School-house. It was rarely that a Methodist itinerant preacher came that way, but when one did he always stopped at Brother Simpkins's, and he sent his boys around among the neighbors to inform them that there would be preaching at his house, or sometimes at the log school-house at the forks of the Vernon Road.

Mary saw that Salome would like to go to hear the new preacher; and Henry remarked that he did wish Mary was well, he would hitch up the oxen and they would drive over. She said it seemed a pity, just because she was sick, they should both be debarred the pleasure of going to meeting, and that if they fixed everything comfortable and safe, she could stay alone with baby Levi that length of time.

They both mounted the little bay and rode off. How long the time did seem till nine o'clock! The fire in the wide fireplace burned briskly, and threw dancing shadows all around. She lay and watched the drooping feathers and the asparagus that airily surrounded the broad, white face of the little old buckeye clock high up on the wall. Then she watched the long, tedious swing, swing, back and forth, of the pendulum, until, in a feverish nightmare, the heavy gray weights looked in the dimness like two big, dull eyes watching her unwinkingly. She looked away; and again and again she counted the shells of the bird-eggs that were strung on a thread and drawn across the top of the little mirror—one blue, one white, one blue, one white; then she looked at the snow-white little towel of fine huck-a-buck that was starched stiffly, ironed into diamond checks, and tacked on the wall under the mirror.

The clock struck nine—ten—eleven—the baby slept soundly, and his fat little arms lay outside the blue and green coverlet. He was the very picture of rosy health and beauty—his cheeks were a-bloom with the roses of sweet babyhood—but, oh, those two heavy, leaden weights, how they

stared at her from the wall! how like devilish eyes they were! how they frightened and chilled her! and that old pendulum, how it did measure off the moments—moments of time that were passing away forever and forever! How strange a thing time did seem just then! How like an ocean with a wide, wide expanse stretching away far around her, and she, like a lone little atom, seemed to be drifting on the broad bosom of that immense ocean, alone, not even her baby was with her.

The fire grew dim, the white ashes crept over the red coals, the face of the clock looked in the gray dimness like a leering, staring white face up on the cabin wall—it struck twelve—the moments went on—the white clock face looked now like the face of one dead, one who had died a violent and a horrible death. She screamed, the baby woke and clutched tightly his mother's neck; in her moment of frightful delirium she thought the fearful face on the wall belonged to a stalwart form, and that it had come down and was clutching its talony fingers tightly around her throat. She knew no more. When she woke to consciousness, the sun was shining into the cabin—the long rays streamed in from the eastern hills and fell across her bed. Some of her neighbors were ministering to her. Levi sat on his father's knee, and Salome Chester was arranging some wild-wood flowers in a little jar that stood on a shelf under the long, narrow window. Mary rubbed her eyes and marvelled at the strangeness of everything that surrounded her. She thought she was aroused from a terrible dream. A suspicion of the truth lingered with her, but she forbore to ask any questions. Salome stayed two weeks longer, and then Mary, in a feeble way, resumed her usual duties. If she had any remote thought of her husband's unfaithfulness, she banished it as unbecoming a wife and mother.

About this time an itinerant preacher called there for dinner. He was a godly man, and he improved the opportunity of speaking to his entertainers on the subject of their soul's salvation. Mary had given this solemn and important theme but little earnest thought. From this time she was thoroughly awakened to a sense of her duty and her need. Henry gave but little heed to the kindly-spoken words of the earnest wayfaring man of God.

After this, Mary found a delight in reading and meditating—she was never lonely, never afraid or weak and cowardly. Henry would be absent half the night at a dance in the settlement, while his wife remained at home from choice.

One night, as she sat reading, there was a shuffling step at the door, then a gentle rap.

"Who is there?" she spoke, kindly.

"Only Johnny," was the laughing reply, as the door opened and Johnny Applesseed entered with a sack on his back.

Everybody in the West knew and welcomed to their homes, at any hour of the day or night, Uncle Johnny, as he was familiarly called. His right name was John Chapman, but he was better known as Johnny Applesseed. He was an eccentric old man, but very kind, and tender-hearted,

and good. He always carried in his bosom a well-worn testament and a book or two setting forth the principles of the beautiful religion that he daily lived.

Mary welcomed the poor old man, and gave him something to eat, then he read to her and talked until bed-time. He called her Mary, even as a tender father would address his daughter. When the hour for retiring came, she asked him to occupy the spare bed in the low loft, but he said, "My habits are not changed; you know I always sleep on the floor." Then he laid the sack of dry apple-seeds down beside the wide stone jamb, flattened it out smoothly and made a little hollow in it for his head, spread down beside it a ragged old coat to make a resting-place for his shoulders, and with a pleasant chuckle of satisfaction he lay down and soon slept the sleep of the weary good man, at peace with all the world, and cherishing only good will toward all of God's creatures.

Johnny Chapman was the pioneer nurseryman of the West. Much of the good he did lives after him. From my window I can count no less than six, and almost seven, orchards that were in good bearing condition fifty and fifty-five years ago. Only for the unselfish sacrifices made by this old man in those early days did this valuable heritage come down to ours and us. He frequently travelled fifty miles on foot with a sack of seeds on his shoulder.

In the morning, after Johnny left their cabin, Henry took his axe and went out to the clearing. He was dull-eyed and not refreshed after the rude gayety of the previous night. He had only gone as far as the spring, when he returned and said he believed he would leave his flannel wamus and let her sew on a couple of buttons and mend the ripped lining in the sleeve—that every time he put it on, his fingers were quite sure to catch in the rip.

Mary set back the little wheel against the wall, and went to the dresser and took down a box that contained the buttons. Henry put on an old roundabout, and started again to the clearing.

She sewed on the missing buttons, turned the sleeve, and mended the rip in the lining, and darned a tear in the edge of the facing, all the time humming the same hymn that the Methodist preacher had sung the day that he tarried with them. Then she held up the renovated garment and saw no other need of repairs.

"Ah, the pockets," said she, to herself; "it is strange if there are no rips or no holes in them," and she thrust her hand first into one, then into the other, finding no mending to be done; then she remembered the little side-pocket on the left, inside, the one meant to carry his handkerchief in. Thrusting her hand into it, she drew out the gay, nine-pence, red-and-yellow cotton, and with it came a small, folded note, directed in a neat, feminine hand.

Without a second thought, she opened it. It was signed "S. C.," and bore no date. Was it jealousy that swept over her, like an overwhelming tide, then? What was it that made her eyes gleam and glow, and her breath like a suffocating, choking blast from a furnace? What made her

heart stand still, and her red lips part as though she would fain cry for help but that the power of speech had deserted her?

From that note she learned that her husband was no more the faithful husband that he had been; that a guilty love existed between himself and the little widow, Salome Chester; that they met frequently, and delighted in each other's society; that their stolen interviews were unknown to any living person, and that they did not intend any obstacle should stand between them.

This was a severe blow for the poor wife. She rose, staggering, and, like a dazed creature, groped blindly for the ladder that stood in the corner. Wearily she climbed up its few rounds, and crawled into the low, dark loft overhead. Then she felt secure. She lay down and clasped her hands, and called upon God to have mercy on her in her hour of midnight darkness. In her agony she thought of suicide; she thought of the rosy baby asleep in his rude cradle below; she clenched her little brown hands until the print of the nails indented the flesh—and, oh, how she did despise the craven creature who had stolen away the love of her young husband! She thought of the pleasant home that had been theirs before this dazzling enchantress had come between her and the choice of her girlhood. She cried out aloud the dear names of father and mother, but only two heaped-up graves in the village burying-ground remained to tell of them—they were gone beyond the agonized cry of distress that came from the breaking heart of their beloved daughter. Then she remembered that other wives had borne the same sorrow, and had grown nobler and truer, and had been lifted up to beautiful heights through this fiery trial, this sore discipline. How her arms outreached in sympathy toward all wives ruthlessly robbed of their one treasure!

I think there is no sorrow that can come to a wife so bitter, so poignant as this. My tenderest sympathy reaches out most lovingly to those who bear this cross. I believe that hundreds of agonizing wives commit suicide under similar circumstances, and the friends, through the ever-ready press, herald the calamity as "aberration of mind."

Mary grew passive, but under the apparent calm of her strange white face wild schemes warred with each other. "She has robbed me of the love of my husband," she said, with shut teeth and gleaming eyes. One hour she would resolve to go to Salome and appeal to her with all a woman's trust and faith, ask her to go away where he would never look upon her fair, fascinating face again; then she would wish, with the fierceness of a lioness robbed of her one whelp, that she could take her false life; then again she would lie down with her tear-wet face on the hard, rough, puncheon floor, or with her pallid cheek pressed roughly upon the stony ground, and weep as though the hard floor or cold earth was the tender, restful bosom of the sainted mother gone. How often the little baby would peep up playfully, but with a mystified expression, into her dewy eyes, and say: "Oo cry! oo cry! No-no!" and then try to gather up the scant corner of his little bib apron to wipe

away the tears. How he would kiss and kiss his mother, and try to make her laugh. This was the one sole comfort left to the stricken wife.

How beautiful and how precious is the love of a sinless little child! How it comforts and blesses a mother bowed down with a burden of sorrow!

But the end was nigh—nearer than she dreamed. One morning when she woke, the pillow beside her was undented by the touch of a sleeper. Her husband had gone to see a neighbor the day before, and had not expected to arrive at home before midnight. When she opened the door in the morning, a slip of paper was fastened to the latch-string. In a few words he told her the story of his shame and of her desertion; said he had made a mistake when he married her; that since then he had met the only one he ever loved. He said that pursuit was useless, and when a sufficient length of time had expired, he would marry Salome Chester; and he advised Mary to marry another whenever she was convinced that a new affection had taken possession of her heart.

Mary wept and wailed as she read this; but what was it when compared with the postscript in the hurried scrawl. His love for another she could tolerate, and, if it was conducive to his future happiness, could forgive; but the heartlessness of that postscript—which was, that his baby-boy, Levi, should be given to Mr. Simpkins, and should be the adopted son of that worthy man.

Perhaps it was well for Mary that this postscript was a part of the letter, because it counteracted the effects of her desertion and of the alienation of her husband's affection.

What unmitigated cruelty! How base the heart of the misguided man who could tear this last solace from the closest twining tendrils of a devoted mother-love!

"Let any demon dare to snatch my darling from me!" said the mother, flying to the bedside, and hugging to her bosom the sleeping child.

She neither fainted nor fell; nor did she wail out in bitterness, as she had before. That cruel postscript acted like a bracing tonic. The husband was henceforth dead; all love for him had fallen to the ground; like an idol made of crumbling clay was the idol she had worshipped, but would worship no more forever. One thought and one burning desire took possession of her heart, and that was to stand face to face before the guilty pair, and denounce them with a scathing denunciation.

Neighbors and friends gathered around Mary, and not one kept back the meed of sympathy that filled their hearts to the utmost. Men clenched their brawny hands into fists that suggested knott-mauls, and they gesticulated freely with them. Kind women buried their crying faces in their linen aprons and wept aloud, while they clung to the lone wife and proffered aid, and condolence, and friendship. Mr. Simpkins said, "Let us pray," and the noisy group knelt beside the four rude chairs, and the handy little benches, and the bedside, and the "chist," while the good man prayed as fervently as though he were in the centre of a glorious love-feast. Strong men shouted amen vociferously when Brother Simpkins besought that the direct vengeance of the Almighty

might follow the guilty pair who had laid waste and desecrated this once pleasant home. He prayed that no hour of peace should ever come a-nigh them, and that the ghost of the deserted wife and babe might haunt the pillow of the unfeeling father even all the way down to the grave. Mr. Simpkins was as indignant over the last will and testament of Henry Pettingill as was the injured wife and mother. He said he would watch over them like an elder brother, and that they could always depend on his strong arm for protection.

And now comes in a strange part of the story. We wish this feature were not in it, but we want to tell it as it really is. Women do get queer ideas into their heads, sometimes, and Mary had one, and it was the overwhelming desire to stand face to face with Henry Pettingill and Salome Chester. She told her secret to no one—she would not have dared to betray these wild fancies of hers. They might have deemed her demented and have dealt with her accordingly.

It was the opinion of all that the young widow had probably returned to the home of her former wedded life and would pretend that she was married in the West, or, probably she was. Mary decided on her strange plan, which was to rent her farm, leave her child in good hands and start off on foot and alone to the State of New York, see them, and then return the same way she went.

This was a perilous undertaking fifty years ago. Now, a ten-years-old girl can go a journey of three or four hundred miles with safety, but in those early days it was full of privation and danger, and the way was hedged in by perils.

A woman, too! But Mary had calculated all this in the wakeful hours of the long, lonely nights, in which no slumberous touch pressed on her eyelids—in vigilant nights had she planned with all the shrewdness and strategy of a keen, clear-headed, cool general. The way seemed so open, the long stretch of miles, and miles, were nothing; her sharp perceptions took in and measured all things; trials she knew she must encounter; dangers she must face; privations she must endure; jeers and rebuffs, and mayhap violence, would meet her where she expected and hoped for the very reverse.

But she felt as though her will could overcome any obstacle, that nothing would be too great for her to bear, if the precious recompense could only be hers. If she could only stand before that man who had so cruelly wronged her, and who would, in heaping up the full measure of his iniquities, have added the last bitterness, that of wrenching from her arms and from her lacerated heart her darling, her only solace, her sweetest treasure! If she could be permitted to look into his eyes and the eyes of his partner in guilt, and talk to them out of the fullness and the bitterness of her soul, she could then, though broken-down, and foot-sore, and weary, most cheerfully retrace her steps homeward to such peace and happiness as this world would give her.

Her decision was taken, and the day fixed upon, and her arrangements nearly completed. Her farm was leased; her baby left, as though for a

little visit, with the Simpkins family, and her attire was ready to be donned.

It was no travelling suit of linen, or poplin, or of serge with the comfortable and pretty accompaniments of now-a-days, but instead it was a man's clumsily-made coat, and trousers, and vest, of common gray jeans, and a slouch white-wool hat and hickory cane. She sighed as she put it on, one early morning, and fitted the hat on over her short, brown hair. The little mirror gave back the face and form of a fair young man of about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, one who looked unsophisticated and unused to the ways of the busy world. But there must have been a determined expression in that steel-gray eye. I thought so, at least, as I gazed into it that long-ago summer day as I sat before Mary Pettingill beside the old stone wall in the orchard.

That long journey, nearly all the way on foot, was a wearisome, tedious, tiresome work, although she averaged ten miles a day. People, generally, were kind to her. Sometimes a man would overtake her, riding along in a wagon, and would hail out: "Jump in 'n' ride, comrade!" and often, in a jolly, clever way, some generous-hearted fellow slap her on the shoulder after the hail-fellow-well-met style, but she never so far forgot her purpose as to let any trepidation betray her secret.

One time, as she sat in a bar-room, she overheard two men talking about "that youngster" as being "kind o' softly-like."

When she arrived at her destination in New York, she met with the one disappointment that she feared might be hers—Salome had lived there once, it was there her husband, Chester, had died, but after she left for the West, they had known no more about her. All inquiry and search were unavailing, all her great efforts were fruitless, and she had nothing to do but to return as she had come.

This was almost more than she could bear. How earnestly she had longed for this one object; how fervently she had hoped to enjoy this revenge; how she would have esteemed this most satisfactory result, but what more could she do now?

So, with a heavy, heavy heart she retraced her steps homeward, and on her return she averaged twelve miles a day. The longing desire to see her baby quickened her steps, and the old sorrows lost its sting and the old sorrow its bitterness in the sweet thought of folding to her bosom her treasure. All the lost love for a recreant husband came back to her tripled and quadrupled into a love for her boy, the babe who would grow up to a beautiful and noble manhood, and on whose strong arm she would lean—her comfort, and blessing, and protector.

So she slipped back again into the old groove. Times in the new settlement were marked by progress; a church was built, a school-house, neighbors lived nearer to each other; afterwards they came to have, through the exertions of good Brother Simpkins, regular preaching, and soon a respectable membership, and finally an organized church.

Mary heard the "old, old story," it sank into her

heart, and she felt that of all women she most needed the Friend who is above all others, whose love is more than the love of husband, or father, or son. Her boy grew, and was full of the sweetest promise. He was kind, obedient, upright and consistent in all his conduct. He regarded his mother as but little lower than the angels.

The beautiful years went on. They were marked by no sorrows or disasters, and marred by no signs of displeasure. The little log-cabin gave way, and for many years stood back, draped by interlacing grape-vines, while a more comfortable and pretentious dwelling stood in front, surrounded by a neat fence. Johnny Appleseed gave the lad free permission to go to his nearest nursery, in the edge of a bloomy bit of prairie a few miles distant, and select all the young trees he wanted. Johnny generally took a man's note when he was not able to pay down, but he took no note from the lad or his mother. Perhaps the reason was, once when the chill November winds were blowing pitilessly, Johnny came to Mary Pettingill's clad very scantily, and, without a word, she had brought forth the wedding-coat of her amply dead husband, and made him put it on and wear it and keep it. This may have been the reason. But before the shortest days of the following February came round, Johnny had met with a fellow traveler in greater need than himself, and had most cheerfully re-given away the coat. That was the way he always did.

The beautiful years went on. The boy Levi grew up into a handsome youth. None of the evil ways of the world touched him, or, if they did, they sullied not the beauty and integrity of his excellent character.

One day, when Levi was about twenty years of age, a gossipy old man, a neighbor, who had always known the Pettingills, told the boy the whole story of his father's shame, not omitting any of the painful particulars—told him even of his father desiring Brother Simpkins to take him, the baby, from the arms of his mother, and adopt him as his own son.

The young man was indignant beyond utterance, and hastened to his mother with the intelligence.

When she told him gently that this was true, he made no reply for a moment, the muscles in his face worked, his lips were white and compressed, and when he spoke, the few words he said were: "Mother, I wish I could do something that would be returning good for evil—do him a great kindness that he would never cease to feel, and never forget all through the rest of his life—do it to that man who is my father." He leaned his head on his hand, and the dripping tears fell through his fingers.

She caught her breath. She had never thought of this man who had so darkened her young married life—never thought of him in such a kindly way as had her son.

"I do forgive him, child," she said; "but, oh! I never could treat him kindly; the very thought of his touch repulses me, the thought of his voice chill; instead of thrilling me with pleasure. Yet I am glad that you can feel charitably toward

him, even though he did desert you, and seek by his latest word to tear you from me."

And there they sat, the mother and the son, in the flickering light of the wood-fire, and talked freely on this hitherto silent subject. He asked many questions, and she answered promptly and truly. Their intercourse was very pleasant, indeed it was more like the sweet friendship existing between a sister and brother, than like the tie that is between a mother and her son.

Circumstances all seemed to combine together to bring about the half-reconciliation that the young man proposed when he first heard of the fate of his father. It seemed that he was to be submitted to the test. An old man from the State of New York came to visit a family who lived near the Pettingills. He had known people of the same name years before in his own neighborhood; the man had lost one arm, and had been otherwise unfortunate; his wife was queer, and kind of crazy, and none of their children were sound in mind or body.

Not a word was said, but the mother and son exchanged quick glances that meant as much as though they were clothed in speech.

After that, in a careless, chatty way, one time when they were alone with the elderly visitor, they inquired more particularly about the Pettingills in the State of New York. The age of the man and woman seemed to be about the same as of those in whom they were so peculiarly interested.

In the following autumn, Levi started off one day in a little, light, one-horse wagon. When he parted with his mother, he said: "Now, mother, are you perfectly willing that I should do this to gratify my curiosity? I feel as if I would like to look upon my father's face."

"Very willing," was her reply. "But come back to me soon, my child, and let us both keep this matter entirely between ourselves."

A little box of provision was in under the seat, and the back part of the wagon was covered with hay, under which was feed for the horse.

Levi jogged along slowly on his journey that he might look at the country leisurely. When he came into that part of the State of New York in which his informant resided, he inquired for the name of Pettingill. No one knew of that name. At last an old lady from a village five miles distant, said there was a very poor, distressed family named Pettingill who once lived over on the hill road, eight or ten miles from them.

Without manifesting any unusual interest, Levi drove down into the old lady's neighborhood the next day, and there, after much inquiry, learned that the family had been taken to the almshouse about two years previous.

Was it possible that this could be his father and his family! At any rate, he would visit the poor-house under pretence of wishing to adopt a boy ten or twelve years old. What mingled feelings and emotions thronged his mind as he hitched his horse at the bars before the dilapidated and forbidding county almshouse.

Levi was a man of fine personal appearance, and looked like the gentleman that he was.

The urbane proprietor escorted him through the different departments. Alas, alas! it seemed that the fervent, earnest, angry prayer of Brother Simpkins, in the deserted household, long years before, on that well-remembered occasion, was fulfilled to the very letter!

In a cell, behind cold iron grating, was the wreck of the wily widow, Salome Chester. She was haggard beyond description. Her hair was cut short and stood bristling all over her head. Her hands were like talons. One loose garment, the hem of which was frayed and fringed into hanging tatters, half covered her emaciated form. Her teeth were few and jagged; her eyes, wild, and dark, and devilish, glared out from cavernous sockets. She sat on the ground eating wheaten grits, from an old tin pan, with her skinny fingers; a tin cup half full of buttermilk stood beside her.

She had inherited insanity from her mother, and would never recover. Near her, in another cell, was her son, a youth of twenty or twenty-five years of age. He had been an inmate of the almshouse for more than a dozen years. He was harmless, generally, but when the fits of frenzy or madness came upon him, he was dangerous, and for this reason they kept him confined all the time. He had some pieces of old cloth, and was busy cutting out and making what he called mittens, although they bore no resemblance to mittens, whatever. The thumbs were cut out and sewed on, and some of them were half as large as the mittens themselves.

"Well, Henry, you are still busy, I see," said the proprietor, in a cheerful voice.

"Yaas," was the drawling reply. "I'm allus to work; I'm never glum. I want to git my stent done afore dark."

"Henry!" That was the name of the father—Levi's father—and he shrank back as he thought of it, and knew that the same blood, the blood of the Pettingills, was alike flowing in their veins. And this sprawling idiot, who had reached the full stature of manhood, was his brother—the son of the same father! But while he was repelled, he pitied.

A large, sleepy-eyed girl lay on a cot-bed playing with a button and a string. Her laugh was frequent, and no more like real human laughter than the braying of an ass. She could not talk, instead she made a noise: "Jubba-jubba-jah! jubba-jubba-jah!" and seemed to need nothing else to amuse her. She was a pitiable object. Her hair was cut short, her mouth large, nose flat, and her narrow forehead receding painfully.

Another girl was intelligent enough to assist in the almshouse kitchen, if some one kept strict watch over her.

At last they entered the large room set apart for the old, and crippled, and invalids.

An old man with rather good features and with long, white hair hanging down to his neck, sat in a rickety chair with his feet laid up on a stool. He had only one arm. Rheumatism had drawn his limbs until they were twisted out of every degree of shapeliness. He had long been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism. He looked up an instant and then looked down again at the cloths which wrapped his limbs.

Levi knew by the description that this man was his father. He longed to hear his voice, and putting on an air of indifference, he kindly, but carelessly, said: "You are afflicted by a painful disease, sir."

"Yes, it is almost more than I can—more than I can—can," was the reply, in a voice that had once been strong and full, but was now cracked and whining.

"Would you be glad to get away from here?" asked Levi, looking down at the broken and bowed form before him.

"Oh, sir, I would, I would!" was the childish, pining answer, and he looked up eagerly and inquiringly.

"It must be a lonely, sad life," said Levi, walking away and turning his attention to another inmate who was even in a worse condition than his father.

Levi talked alone with the proprietor, and the conference ended with the promise of having the old man's clothes clean and ready by the morrow, when he was to be removed. All this was to be kept from the knowledge of the poor inmate.

That night, after Levi had retired, he had leisure to think over what he had done, and for an instant he was startled at the step he had taken.

What would his mother say? Would it be right to carry home with him this imbecile old man who had once so shamefully and heartlessly wronged that gentle wife and mother? Would it be right to shelter that hoary old head under the same roof?

He tossed in bed uneasily, but after midnight he fell asleep, and in his dreams a vision came to him, his mother. With a benignity of countenance that was radiant and beautiful beyond all expression, she smiled on Levi and acquiesced with his decision. That dream satisfied him.

The next day, he drove over to the almshouse. He stood before the feeble old man, and in a low, but distinct, voice said: "I come for you; I am going to take you away from here, and give you a home while you live. Do you know who I am? can you surmise who would come and take you from this poor bondage?"

Henry Pettingill, the broken, shattered, trembling, old man, looked up and a blank expression crept over his twitching, pallid face, his eyes stared, and he swung his head with a see-saw motion as he whined out, in a dazed way: "Are you—are you? oh, I don't remember—that must have been a long, long time ago, wasn't it? Let me think—did you fetch us here that snowy day, when they put the quilts all over my head to keep—to keep—was that the time? and they told us—they told us they were takin' us to a better house! Ah, yes, I mind! you drove the horses, and you cracked the whip at them, ha, ha! ha, ha! Well, we will go and ride again, will we? ha, ha, ha! Yes, we will ride, ha, ha! thankee, sir, yes, ha, ha!"

It was very, very sad. An old bed was laid in the little spring wagon and a comfortable place made for the decrepid old man.

We can imagine the feelings that stirred the very fountains of his soul, as Levi drove down the lane

that led from the door of the poor-house out into the state road. The proprietor opened the bars to let him drive through. The men shook hands. Tears were in their eyes, for both appreciated this scene in the sad drama of an ill-starred life—a life misguided, full of errors, blighted, and, as an unerring result, a failure. One wrong step will blight a whole life.

"Am I going home with you—eh?" laughed the old man, peeping up at Levi from his wrappings down in the wagon.

Levi nodded his head.

It was a long journey, and his charge grew very tired and restless sometimes. After a night's rest, he was recuperated, and would sing as they drove slowly along under arching oaks and through beautiful stretches of wildwood. He would amuse himself an hour at a time singing the words: "The rat ran up the wall; the rat ran down the wall; the rat ran in the hole."

It was night when they reached the pleasant home of the Pettingills. The firelight was flickering fitfully, and throwing up glancing lights on the walls and against the white-curtained windows. The old man was asleep when the little wagon halted at the gate. Levi softly climbed out and tapped on the window-panes at his mother's bed-room.

"Mother, I've come back," he said, brokenly.

"My dear son, my dear son," she answered, in tones full of emotion.

"Well," he said; and that one word contained a volume. He paused.

"Is it well with you, Levi, my son?" said the mother.

He held her in his arms while he told her the strange result of his visit.

"Mother, he is here now; he is out in the wagon at the gate. Can you blame me? Can you bear all this? Is it wrong that we—you and I—whom he deserted long, long ago, should return good for that great evil? I wanted to do this, mother. I felt brave and strong, and was glad to do it. I was proud to gather up the remnants of his tattered life and try to make peace and good come out of the poor fragments. Say you are willing, mother!"

But the limp figure had slid down out of his arms and fallen at his feet; even while he spoke his words fell upon deaf ears.

The distorted old form of his father was borne into the house and cared for comfortably. Mary Pettingill's husband was dead to her when he gave up her love for that of another; and she seemed to look upon this man, this diseased, ailing, pining, trembling pauper, even as she would look upon any of God's miserable creatures. To her he was as dead as though he had been buried thirty years before; her love for him was dead, her tenderness, her pity, her interest, all gone, but the one feeling of Christian charity. And though she cared for and ministered to his physical wants and necessities, it was mechanically done. No emotion stirred her pulses, no warmth gladdened her heart; she was repulsed even to loathing, only for the sake of the sweet revenge that came to her and to her boy. She could even sit at the same fireside and be warmed by the

same ruddy glow, but he was no more to her than the cat lying on the rug or the dog beside the door. How fearfully had been answered the gushing and wrathful petition of the irate Brother Simpkins! Desolation had marked the path of the doomed man.

They lived thus two years, then the days of Henry Pettingill were numbered. One night he was taken violently ill, and when the disease assumed another form, lo, the shadows that had darkened his sky were gone! Like a pearly blossom that opened to the revivifying power of the blessed sunshine, the intellect cleared and shone out, and he was clothed in his right mind.

No womanly woman, under these circumstances even, could accept a perfect reconciliation. But Levi and his father talked together, and the noble son accepted of his meek petition for entire forgiveness. He told Levi that the anguish of the accursed had been with him in all the years since he had left his wife and baby and united his fortunes with those of a cruel, heartless and designing woman. He said no earthly punishment could have been harder to endure. He died calmly, peacefully.

The sun was just setting, and its golden beams fell aslant from the western hill-tops, and shone in upon the face of the man whose sin-stained soul had gone to Him who gave it. The little room was still, and no one was in it then, and as Mary Pettingill softly passed the door she looked in. The face was glorified in the halo of soft sunlight. For a moment she thought of the Henry of her youthful years, and with stealthy step she stole in and softly kissed the face of the sleeper. Only for a moment, though, did the old-time tenderness warm her bosom. The sun went down as she stood there, and with its last rays departed the blessed influence that had guided her faltering steps to that bedside—that moment came up vividly the memory of Salome Chester, and the kisses that she, the syren, had laid upon the face wrongfully, wickedly, and hers by no right given of God or man.

When the morrow's sunset came again, the little procession was winding its way down to the churchyard. A beautiful spreading beech-tree stood a little distance from the other graves, and under this was the sleeping-place designated and chosen by the lonely old man. Mary was not among those who surrounded the grave, but leaning against a native pine at the other side of the yard, a woman's figure was seen draped in black and closely veiled. She was standing there like a form in statuary when the procession slowly turned away and scattered in the directions of their several homes. When the gray twilight wrapped the earth in its gathering folds, the woman sadly walked to the newly-made grave, and stood in meditation many minutes. Then she turned and went away.

This was the story. I wish I could have told it in her own peculiarly vigorous style, and with the pathos with which it came to me. In a ten miles' ride across the beautiful country with Levi, I had an opportunity to learn all the particulars of this painful page of his life-history. He told it freely,

and frankly answered the many questions I asked him.

Oh, these old cabin hearthstones! what stories do cluster about them. Every one has its tale—some tragic, some terrible and full of sorrow, and some calm and peaceful and full of a restful satisfaction! Why sit down and write strange, wild, unreal things, drawn from a morbid imagination, when tales o'ertrue and full of interest, and full of comfort and sympathy, and allied to the trials and sorrows and scenes of our own daily lives, lie all about us waiting to be told! Better to gather up these scattering threads and weave them into a web—not such as we behold glittering in our dreams, but such as we see clearly in every day that comes to us between the familiar bindings of sunrise and sunset.

PAPER IN JAPAN.

WHEN a people contrive to make saucepans, fine pocket-handkerchiefs and sailors' waterproof overcoats out of paper, they may be considered as having pretty thoroughly mastered a useful art; and this is demonstrated by the above articles of Japanese manufacture, with the additional little circumstance that the saucepans are generally used over charcoal fires.

According to their own account, these ancient Islanders wrote upon silk faced with linen, and also used very thin wood-shavings for the same purpose, until nearly the close of the third Christian era. About A. D. 280, paper was first imported from the Corea, and, superseding the home-made fabrics, monopolized the market until the year A. D. 610, when the king of the Corea sent two priests to Japan to establish the manufacture. This paper was easily torn, and liable to be destroyed by worms, and, besides, did not take the ink well. These manifold disadvantages attracted the attention of Taishi, the son of the reigning Mikado, who substituted, as material, the bark of a species of paper-mulberry, which is still extensively cultivated for the purpose. By Taishi's orders the tree was planted throughout the country, the method of manufacture publicly taught, and thus the industry was commenced which has since so prosperously continued.

At the present time two hundred and sixty-three sorts of paper are manufactured in Yeddo. In regard to this immense number of styles, the national love for formalities must be considered; as, for instance, in addition to the usual varieties to which we are accustomed as appropriate for deeds, public documents, letters, notes, etc., the Japanese list mention four distinct kinds intended to be exclusively used for poetry and songs. There are also kinds enumerated as employed for umbrellas, hats, lanterns and waterproof clothing, one being described as serving for candlewick and pocket-handkerchiefs, while another is intended for handkerchiefs only, and a third is used for dressing dolls. Special kinds are prepared exclusively as wrappings for the several styles of religious, civic or social gifts.

The excellence in the manufacture is due, in a

great degree, to the fact that Japan furnishes a number of trees and shrubs with a fibrous bark, particularly adapted as a material for paper, and several plants of which the roots, seed or sap yield a natural size for the surface of the sheet.

The species of mulberry first used in the seventh century is still regarded as containing the best fibre, and it is extensively cultivated. The plants are annually cut down to the root until the fifth year, when, by this treatment, the wood has become dense and strong. The branches are then cut into lengths of about one yard, and steamed in a straw vessel over a boiler. As soon as the bark begins to separate from the wood, it is stripped off by the hand, the wood itself being preserved for fuel. The bark is then hoisted upon poles to dry, by exposure to the air, and when dry it is separated into bundles weighing about thirty-two pounds each. The dry bark is then immersed in running water for twelve hours, after which the outer husk or bark is scraped off to serve as the material for an inferior kind of paper. The remaining or inner portion is again washed in running water, and, after pressure under the heavy stones, the fibre is boiled with ashes. After another washing, it is well pounded, and then moulded into balls. These balls are next thrown into a wooden trough, and mixed with a pulp, together with a paste made from the root of the tororo, a shrub somewhat resembling the cotton plant. A portion of this pulp is next placed in a frame consisting of an inner and an outer portion with a false bottom of plaited bamboo. A dexterous and peculiar jerk from the skilled operator sets the pulp in the frame, and it is then so placed as to permit the water to drain off. The sheet of paper is lifted from the frame with a piece of bamboo, and laid with a brush on a drying-board, the side adhering to the board forming the face of the paper.

The paper "warranted to wash" is made with another kind of paste; and in the oil paper for waterproof clothes a glue is used made from young fern shoots stained with the expressed juice of unripe persimmons. Colors are applied in powder mixed with bean paste.

Several of the trees and plants used in the manufacture of paper are described as being the object of careful cultivation, especially in the manuring and preparation of the soil.

IMMODERATE pleasures shorten men's days more than the best medicaments can prolong them. The poor are seldomer sick for the want of food than the rich are by the excess of it. Meats that are too relishing, and which create an immoderate appetite, are rather a poison than a nutriment. Medicines in themselves are really mischievous, and destructive of nature, and ought only to be used on pressing occasions; but the grand medicine, which is always useful, is sobriety, temperance in pleasure, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exercise; in this the blood is sweetened and in good temperament, and all superfluous humors are dissipated.

The Story-Teller.

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHHEELS within wheels, pulleys, and axles, and bands, and levers. Did you ever watch some complicated piece of machinery, and notice the marvellous precision with which each separate part does its own work, and, at just the right instant, steps into its own place? There is nothing wanting, and nothing superfluous. Each part acts upon some other part, and all combine to make one grand, harmonious whole.

Human life, alas! is not always grand, nor always harmonious; but it is wonderfully complex. It, too, has its wheels within wheels. Effect follows cause, doubtless, by as regular a sequence as any that governs the course of inanimate nature; and the influence of one star upon another is not more sure and steady than the influence of other souls upon our souls, other lives upon our lives.

But what would become of us all if we fully realized this?—if we had the power to read the end from the beginning? What if by some occult divination, or even by some strange thrill running down to our finger-tips, we could know whenever in the street, in the market-place, in the temples of our God, or in festal halls, we pass those whose destinies are, sometime, to be so closely interwoven with our own, that they cannot be separated without destroying the whole fabric of our lives? What if we knew this? Could we bear it? Or even those who in some strange, incomprehensible way are to affect our lives for good or ill, even though their fate and ours may be utterly distinct? Mystics and poets tell us of those whose natures are so keenly strung that they tremble and turn pale, whenever a foot falls upon the spot of ground that shall one day be their grave. But to meet one's own ghost in the way—and to know it—would not that be worse?

They who hold in their hands the threads of each other's fates, come together so strangely from the farthest parts of the earth, from distant seas and opposing continents. But they pass each other without recognition, till the hour strikes.

Not many months ago, two who loved each other well, went down to their death in the restless, heaving sea, clasped in each other's arms. To think that they once met as strangers; that they were introduced in the ordinary, commonplace fashion; that he led her to the dance, or took her out to dinner, with all the orthodox prettinesses of speech, as he had taken others before her; that they looked quietly in each other's faces, and chatted idly at intervals during weeks and

months, undreaming that they were aught to each other! What if one had told them then, that, after a few years of eventful life together, they were to pass beyond the veil at the same instant, companions and lovers even unto the bitter end?

Yet it is well—and ignorance is better than knowledge. Sleep on, O faithful hearts, whose cradle is the rolling deep—sleep on, and take your rest, lulled by the eternal anthem of the sea!

What set me off upon this train of thought? Why, just this: I was thinking of Rose Sterling and Roy Dilloway, and of how they met fate blindly, as the rest of us do. For it is not best to attempt any thin disguises. I am here to tell you the story of Rachel Dilloway and her son; and you know as well as I do, that I would not have gone out of my way to make you acquainted with Rose Sterling, if she had not had something to do with that story. So why should we make a poor pretense of supposing that she has not?

It was on commencement-day that Mrs. Sterling died; the commencement-day that was the beginning of Roy's last year of college life—his senior year. This was the year, too, that brought to him the certain indescribable, intangible, impalpable something, that stamps upon the youth the seal of manhood. Hitherto he had been a boy—eager, enthusiastic, full of abounding life, and in many respects mature beyond his years—but still a boy. He was not a saintly boy, either; sainthood, if it ever comes rightly, being the fruit and crown of long years of saintly living. He had been in more than one of those perilous and momentous escapades, vulgarly known as "scrapes." He had hazed and been hazed. He had been caught out in study hours, and had been demerited; and there is even a tradition that the length of his legs, and his own smothered laughter, betrayed him once on a time, when he despairingly thrust himself under a fellow-student's bed in a vain attempt to evade the awful eye of a tutor. In short, he had carried himself as many others of our young collegians do, who are equally far from being supremely good or really bad. He had spent more money, sometimes, than was for his own advantage; and he had often been unwise.

But he had never run in debt, he had never got drunk—even at society meeting—he had never compromised his own honor or his own purity. If he had less of the negative innocence of ignorance than when he entered college, he had won the positive strength that grows out of temptations resisted.

Rachel had not given him a great amount of good advice when she sent him to Linborough. She did not believe in preaching—especially to boys. But she put her arms around his neck, as she left him in the room she had taken such delight in fitting up for him, and said, looking into his full, dark eyes: "Roy, you are all I have. I shall not lose my true, pure, manly son by sending him to college, shall I? Don't forget God or

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

your mother; and remember, always, if you are false to one you are false to both."

He promised silently as he pressed his quivering lips to hers—and he kept his word. He was no prig, and he was singularly free from all cant phrases and modes of speech, as well as from stereotyped, cantish ideas; so free from them, indeed, that he scarcely understood them in others. Most of his religious thought—which had never been in any degree forced—had reached him through the clear, undistorted medium of Rachel's sweet, limpid common sense. She had created no false conscience for him; she had never thrown the taint of sin over his innocent pleasures; she had raised no bugbears to scare him; she had built up no high mountains between him and God. She had made no mystery of right living and right thinking. There had been very little of what is popularly called "religious conversation" at Dilloway House. That is, religious conversation of a set purpose. Rachel spoke of God and Christ just as she spoke of other friends; quietly, simply, not altering the tone of her voice, or the expression of her face. The result was, that Roy's frankness was sometimes almost appalling to boys who had been differently educated.

"No," he said, to some proposition that was made to him during his freshman year. "Of course, I do not presume to decide for the rest of you. But it would not be right for me—or I should not feel that it was right—and I can't join you."

"Why, we're not church-members, any of us!" exclaimed one of the group gathered in his room. "If we were, it might be another thing. Come on, Dill! Don't be squeamish."

"Not church-members?" said Roy. "What difference does that make? Do you mean to say that only church-members need be loyal to their own convictions of what is right and manly? In or out of the church, we all have consciences, haven't we? I want to keep on good terms with mine—for it is God's gift," he added, reverently.

"Oh! If you are going to put it that way! I—I didn't know you were religious, Dilloway, or I shouldn't have asked you. I beg your pardon," and the speaker turned to leave the room.

But Roy held out his hand, with a frank smile. "I beg your pardon," he said, "if I have seemed to put on airs. I don't quite understand what you mean by being 'religious.' Certainly, I don't consider myself very good. But that's no reason why I should be deliberately bad, is it? How am I ever going to grow any better, if I choose the wrong way with my eyes wide open? Say, fellows, tell me that."

The "fellows" looked at each other askance. At last one of them answered, blowing a cloud of smoke from his meerschauum.

"I supposed the way to grow better was to be converted and get religion, by and by. Sometime or other, you know," he added, apologetically. "But I say, Dilloway, I believe you've been and done it on the sly; and it isn't quite fair on the rest of us, is it, now? We thought you were one of us."

"Why, so I am! so I want to be!" cried Roy,

eagerly. "I'm not what you call 'pious.' I'm just as full of fun, and like it just as well, as the rest of you. But we all want to do what is right, when we know it, don't we?"

"You don't know anything about it, Dill," remarked one young philosopher, who sat on the table, striking his boot-heels together with a resounding thump. "You're not orthodox, young man. You *can't* want to do right unless you've been converted, because the human heart is 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' don't you know? I've been told so a thousand times."

"No, I don't know," said Roy, sturdily. "I do not believe I am desperately wicked, boys, and it would be a lie if I should say I did. And I won't tell a lie for the sake of being what you call orthodox. I haven't been 'converted'—not to my knowledge; but I would rather do right than wrong, any day; and I believe the rest of you would, too; only you are not willing to own it, lest some one should think you are making pretensions to superior goodness. There are fellows in this college who are going to the bad, for that very reason."

"What is it to be 'converted,' any way?" asked a little fellow in the corner, tossing his Xenophon into the air, and catching it as it turned a somerser.

The question carried Roy away back into his childhood. His face flushed, and his lip quivered with strong emotion. Suddenly he remembered a long-forgotten conversation with his mother—a conversation that carried with it a new meaning now. The room was still as death.

"Let him tell us what he thinks about it," said some one, softly, nodding toward Roy.

He hesitated for a moment, pinching the cover of a book, nervously, and trying to swallow the lump in his throat. Then he said: "I remember asking my mother that very question when I was about twelve years old; and, if you like, I will tell you just what she said."

They nodded eager assent, every face wearing a lifted look that showed it at its best. Do you think young college "fellows" are only interested in dogs and horses, good wines and ballet-dancers?

"Some one had told me," said Roy, "that a boy of my own age down in the village—Woodleigh, you know—had been 'converted.' It was a new word to me, and I hurried up the hill to ask my mother the questions I had been afraid to ask of others. 'Johnny Blaine has been converted,' I exclaimed, rushing into the room where she sat. 'What have they done to him, mother? What is it to be converted?'"

A little ripple of laughter ran through the room.

"You must have been a precious innocent, for a twelve-year-old," said he of the meerschauum. "Guess you didn't go to prayer-meeting as much as I did, when I was a baby."

"I had never been in my life," answered Roy, simply. "Mother did not speak for a minute or two. I can see just how she looked," he went on, dreamily, "and I can read her face now as I did not then. She did not quite know what it was best to say to me, and she was a little afraid of saying the wrong thing. At last she took me on her

lap—I was but a wee chap then, boys—and I remember just what she said."

"Tell us, tell us!" cried the chorus.

Unconsciously the young speaker's voice took a deeper and more reverent tone as he obeyed.

"My son," she said, "I do not know just what the person meant who told you that Johnny Blaine had been converted. But there comes a time in the lives of almost all persons, when they must deliberately choose one of two paths to walk in. They must choose for themselves whether they will go toward God, or away from Him—whether they will give Him love, or indifference, if not hatred. To convert means to turn; and I suppose Johnny Blaine has turned into the right way—the path that leads toward God."

Roy's voice quavered and broke. He remembered something more that he did not care to tell. He remembered how he had buried his face in his mother's bosom, and whispered that if that was being converted, then he guessed he was converted long ago!—and how she had held him close to her heart and kissed him over and over again. He did not tell the boys this. It was too sacred.

"I had forgotten this entirely," he continued, after a minute, "until our talk called it up. It's strange how things will slip out of our minds."

The young faces turned toward him were thoughtful and earnest.

"It seems very simple," said one, with a half laugh. "For my part, I have always mentally confounded the two words 'conversion' and 'convulsion.' Sound a good deal alike when you speak 'em quick, don't they, boys? Heigho! We had better not go down to Snedecor's to-night, had we, fellows? It's getting late. I'm off. Good-night, Dill."

Roy was right. The natural bent of his character was toward good, rather than evil. Vice, especially all low vice, repelled him. No hereditary taint weakened or defiled him. Full of fun and frolic, and overflowing with healthy life and spirits, his instincts were yet pure, his impulses noble. It would have been easier for him to cut off his right hand, than to suffer it to do a mean or a dishonorable thing.

His uncle Robert left him, in a great degree, to himself in all that touched his outer life, during those first years in college.

"It is better so," he had said to Rachel. "The boy must stand or fall for himself, or his college life will be of little use to him. It will harm him, both with the officers and his fellow-students, if I interfere ever so slightly. He must make his own way."

But, as has been said before, it was not until his senior year that he fairly crossed the border-land that lies between youth and manhood. Then suddenly he awoke to the consciousness that life was something more than an earnest playground. Very earnest it had been to him, and its games had been all-absorbing. Its triumphs, its championships, its rivalries, its victories, and its defeats, had been eager and vital. They had seemed to him as real as life itself. Now, suddenly, as one wakes from a dream, his eyes were opened, and he saw that they were mere types and shadows—forerunners

of the king whose chariot-wheels thundered not afar off.

Nay, not suddenly, though it seemed so. Nature's processes are slow and silent, even while she abounds in seeming surprises. The garden bursts into vivid bloom and beauty, it may be, in a single week. But the work has been going on, out of our sight, through all the long, still, winter months. Under the snow the heart of the violet beats; and under the black mould the stately lily makes itself ready to receive the kisses of the sun.

And just so it was with Roy. The glory of young manhood, its loftier purposes, its higher aims, its more earnest thinking and doing, its stronger clasp of whatever is real and true, seemed to come to him suddenly. But all the sweet, strong, pure influences that had surrounded him even from his birth—ay, and before it—had been working and waiting for that hour. It was not sudden change; it was natural development, under favorable auspices.

Life had a new meaning. Books had found a soul. Nature spoke a language audible and clear. Sunrise and moonrise, starlight and dewfall, the voice of many waters, and the purple splendor of the hills, each had a secret for his ear; each told him something he had never known before of the mysteries of his own being, and of its mighty Author. "God said let there be light and there was light." It was no miracle beyond the daily miracle of growth.

So the year went on for him—a year of hard work and earnest thinking.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT went on for Rose Sterling, also—after awhile. When she came out of the bed-room that night, it seemed to her that everything was at a standstill. The world had come to an end. With that, which but two hours before had spoken, and smiled, and loved, and suffered, to which she had ministered with such tireless hands, and for which she had been willing to labor unceasingly, now lying behind the half-opened door, silent, breathless, cold, and still, how could life go on? It was all a bewilderment. When it was such a short step between the Here and the Beyond—what did it all matter? What did anything matter? Mother was dead!

She knew that for a certainty. She had seen death before, and she could not fail to recognize its presence now. But after the first cry that had startled little Daisy, she made no further noise or outcry. She did not call any one, at first, even. She had been so in the habit for months, of doing everything for her mother herself, that to give her over into the hands of others seemed strange and unnatural. But she was faint, cold, trembling from head to foot. She must sit down for a minute.

She went into the outer room, drawing the door partly shut behind her. Daisy clung to her in a storm of frightened sobbings. She sat down in the little rocking-chair, and took the child in her arms. They had sat just so, in the very same position, twenty minutes before; but with what a

difference! She wanted to say something to Daisy—to comfort her—to quiet her. But she could not speak. Her brain was in a whirl; her tongue would not do her bidding.

Clearer thoughts came to her at last, and she knew that something must be done. She must call some one. So she took Daisy and went downstairs.

They were very kind—the people in the house; and the boarders did everything that could be done. They were extremely sorry for the two young sisters, so suddenly and so terribly bereaved. But they could not understand Rose. She was so quiet. If she had really loved her mother very much, how could she bear it so?

They did not know that, underlying all the sense of loss and bereavement, all the pain of parting, all the shrinking from the yet unmeasured loneliness, there was a sense of rest, of relief. Rose had so dreaded long years of poverty, of a hard, narrow, scrimped life for her mother. She and Daisy could bear anything. They were young. They were strong. But, ah! the poor, frail mother! how could she ever endure what might be in store for her?

And now God had taken care of it all! He had taken her swiftly, painlessly, without even a moment of doubt or dread, into the arms of His own infinite love. Rose felt as if there was nothing left to fear. It was so much easier to yield her mother up to Him, than to see her live a life of unaccustomed toil and privation.

I think little Daisy felt something of all this, young as she was. Children have more far-sight, as well as more insight, than we give them credit for. At any rate, she had Rose left; and Rose was her strong tower.

Just before the hour for the funeral, they two went into the room where their mother lay, for the last, long, lingering look.

Her face was supremely beautiful in its calm repose. Something of fretfulness, something of ignoble discontent, had marred it during these later days. But that had all passed now, and her daughters saw her with her youth restored, and the scars and stains of her forty years effaced forever. There was no pettiness in the uplifting of the placid brow; no disquiet in the curve of the marble lips. All was grand, fair, and noble. The proudest of her proud race might have been glad to claim kindred with her in that hour.

"You will never grow old, mother dear!" whispered Rose, as she stooped over her to arrange one long, golden-brown curl that fell upon the pillow. "I am glad of that!"

When all was over, Rose was ill for a week. Then she got up, to look about her, and to see what was to be done.

She wanted a home—a little home for her and Daisy. She was tired of great boarding-houses, where people just stayed. She wanted to begin to live. But her landlady was not anxious to lose boarders who paid promptly every Saturday night; and the other people happened to be strangers and pilgrims like herself. Perhaps Mr. Stuart might be able to assist her.

But, dear me! that gentleman's ideas were alto-

gether too magnificent. He suggested nothing that was not beyond her means. Then she went to Mrs. Morrison, who was still waiting patiently for the orange-blossoms and forget-me-nots. Could it be possible it was not yet a fortnight, since she had taken the order with such happy thankfulness?

Mrs. Morrison considered for a minute, with her finger on her lip.

"Marthy," she said at length, "don't you suppose your Aunt Jane could spare the linter to her house, out on the Doncaster Road?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Martha. "It wouldn't do any harm to ask her."

"The—what?" asked Rose, timidly.

"'Linter,' I said," laughed Mrs. Morrison. "A lean-to, or sort of wing to the cottage. I guess you ain't used to Yankees. It's a real pretty place, and Aunt Jane's a nice old lady. There's three rooms and a pantry. It's just out of the city, but the horse cars run right by the door. I'll go out with you this afternoon, if you've a mind to try it."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cried Rose; a very blush rose for delight. "I'll go and get Daisy, and be back in half an hour."

"It'll be the very place for them, if Aunt Jane will let them have it," said Mrs. Morrison, confidentially, to Martha, as the latter brought her bonnet. "I would not like to think of them, living all by themselves, the poor young things! Aunt Jane is as good as gold, if you only get on the right side of her."

Which they did. In two days more they were at the cottage, waiting for the drayman to bring their trunks.

Aunt Jane was—as Mrs. Morrison had informed Rose—a "widow woman" of sixty-five, or thereabouts. Her two sons were seafaring men; and during their frequent voyages, which were not always short ones, the house was only too quiet. She was glad to rent the "linter" to the motherless children, in whom a whispered word or two from Mrs. Morrison interested her at once.

"Take your things right off now, and make yourselves at home," she said, bustling about in hospitable fashion. "I've had your part all cleaned, nice as a new pin, and when the man comes I'll help you get settled. But you must stay with me to-night. What was you calculating to do about furniture? Hain't got much, I suppose?"

"None at all," answered Rose. "Ah! here come the trunks!"

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven!" counted Aunt Jane. "My! but there's a lot of them! Good-sized ones, too."

"We furnished our own rooms for awhile, in Paris," said Rose, smiling. "And our bedding and linen is packed in one of the largest trunks. There is a little silver, too—not much; but all Daisy and I will need. I did not want to do anything about furniture until we saw just what was necessary."

They were busy unstrapping the trunks—most of which had never been unlocked since they left Paris. Memories crowded upon Rose thick and fast, but she put them resolutely back.

"Here's the key to this one; they're all numbered. Mayn't I open it, Rose?" cried Daisy. "I'll be ever so careful."

"Yes. But don't meddle too much. I think your wax dolly is in there. Lift the things carefully."

"Oh! oh! oh!" piped the clear little voice ecstatically, a few moments after.

"What is it, pussy? Have you found Natalie?"

"No. I don't believe she's here. But here's the little china *tête-à-tête* set, somebody gave mamma one Christmas—don't you remember? It never was used in the world, but it is so pretty! Wouldn't it just do for you and me, Rosy? Come and take it out, quick! I'm afraid I shall break the handles off, or something!"

"Your sister is busy. Let me do it," said Aunt Jane, who had a fondness for pretty things herself, and yet was not without her due share of curiosity. She had seen already that the seven large trunks held much that, to her eyes, seemed rich and rare; and with the thrift and frugality of a true New-England woman, she wondered how people who were poor, and had to work for a living, happened to have so much "finery."

"Guess their mother wa'n't much of a manager," she thought to herself. "But, poor things, they're not to blame for that, and it will only make it all the harder for 'em."

The little tea-set, looking dainty and Frenchy enough, with its delicate black etchings on a pearl-white ground, and its two or three narrow bands of gold, stood, presently, on Aunt Jane's round, claw-footed table, without break or blemish.

"It's just lovely!" Daisy declared, folding her hands with a little sigh of content.

Rose was passing from trunk to trunk, lifting up corners of things here and there.

"What are you looking for?" asked Daisy. "Why don't you take everything right out?"

"I am trying to find out what there is here. It is so long since these trunks were packed, Daisy! Some of them many months ago. When we know what we have, we shall know what we have still to get."

"Seems to me," said Aunt Jane, drily, "you've got pretty much everything—except what you really need. To be sure, there's piles of that linen, enough to last for years. But it's most too fine to use every day. And it's just so with that beautiful chiny."

"Oh, we'll take good care of it—Daisy and I," said Rose, "and it's best to make the most of what we have, Aunt Jane. Some things we must buy, and some things we must do without, for the present. Now let's hold a council of war."

"The reason that these rooms in the linter ain't furnished," observed Aunt Jane, "is, that when my niece, Jane Mari, got married last fall, I let her have every living thing there was in 'em. And they hain't been used sence. But I tell you what, girls! There are lots and lots of old traps up garret; and if you can find any things there that you think can be furnished up, and made to look kind o' decent, you can use 'em and welcome. I'd as lief you'd have 'em as not."

They flew up the narrow stairs, fleet and eager—

eyed. To make something out of nothing—that would be beautiful!

"Don't thank me till you've looked," said the old lady, in response to Rose's warmly-expressed gratitude and Daisy's kiss. "Maybe you won't find a thing you can use."

But Rose was quick to discern possibilities. Her eyes brightened. The girl was a real homemaker. She was in her element now.

"Why, we can do beautifully, Aunt Jane," she cried, "if we may use these things. Would you mind if the posts of this bedstead were sawed off, to make it a little lower, so that Daisy wouldn't need a ladder to climb into bed with?"

"Not a mite, dear!" laughed Aunt Jane. "Fix 'em just as you've a mind to. There's that old lounge. It's real shabby, but—"

"I can cover it," said Rose, "and this chair, too, and here's a table, and—"

Well, the result of it all was that before the week closed, the "linter" was as pretty and cosy a little home as one need care to see.

Do you care to know how it looked on the outside? It was a low, rambling brown house, toward which the city had been slowly creeping for years, until now it had nearly reached it. It stood well back from what had once been the road. Now it was the "street," with a plank sidewalk and tall lamp-posts. The "linter" ran out toward the south, with a narrow porch half hidden by a luxuriant hop-vine, running its whole length. Between it and the door-yard fence, lay Aunt Jane's flower garden, all aglow in these mid-summer days with marigolds, and phloxes, and great tiger-lilies, flaming with barbaric splendor. There were beds of verbenas, and portulacca, too, and a hedge of sweet peas that filled the air with their delicate fragrance.

The door from the shaded porch opens directly into the little parlor. That is a pity, Aunt Jane says; but it does not matter now, and in cold weather they must use *her* door. Shall we go in?

Ah! is it not pretty? But you would hardly believe how little it all cost. The walls happen, fortunately, to be a soft tint of gray; the gray that harmonizes equally well with pink or blue. In the middle of the floor there is about three yards square of gray carpet—ingrain, and pretty well worn at that; but you would hardly know it, so deftly has it been matched and put together. Around it there is a border of gray and blue, and a mat of the same lies before the open fire-place. The border Rose bought, as she did the chintz with which she has covered the lounge and a chair or two. It is striped, blue and white; and the white stripe is sprinkled with delicate pink rose-buds. There is only one window, and that has a lambrequin of the chintz, bordered with a little frill; and the full muslin curtain is made out of an old dress skirt.

On the square of carpet there is a little red pine table, with square, slender legs. The cover which falls nearly to the floor, however, hiding all its ugliness, is a gray travelling shawl with a blue border. There are books on the table, and a pretty work-basket, and an easel with a lovely *Mater-Dolorosa*; and in a slender glass vase there are

sweet peas and mignonette. On the mantel there are a pair of graceful bronzes—and the gilded shrine with the miniature of the dainty beauty with the powdered hair. Over it hangs a small copy of the central figure in Murillo's "Assumption." There are two or three other pictures on the wall; but all are so small that they were brought across the sea in a trunk; and some brackets and other ornaments are scattered here and there.

Such a tiny place as the bed-room is, with a bit of straw matting on the floor, and the little white bed in the corner! And the kitchen is hardly larger.

"But it is larger than Marie's," said Daisy, with a satisfied air. "And she had only two rooms, while we have three."

"Besides a pantry!" added Rose. "Marie would think us very aristocratic, Daisy. And there's the clothespress up-stairs that Aunt Jane lets us use—"

"And the cupboard!" cried Daisy. "That's best of all; for we couldn't put our beautiful china right into the pantry, along with all our cooking-dishes and things—could we Rose?"

Rose laughed. Daisy's "all" sounded very magnificent.

Was there no thought given to the poor mother during all these days? There was not an hour in which Rose did not think of her. But she must take care of Daisy now, and she had no time for the mere luxury of woe. Yet in the minutest ordering of the life that was to be, she remembered Mrs. Sterling's fastidious tastes, her delicate fancies, and tried to defer to them. Just as far as it was possible, the home she made for herself and Daisy should be such as would have pleased her mother. Even if she could have bought more, she would have used the fragile china and the fine linen, because to Mrs. Sterling an elegantly appointed table seemed a requisite of refined ladyhood.

Do you ask why they did not go back to Charleston? Because not one of their kindred was left. Rose felt, as her mother had felt before her, that if she must begin life on a new footing, she would rather do it among strangers.

CHAPTER XX.

THE life on a new footing had fairly begun now; a strange, quiet, circumscribed life for Rose Sterling, when one considered what her antecedents had been, but by no means a hard or unhappy one. I do not know that I am sorry it was necessary for her to do something to help support herself and Daisy; because earnest, regular work, with some positive end in view, is without doubt necessary to the entire physical and spiritual health of all human beings. The race will be better and happier when women, as well as men, fully realize this. But I am glad—are not you?—that the child, in her sweet, dainty girlhood, was able to find work that was as fresh and dainty as herself—work that she could do in the cloister-like seclusion of her own home. "Let women be ship-carpenters if they will," said the clarion voice of

Margaret Fuller, speaking brave, strong words for the disenthralment of her sex from the servitude of custom. But for my part I cannot help being just a little bit glad, after all, that they won't—many of them! There is plenty of womanly work that has been waiting through all the centuries—waiting for women to take hold of it; work that shall make the world happier and better, and altogether a more comfortable place to be in, when the waiting, empty hands shall find it.

Not making artificial flowers. Do not understand me to say that our little Rose was conscious of having any "mission" whatever. She had need to earn money, to make life easy and pleasant for herself and for Daisy, and in order to give to the latter some of the advantages she had herself enjoyed in more prosperous days; and she was glad, as I doubt not you and I are, that she could earn it in so pleasant a way. She had no grand ideas about human progress, or the advancement of the race. But she wanted to make her flowers just as perfect as they could be made. And is it not something to put one's own thought of beauty, or grace, or delicacy, even into a muslin rose, or a spray of velvet verdure?

There was always money in the little purse, beyond what was actually needed for the day's necessities. And by degrees, one fair lady after another learned that there was a young girl out on the Doncaster Road, who made such lovely flowers—"just exquisite, you know—like the real French, only better than most we see in this country." One by one they sought her out when some sudden emergency arose, bringing with it the need of some peculiar tint or hue, and they always went away puzzled. More than one who entered the little parlor with a gracious, patronizing air, left it in a maze of wonder. This Miss Sterling was not to be patronized, or condescended to. Who could she be? and what brought her here?

Doubtless, the bronzes and the rare pictures, as well as Rose's pretty French dresses, and two or three bits of choice, but unobtrusive, jewelry that she habitually wore, had something to do with this. Her wardrobe had been well supplied, for Mrs. Sterling had always had her own way in that matter; and that lady never bought anything that was not of the best. The two girls wore now, what they had worn in Paris. They had not put on black garments—a fact which had cost Rose something of a struggle.

"But we cannot afford, Daisy," she said, with a sigh, "to throw aside all we have, and buy such mourning as mother would wish us to wear, if we wore any. Shabby black was an abomination in her eyes. We will go on wearing the very things she chose for us, and love her and think of her all the same. That is the best way, I am sure."

To all of which Daisy loyally assented. She went to school now—going in the horse-cars every morning with her little lunch-basket. They passed directly by the door; and duly as quarter to nine came, whoever was in the cars saw two young girls waiting in the little porch under the delicate, lightly-tossing wreaths of the hop-vine. They were singularly contrasted. One—the elder—had hair of reddish gold, that, guiltless of crimp-

ing-pins, rolled back from her pure white forehead in a profusion of tiny waves, and was gathered at the back of the small, well-shaped head in one heavy coil. Her eyes were very dark, almost black, large and liquid. Her cheek was pale when she was in repose, but the slightest emotion made the swift color come and go, like the changes of a summer cloud.

The younger had a round, pliant little figure; hair as black as night, which was tied back, usually with a blue riband, and fell below her waist; eyes that, it seemed, should have belonged to her sister; for they were as purely blue and bright as any sapphires, while her complexion was almost that of a brunette. Yet she was a pretty child—as light-hearted and joyous as a bird, with something piquant and striking in the very poise of her head. One who looked at her once, was quite sure to look again.

Every morning, as I said, the two waited in the porch for the cars to come along; and then Rose went down to the gate with Daisy, watched her as she got on board, and nodded a smiling good-bye to her. It was an attractive picture; the vine-covered porch; the door open, perhaps, into the little blue and gray room behind it; the gay flower-garden, bright with autumnal blooms; the slight, graceful maiden with the shining hair, and the pretty child with her smiling face and breezy, piquant freshness. Regular passengers began to look out for it in a quiet, indifferent sort of way; and to be disappointed—some of them—if they failed to see it.

Linborough College was farther out—on the Doncaster Road.

Regular passengers began to watch for this picture so unconsciously made by the two sisters, who, without a thought of others' observation, were simply going about their daily business. So did some who were *not* "regulars." Roy knew very well which was the most desirable side of the car; and he never went to the city in the morning, without wondering if the little girl with the lunch-basket would appear—and if the young lady would come out to see her off.

"There's such a nice, beautiful boy in the car two or three times a week, Rosy," said Daisy one evening late in November. "Sometimes he is going up, and sometimes coming down; but he always sits on this side. You can see him, if you look."

"Is there?" asked Rose, lifting her eyebrows a little as she bent her wires. "I hope you don't talk to him, Daisy. You know what mother always taught us; and you are such a little girl, that I shall be worried about you if you have anything to do with strangers—especially with beautiful boys," she added, with a grave, unsmiling mouth, but a sudden gleam of fun in her dark eyes.

"I'm 'most twelve years old," said Daisy, tossing back her hair. "There! I've learned my lesson. Let me fix the wires while you do something else—oh! I don't talk to him, Rosy-posy, nor he to me. Only—once—the other day—I forgot to tell you—it rained when I got off at Lee Street, and he held his umbrella over me. Since then he lifts his

hat every time he sees me, and of course I bow to him. He almost always goes down Friday morning, and if you look to-morrow I think you'll see him."

"Well, I'll look, if you think it would be a pleasure to me," answered Rose, her eyes and thoughts intent upon the lilies of the valley she was making. "I want you to be polite and civil to all, Dot. But you must be quiet, and let strangers alone. Will you remember?"

"Yes. But I don't feel as if he was quite a stranger, when he was so kind the other day. You'd think he was nice yourself, Rosy, if he should hold his umbrella over your head, and save your new hat!"

Rose smiled, and changed the subject. It seemed to be growing unprofitable.

"He *was* in the car this morning," cried Daisy, the next afternoon, as she came in fresh and jubilant. "Did you see him, Rosy?"

"No, I did not see any boy."

"Why, you must be blind as a bat! He sat right on this side. I don't see how you could help seeing him."

"Neither do I. But I did not. Now lay the table, Dot, and we'll have dinner. I have made one of Marie's nice little soups; and Aunt Jane put her head in at the door to tell me to prepare nothing else, for she was keeping something hot for you in her oven. Suppose you were to go and see what it is?"

Away Daisy darted, and presently returned with a roasted chicken on a little white platter.

"Aunt Jane is so kind. See here, Rose! Doesn't it smell deliciously? Seems to me everybody is good to us. That boy left the car before I did this morning, and as he passed out, he smiled at me and dropped this in my lap. It got all faded, and I put it in my pocket;" and from the depths she drew out a crushed and withered tube-rose, with a circle of blue violets and some geranium leaves.

"It is very fragrant yet," said Rose, quietly, but with a slight look of uneasiness about her eyes. She did not wish to put fancies into Daisy's head, nor to startle her into awkward self-consciousness. Yet in her heart of hearts, she wished "that boy," of whose very name she was ignorant, would be a little less attentive. She felt so young herself, to be the guide and protector of this little sister! She determined to keep watch, however, and catch a glimpse of his face if she could. She could judge somewhat from that, as to what manner of "boy" he might be.

But several weeks passed, during which she heard nothing more about him. He seemed to have slipped from Daisy's mind, if not from her sight; until one night the child suddenly declared that "that boy" must have gone away, for she had not seen him in the cars for ever and ever so long. Whereat Rose inwardly rejoiced.

One bright, cold morning in December, Rose stood by the glowing fire in their little parlor, tying a crimson scarf about Daisy's throat.

"You must wrap up well to-day, Dot, for it's bitter cold," she said. "There comes the car. Here is your muff, and your basket. And don't forget to go into Mrs. Morrison's, and get the box

of flowers for me. It will save me a journey, and I'm very busy just now."

"I know it, Rosy! you work all the time. I wish—"

"Never mind, dearie! Hurry now, or you'll be too late."

They kissed each other, and Rose stood at the window to watch the child as she made her little signal, and the car stopped. The porch was too cold now.

Then she went back to the fire, and stood for many minutes gazing into the flames, and—thinking. It was as Daisy had said. She worked all the time; and yet the overplus in the little purse grew each week smaller and smaller. Winter had brought additional expenses of its own; and it had been necessary to buy some warmer clothing. French wrappings were not heavy enough for a New-England winter, and the pretty undergarments had proved altogether too light. And as the days and years went on, matters would grow worse rather than better. Clothes would not last forever; and as Daisy grew older, it would cost them more to live.

She put her hand to her forehead with a weary sigh, and for almost the first time, a shade of despondency stole over the sweet young face. How long could she live this kind of life, and not be dwarfed by it? She had no time for reading; she saw no society; she was forgetting all her music, to which she had given much attention in the old, careless days; and even if she had the leisure she could not practice, for want of a piano. She painted in water colors, and her brush was a delight to her. But she had hardly touched it since she came back to America. She was losing her hold upon everything, she thought, sadly, and how would it be with Daisy? Could she give her nothing but the commonest sort of an education?

"I must try something else," she said to herself, at last, as she went back to her work. "Flower-making, like literature, is 'a good staff, but a poor crutch.' My hard and steady work ought to bring me more money—and it shall! I feel as if I were turning into an artificial flower myself—soul and body."

The bright morning was soon merged in a cloudy noon; and long before it was time for Daisy to come home, Rose was looking anxiously out into a whirling, driving, furious snow-storm.

"I am so sorry I told her to go to Mrs. Morrison's," she exclaimed—to Miss Sterling, of course; for who else was there to speak to? And the poor child could not be expected to hold her tongue all day long, could she? And Miss Sterling replied: "Yes; it is a great pity; she will have enough to do to manage herself and her muff and her basket, even without the addition of a stiff, square, paste-board box, that must not be crushed, or maltreated!"

But it could not be helped now. The short December day grew dark, and the storm grew wilder every moment. Rose stirred the fire, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney, and then took her station at the window.

Meanwhile Daisy had been to Mrs. Morrison's after the box; and laden with that, her books, her

muff, and her basket, was waiting at the Lee-Street crossing, under the shelter of an open porch, for the up car. Presently she saw it coming, and rushed out. But in the blinding storm the driver neither saw nor heard her. The car rolled on, and the bewildered child looked to the right and left for succor, and found none.

It was very hard to keep the tears back. What should she do? It would be a full hour before the next car would go up; and she remembered having heard a man who was passing say that they would take the horses off early to-night, for the track was almost blocked up, and there would be no travel. What if this was the last car? How should she get home? And, oh! what would Rose say?

She crept back to her shelter again. It was growing darker and darker. Mrs. Morrison's? But that was half a mile away, and Daisy doubted if she had not closed the shop, and gone home. There would be no call for flowers on such a night. Suddenly she sprang forward with a glad cry.

"Oh!" came faintly through the storm, and reached the ear of a pedestrian well muffled in furs.

The young man turned round. What child was out in this tempest? A little figure stood motionless in the dark shadow of the porch, and burst into tears as he approached.

"Why, is it you?" he asked, stooping down and taking the cold, trembling hands in his—for she had piled all her belongings on a bench beside her. "Did you miss the car, dear? So did I, and isn't it lucky? for I was just on my way to the livery-stable for a horse and sleigh, and I will take you home in a trice. Shall I leave you here just a minute? or will you go with me?"

And right then and there, with the fierce snow-flakes blinding her, and the wind roaring in her ears, Daisy, remembering all Rose's cautions, and thinking she saw a straight path out of all dilemmas, looked up and said, between choking sobs: "If you—would—only—tell me what your name is, sir! Sister Rose says I must not talk to people I don't know. My name is Daisy Sterling!"

The young man laughed outright—for one instant. Then a grave tenderness stole into his voice; and, if it had not been for the snow-flakes, one might have seen a suspicious moisture in his eyes as he answered, lifting his cap for an instant as respectfully as if he had stood before a queen: "Your Sister Rose is quite right. My name is Royal Dilloway. If you will let me take you home, I will take as good care of you as if you were my own little sister."

It was all right now, and Daisy, brushing off the last remnant of a tear, thankfully signified her readiness to accept his escort.

The stable was just round the corner, and as the child did not like to be left alone, Roy hastily gathered up box, basket and books, and taking her hand, hurried her to a place of shelter.

"It seems to me, Miss Daisy," he said, as they rushed along, "that you carry a good deal of baggage for one small school-girl."

"Yes," she laughed. "It makes me think of

the old woman's 'Great box, little box, bandbox and bundle.' But it is not all mine. I am carrying that great box for Rose. She—"

She stopped suddenly; probably with an instinctive feeling that her sister would not care to have her affairs discussed with this stranger. Roy wished she might have completed the sentence; but he was too much of a gentleman to make any attempt to draw her out.

Rose saw the car coming with a certain feeling of relief; and threw a shawl over her head that she might be ready to run out and open the gate for Daisy. She could scarcely believe her senses when it passed without stopping. Such a thing had never occurred before since Daisy began to go to school. The child had never failed to be on time. Had Mrs. Morrison kept her, fearing the roads would be blocked up? Or had she missed the car? And, if so, what would she do in this driving storm?

And—hardest question of all—how could she reach her or help her? Where was she at that moment?

She went into Aunt Jane's part of the house for a word of comfort or a timely suggestion. But none came. Aunt Jane was as helpless as herself. There was no man within reach who could be sent in pursuit of the laggard.

It grew darker and darker. Rose, standing at the window with a pale, anxious face, could but just see the dark outline of the garden fence a few inches above the drifts.

"I can't bear this," she said to Aunt Jane. "I must go out and do something, or find somebody. What if the child, missing the car, has started to walk home?"

Aunt Jane demurred seriously; but Rose began to put on her wrappings in nervous haste. She seemed to hear Daisy's voice in every moan of the wailing wind.

The old lady was looking out of the window even while she was trying to dissuade Rose from her mad undertaking. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Why—what upon air! Who in the world can be coming here in all this storm? I hope Jerusha's child ain't worse—but I shouldn't wonder one mite if they'd sent after me."

A sleigh had stopped at the gate. Some one had leaped out into a drift that came far above his knees. He bent over the sleigh and picked up a large bundle of—something.

"Why, I do verily believe!" exclaimed Aunt Jane again, hurrying back into her own part of the house. But what she believed no mortal ever knew; for Rose threw one swift glance out of the window, and rushed to the door, her face all aglow with sudden joy.

"Here I am, Rosy-posy, all safe and sound," cried a child's glad voice. "Were you frightened almost to death about me?"

Daisy, muffled from head to foot in the folds of a fur-lined cloak, had just been set down in the porch; and the gentleman to whom said garment belonged, was unfastening the clasp that confined it about her throat.

"There!" he said, shaking the snow from it as he threw it over his own shoulders. "Run in to

the fire, quick, before you freeze to death!" And before Rose had gathered her senses together enough to enable her to speak, he had lifted his cap, bowed, regained the sleigh, seemingly in two bounds, and the eager horses were dashing onward through the snow.

"O Daisy, darling!" cried Rose, half-laughing, half-crying, as she closed the door, and drew her into the warm, bright room of which Roy had caught one swift glance as he stood there "out in the cold." "What was the matter? How did it happen?"

Daisy told her story rapidly, in her own nonchalant way, ending with: "If he hadn't come along just then, I don't know what I should have done, Rosy."

"He was very kind," said Rose; "and I was so bewildered that I did not even thank him."

"There!" cried Daisy, triumphantly, "I told you you would think he was nice, if you could only see him. Didn't I say he was a beautiful boy?"

"Say—what?" asked Rose fairly aghast with astonishment. "You surely don't mean that this—"

"Is that boy?" interrupted Daisy, as she complacently proceeded to warm her toes. "Why, yes, I do. I supposed you knew."

"O Daisy! Daisy! what a child you are! The person who brought you home to-night is not a boy. He is a young man—and a very gentlemanly one, too. What made you talk about him as if he were a little boy?"

"I didn't!" retorted Daisy, indignantly. "I did not say he was 'little'—nor a word about his size any way."

"Well—but—talking about 'that boy' all the time," said Rose, with an impatient emphasis on the unlucky words, "I thought he was about your age, or a little older. I did not suppose you were talking about a man. I think you might have known better, Daisy!"

"How was I to tell?" asked the child, with an injured air. "How is anybody expected to know when boys leave off being boys, and begin to be men? Girls put on long dresses and do up their hair—and then they're young ladies; but boys—they dress just like men from the beginning. I couldn't tell!" and the indignant little speaker vented her mortification in a fierce thrust of the poker into the bed of glowing coals.

"Well," said Rose, severely, "I think if I were speaking of a person nearly six feet high, and well proportioned, who wore a moustache, and carried himself like a prince, I should call him a man, and not a boy. But, O Daisy, how foolish we are to quarrel about this! Come and get your supper, darling. It is all ready."

(To be continued.)

MEN in the vigor of their health and age should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation and the worthiest of actions, either in public or private stations, that they may have something agreeable left, in the way of pleasant and grateful remembrances, to feed on when they are old.

THE STORY OF RENNY.

BY G. DE B.

HE was such a mite of a fellow, scarcely came up to my waist when he stood on tip-toe. I saw him first in the horse-car. He sat opposite me, and I was attracted by his tiny size. He had on a dark blue cloth suit with black velvet leggings, a little felt hat with a long feather, and round his neck he wore a wide watered ribbon on which hung a little silver hunting-horn.

As soon as I saw him I thought, "He has just stepped off a fairy opera stage, and he is playing *Rigoletto*," for he was not little because he was a *baby*, but from accident, and, like *Rigoletto*, he had a large hump on his little back that made my heart heavy to look at.

At last he seemed to notice my evident look of curiosity, and his face flushed as he turned away. I was pained to think I had unintentionally wounded his feelings, and therefore changed my seat and went over beside him.

"Will you let me see that pretty little horn?" I asked, as a sort of explanation for my curious gaze.

Without answering, he unfastened the little toy and handed it to me.

"Is it to call anything with?" I continued. "Boys sometimes have pet dogs that answer to a whistle—is yours a dog?"

He still made me no reply, when the lady who was with him leaned over and said to me: "Renny will not speak to strangers—the whistle is to summon his nurse."

I fastened back the little horn upon its ribbon and whispered to him lowly as I secured it: "I wish Renny would speak to me. I like little boys, and I can tell stories!"

He looked up in my face then. His eyes were brown and beautiful, with only a little gleam of temper in them to mar their loveliness.

"What kind o' stories?" he asked, in a deep, low basso—if any one can imagine such a kind of a voice in a mite of a boy.

"Any kind—what kind do you like?" I answered, pleased to receive a reply.

"I like wicked ones—where all the big, strong boys are beaten and pounded, and the little girls pinched and hurt." And the brown eyes looked wicked enough to mean it!

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry," I replied. "I thought, maybe, you would like some about little boys with big hearts, boys who do great deeds, although they may have little means of doing, and do them in little ways."

His eyes flashed. "There never was any *such* kind!"

"Oh, yes, Renny, I know some—you see, if the heart and the soul are noble and great, it don't matter how small the body is."

He seemed to ponder over my words, then asked, abruptly: "Do you like little fellows?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; I love all boys, little ones and big ones, and I like to tell them stories."

"Will you come to my house and tell me one, then, 'bout some little fellow?"

"I will; where do you live?" I answered, gladly.

He whispered to the lady beside him, and she immediately handed me a card, saying, with a smile: "You have accomplished a wonderful thing, although you may not know it—Renny never speaks to a stranger, and he has asked me to give you his mother's card. I am sure both Mr. and Mrs. Moulton will be happy to see any one toward whom Renny appears so friendly," and she handed me the card and address.

I thanked her, and left the car, telling Renny I would surely see him in a few days.

According to my promise, not long after, I called at the address, which I found to be a large, handsome residence on — Street. Upon asking for Mrs. Moulton, I was shown into an elegantly-furnished reception-room, where I stated the reason for my peculiar call to a very beautiful and fashionably-dressed lady.

"Yes," she said, "Renny had spoken of the strange lady he met in the car," she was very happy to see me, and hoped I would have no trouble with the child. He was such a strange child—horrid temper—perfectly fearful at times—she really did not know what would become of him—I was very kind, indeed, to come and tell him stories, and she was sure Mr. Moulton would be very grateful to any one who would amuse or interest Renny.

I asked her where I should find her little boy, and was shown up-stairs into a large sitting-room, or nursery, where a fearful racket appeared to be going on. I knocked, but receiving no answer, entered, and beheld Renny in a perfect fury of rage, throwing down chairs, dancing up and down, pounding on the table with his little fists, and looking the incarnation of wicked temper. Two little girls stood at some little distance, white with fear, and the nurse was barricaded behind a chair, afraid as well. When Renny looked up and saw me in the door, he ceased his tantrums, and looked a trifle disconcerted—not ashamed, however—for there was a bravado of temper still in the rear.

"Well, Renny," said I, pleasantly, "what shall my first story be about?" and without appearing to notice the commotion I had interrupted, I walked over, picked up a chair and seated myself.

The nurse took this opportunity to make her escape with her little charges.

"Bout devils!" answered Renny, in his deep tones, and looking at me defiantly with his flashing eyes.

"Well, come over here beside me, and I will tell you one." He walked slowly up to the lounge near by and threw himself down, looking at me curiously now. I began: "I will tell you about a horrid little demon, Renny, who goes prowling round the whole wide world. He is of different colors. Scarlet, and crimson, and white. He carries a loom with him with which he weaves webs. He is a sly little demon, and watches his chances for fresh new spots whereon to set up his loom, and he always picks out little tender places on which to start the weaving of his web. At first he spins a slender thread, then, if he be not checked, he makes the little thread to grow larger

and it becomes a cord, and stronger and it becomes a rope, and stouter still and it forms a chain which it is impossible to break or hold in check, but which will, instead, grasp in its strong bands the victim, and hold him slave and prisoner, and oftentimes, O Renny, this strong, stout chain will lead the victim to some *murderous* act, and then the little thread which, *unchecked*, has grown so strong, will be the rope which hangs!"

Renny listened attentively with open eyes, then he asked, in a husky tone: "Did you ever see this devil?"

"Yes, Renny, I have seen him."

"He is different colored?"

"Yes; he is scarlet in rage and fury, he is crimson in ungovernable impatience, and he is deadly white in relentless, unforgiving, wicked Temper!"

"Can any one break through the web?"

"At first, when he weaves, the thread is light and fine, and it is possible to let him weave it no stronger, and even if it becomes a cord or rope, it need but hold together firmly *weak* places—it is only when the cord becomes a chain and *unmanageable*, that the little demon becomes master and leads one wicked ways. O Renny, Temper is a good soldier, under the generalship of Control, but when it breaks ranks, it rushes madly on, and leads through many a weary path to oftentimes a bitter goal!"

Renny was thoughtful for a few minutes, then he asked, looking up, earnestly: "How's a fellow going to begin to break their temper?"

"You need not break it, dear—only hold it in check; have a masterful control over it. Think how foolish and little it is for a man—you will be a man some day, you know—to lose all dignity and force of character by some fiery exhibition of temper. Why the Indians, though they be savages, never display ungovernable temper—and how we admire and respect the grave stoical demeanor and carriage of the "red man of the forest."

"Do you think I will ever grow to be a man?" and the brown eyes looked up at me wistfully.

"I hope so, Renny, and a great and good one, too. I think you have a good foundation upon which to build a fine character—and, therefore, you must to cultivate the *best* in you, and control the worst."

He stood up now and cried, half-bitterly, half-pathetically: "I, a great man! with this hump! Pshaw—what's the use o' trying?"

"There is always 'use,' Renny, in trying to be good. When I come to see you again, I will tell you of some men who have carried great minds and noble hearts in as frail and tender bodies as yours—and, Renny, remember, besides, there is always *something* to be glad of and thankful for. The blind people can *hear*, the dumb ones can *see*, and the crippled and lame may have both sight and hearing to be grateful for. Be thankful and content with the mercies you have, and though you may be little and frail, let your goodness grow large, and strive to be great in your mental and moral stature.

The little frail body threw itself down now, in a passion of tears, on the lounge.

"Why, Renny—don't, dear!" I cried, bending over him, and pained to see his uncontrollable emotion. "Think over all I have said; try to hold the little demon I have told you about in subjection; strive to be strong in your many good qualities, and I am sure you will be both good and great when a man."

He would not look up nor answer me, but lay there, with great sobs convulsing the little frame. I kissed the brown head of soft curls good-bye, and whispering I would soon come again, left him.

Upon making my next call, I was received by Mr. Moulton, who I found to be a grave, kindly-cold gentleman. He thanked me for the interest I had shown in his boy, who, though rarely speaking to strangers, had displayed a warm liking for me.

"He is a very peculiar child," said Mr. Moulton, "and one whom no one appears to quite understand. His mother died when he was but a baby, and until within the last few years he has had none but nurses to see to him. Mrs. Moulton is very much attached to him, of course, but her own little girls require the most of her attention, and as Renny is not fond of little girls, and will have no boy playmates—they are so 'rough and strong,' he says—he is consequently left very much to himself. He is my only son. He is very dear to me—and, madam, I thank you most heartily for the warm, kind interest you have shown for my poor boy."

I read it all. Poor Renny! He was a little waif even in the midst of this large, luxurious home. All the best in him was being dwarfed and crippled by the selfishness with which his little life had come in contact, since his mother died! His worst passions were constantly aroused. He was envious and jealous of those little girls—his sisters—who had come, he thought, to usurp his place in his father's heart, as their mother had his own dear mother. He saw other boys strong and stout of limb, who would bravely fight their way outside, while he was obliged to sit at home and brood over his sorrows and his wrongs. Poor little mite! How my heart ached for him—for I could see there was some right on his side. Then I determined I would comfort and cheer him, if I could. I would strive to bring out his best, and destroy his worst. I would try to show him to be good was to be happy; and if, perchance, any little seed I might drop should sprout and grow upward, I should feel I had obeyed the will of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto *one* of the least of these, ye do it unto me also."

Renny was waiting for me in the large room where I had found him before. He was alone, and his face brightened with a smile when he saw me, and he came gladly forward to relieve me of my furs and wrappings.

"What are you reading, to-day?" I asked, picking up the volume that had fallen from his lap as he rose. "Æsop's Fable's," I read. "Why, Renny, this is one of the very men I was going to tell you about to-day."

"Is it—what did he do?" asked Renny, eagerly.

"He wrote all these beautiful stories, each one

with a fine moral, teaching us patience, humility and virtue, and also showing us the many little weaknesses to which all human nature is prone. It is a philosophic work as well as an entertaining one; and, Renny, although this man had a great mind—he was—little—like you."

"Like me?"

"Yes, so we are told; and he was a slave beside, and cruelly treated by a hard master. But, though he was a *slave*, he had the *master* mind, and he has left behind him, in his works, a name, while that of his owner is forgotten! There have been more men than he, Renny," continued I, waxing warm, as I saw the interest that lighted up his pale face. "Men who have been small of stature, but large of heart and mind and spirit. The poet Pope was one of these. His genius was great, though the lamp that held the fire was small and misshapen. And there was a great artist, too, who, without arms or hands, has painted himself a great name in grand pictures. And Richard III. of England, you know, was little, but he was brave of spirit. And even St. Paul, we have reason to believe, had some physical defect, for you know he speaks of the 'thorn in the flesh' with which he suffered; and see, Renny, what a life his was. And there have been men and women in the lower ranks who have carried a burden on their backs, while their hearts and their lives have been noble and large with the *good* in them."

"But I can't ever do any of these; I can't ever be great!" cried Renny, and the voice was tremulous.

"Ah, Renny, who knows but you may. Try, at least; and if you cannot be great, you can be good, that is within any one's power."

"Who cares if I am?"

"Who cares? Why every one will who knows you—your papa, whose *only son* you are, you know; your mamma, your little sisters, and I. Don't you want that I should care a little, Renny?"

He did not answer me. Then he looked up, with a little gleam in his eyes, and replied: "My papa likes little girls best, and *my* mamma is in Heaven!"

"Your papa loves *all* of his children, Renny," answered I; "but I think his only son is very dear to him; and your mamma in Heaven, I think, will be happier even there, to know her little boy is trying to be good, so as he may come to her there some day."

The nurse just then came in with the two little girls of whom Renny appeared so jealous. He looked disturbed and angry at their intrusion.

"Will you tell me the names of your little sisters?" I asked.

"No," he replied, curtly, and walked away from my side.

I put my things on quietly; and, after kissing the little ones, who looked at me curiously, I turned to Renny, who stood with his back toward me, in the bay window.

"Good-bye, Renny; when shall I come again?" I said, putting out my hand.

He made no answer, but appeared to be struggling with the little crimson demon.

I stooped down, asking: "Won't you kiss me good-bye?"

Then he looked up, and answered my first question in a defiant sort of tone: "Their names are Bessie and Katie; they are '*good*' children; everybody likes them best; and I s'pose *you* will, too!"

"No, Renny, *not* best—if you try to be good, too," I whispered, as I bade him good-bye again.

I soon grew to look forward with great pleasure to my little weekly visits to Renny, and he welcomed me always with a bright, happy smile. He was an intelligent, apt scholar, and a very bright boy; but I discovered had, evidently, before my acquaintance met with no one who took any interest in him, save as a deformed, ugly boy; consequently he was fast becoming no more. The best in us all needs a help and a recognition that shall keep us high, the base and worst in us is so apt to triumph otherwise.

Renny's father loved him, but he did not know him; his mother dressed him beautifully, and kept him warm and well fed; but the heart of the child was hidden from both.

I was glad to see him improve under the little sermons I preached him, always with a different text that should interest and amuse; but I strove to make every sermon illustrate the text that to be good was to be great, and that little men could be noble men!

One of the first proofs that my influence was at work, was the disappearance of the little silver horn from off Renny's neck. I had missed it for some time before I spoke; then one day I said, laughingly: "And, oh, where is your horn, my Little Boy Blue?"

He flushed, and answered me: "I have lain it away with some bad habits. I speak and call to the servants now when I want them."

"O Renny," I cried, "that is good—that is noble! See, you are growing great already; even a little thing tells; it is as though some harsh master had thrown aside his haughty, cruel, overbearing manner, and decided to be a generous, kind man to those beneath him."

He smiled with pleasure at my warm praise—praise is so sweet; and *merited* praise is always just!

"And, Renny," continued I, "will you give me the little horn? It was that which first attracted me toward you; it was that which opened our acquaintance; and it is that which has opened your eyes to *one* of your bad habits, at least. Let me have it for a souvenir?"

He brought it to me; and then for the first time in all our long acquaintance he lifted up his lips and kissed me of his *own accord*! It was the sign and the seal of our friendship. And though Renny is a man now—a good one in his character, a great one in his noble, generous deeds—I still wear the little silver horn he gave me as a trophy over which I may feel justly proud, for Renny's papa says I made his "bad boy a good man," and Mrs. Moulton says I "tamed a savage."

The story of Renny is the story of many another child who may be even now spoiling an otherwise fine character by the bad passions of envy and

jealousy and also by the uncontrol of that little demon, Temper, who goes prowling around for a spot to weave his webs in little children's natures. Let each one recollect, then, that the little, slender thread may be held in check, but that the *chain* can never be broken, but may lead to prison cells and gallows! And may every little one remember, too, that however plain, or homely, or disfigured he may be, that the light of a fine, noble character within may illuminate and make lovely and beautiful, or a talent applied or a genius nurtured transform into great and famous!

DEBORAH NORMAN:*
HER WORK AND HER REWARD.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.
CHAPTER IV.

IT was not to make alterations in her dress that Deborah Norman had gone to her room, but to gain time in which to compose and fortify herself for a meeting that she would have gladly avoided. After closing the door of her chamber, she knelt and remained in silent prayer for over the space of a minute. On rising, her lips had a firmer set, and her eyes were calmer and deeper. There was no sign of weakness or irresolution in her face or manner. She was resting in God and on her convictions of right and duty. Many times had her heart sunk in her bosom as she thought of this lion, which, sooner or later, she knew would stand in her way. But now that the encounter was at hand, courage and strength had been given and she was not afraid.

"Philip," she said in a calm voice as she entered the little parlor where the visitor had been restlessly awaiting her. He caught her hand with a nervous pressure; but she let hers lie passive, and this for but a moment or two ere it was withdrawn from his clasp.

The person who stood, flushed and agitated, before Deborah was a handsome young man somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years of age. Strength and self-reliance were in his face, but his mouth had some hard and sinister lines that marred the excellence of a countenance in which you saw much to attract, and something to repel.

"Philip! And is that all? Only Philip!" The young man caught back the hand she had withdrawn, and looked down into her face with eyes full of a tender passion.

But she gently disengaged it again, and stood quiet and irresponsible.

"Deborah! What does this mean?" There came a glow into the man's dark eyes, and a thrill of anger into his voice.

"It means, Philip," she answered, not losing a chord in the even tones of her voice, "just what I told thee at our last meeting. Our feet are set in different ways; how then can we walk together?"

"Fickle—changeable—false! Must I say this of Deborah Norman?" exclaimed the young man in momentary loss of self-control.

The small head was drawn quickly back; the soft lips shut tightly and marred by an expression of pain; the eyes set wide open and flashing. But this was for only the briefest interval of time. The flush and excitement died out as quickly as they had come, and left the face of Deborah very pale and calm.

"I thank thee for the words, Philip Cheston!" she said, "I can now talk to thee with the needed plainness. Sit down."

She spoke with a strength of will that gave power to her words. The young man sunk into a chair.

"Not so, Philip," she continued keeping her steady eyes upon him. "I have not changed. As Philip Cheston was five years ago, I loved him. But the Philip Cheston of to-day is another man. His feet and mine are set in different ways, and we cannot walk together."

"A mere fancy, born of thy too ideal life, Deborah," replied the young man. "How have I changed? In what am I different from the Philip Cheston thee loved five years ago? I am older, more in earnest, and more thoroughly absorbed in my business, as every man who hopes for success in life should be; but in all else I am the same."

"Not so—thy ends and aspirations are not the same; and these make the man," replied Deborah. "I loved thee for what thee was inwardly and not for thy person alone, Philip. For the noble ends thee had; for the pure spirit that ruled thee; for the love of God and humanity that was in thy soul. And when I saw a shadow fall upon these, and thy heart turn to mean and sordid things, I felt as if night were closing about me. Then I knew that our ways must part, and that I should have to walk alone!"

"Mean and sordid! And this from thee! O Deborah! Deborah!" Cheston's manner was greatly disturbed.

"Look into thy heart, Philip, and answer to thyself and to God. Is it now as it was five years ago? Are thy ends the same? Is thy ideal of life what it then was? Art thou growing inwardly purer, nobler, less selfish, and more earnest in thy desire to serve humanity?"

"The dreams of that pleasant time were very sweet and pure, Deborah," Cheston replied, with some bitterness in his voice. "But in the earnest and absorbing work men have to do in the world if they would achieve success, such dreams are never realized. The real life we have to encounter, and the ideal life our fancies paint as we stand on the verge of manhood, are different altogether."

"There is only one true ideal of life," returned Deborah, "and that is to be found in the words of our Lord: 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

"A thing literally impossible," said the young man.

"O Philip! Philip! This from thee!" There was a quiver of pain in Deborah's voice. "I did not think thee had wandered so far away."

"Away from what?" The young man spoke with some irritation.

"From the path that leads heavenward."

A slight curve of the lips betrayed a feeling of contempt in the heart of Cheston.

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"There is only one way to Heaven, Philip," said Deborah, speaking with much seriousness, "and the gate of entrance is through neighborly love. It is a strait gate; and the way narrow; but it leadeth into life."

"Doubtless thee is right," answered Cheston, with a sudden change of manner, as if moved by some better impulse. "The world is a hard, selfish place, Deborah, in which every man must stand alone, and rise, if he rise at all, through his own unaided efforts."

"But, in rising, he need not hinder nor pull down another man, Philip. Nay, ought he not, rather, to help the weak, sometimes, trusting in God to make good any little loss that may seem to be occasioned thereby? The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. He can set up whom He will—cause this to increase, and that to fail. Men make a very sad mistake when they leave God out of their calculations, as some do. They might as well ignore the law of gravitation, and jump from a tower, trusting for a safe descent. This was all very plain to thy mind once, Philip. I grieve to know thee has lost thy clearer vision."

"Where all men seek their own; where every man is for himself; what chance is there for one who tries to work by the golden rule?" he answered, fretfully.

"O Philip! Philip!" Once more there was a quiver of pain in Deborah's voice. "What chance for one who is just and merciful in his dealings with his fellow-men? For one who will not take the gains of wrong or oppression? For one who will not build at the cost of his neighbor?"

"A man need not cheat nor steal," said Cheston. "But he's got to take care of himself, and make the best of the chances that come in his way. If every man looked out for himself and made the most of his opportunities, we should have a different state of things in the world. Our neighbors would attend to their own affairs and not leave others to make good their defects."

The shadows that lay on Deborah's countenance deepened as Philip Cheston spoke. There was a sorrowful look in her eyes. The young man saw that he had not helped his case; yet was he unable to discern in what he had failed, so dull were his perceptions. Nothing was plainer to him than that men should be self-helpful, and not in any way dependent on their neighbors. He had a feeling of contempt for weaknesses and thriftlessness; and in his heart despised the poor—regarding all poverty as the outgrowth of vice or idleness. Nay, had he possessed the adequate degree of introspection, he would have seen that he despised or thought meanly of all men but himself. For him the sun shone, the rain fell and the earth gave its increase; and what of God's bounty he saw in the possession of other men seemed but robbery of himself.

Long ago, Deborah had looked deep enough into the mind of Philip Cheston to see its intensely selfish quality; but she had trusted in the power of higher and purer things to lift him out of its narrow and hardening influence, and had fondly imagined that she would be able to lead him to the paths wherein her own feet were set. Before she

knew him thoroughly, she had loved him. He was her ideal man, and she invested him with all the perfections she saw in a true and Christ-like manhood. Her complete illusion did not last a very long time. That closer view which is obtained through the more intimate relations of an accepted lover, revealed elements of character which threw a shadow over the brightness of her life. Still, love was deep and strong; and its first impulse was an effort to lift him to the level of her ideal. For a time he seemed to be rising. For a time she was able to inspire him with a measure of her deep interest in humanity, and to draw him into some active work. But, almost from the first, she saw that he lacked heart in any noble cause.

A man's thoughts take shape from what he desires. It is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh. And so, we need listen for but a little while to another's speech ere the drift of his ruling impulses is perceived. Deborah was, naturally, a close observer. Her insight was clear and deep. It was impossible for her to hold intimate relations with any one, without knowing something of the motive-power that impelled him.

For a time after the unguarded speech of Philip Cheston began to show the real things upon which he was setting his heart, Deborah sought to awaken in his mind nobler desires. At first he was irresponsible; but soon began treating with levity what to her was of deep and solemn interest. Argument and opposition followed; and in his fervor of speech, Cheston often betrayed an irreverent spirit that not only grieved her beyond measure, but put an intervening space between them, which widened day by day.

Early in life, Deborah had learned self-discipline. For truth, or what she believed to be the truth, she was loyal as a martyr, and could not have been turned from it though fire and faggot stood in her way. And they stood, really, in her way now. There is a fire into which, if we be not false to truth and duty, some of our dearest hopes and sweetest natural affections must be cast. It is a fire that consumes swiftly; but can no more touch the real human life than the common fire in which only the visible and mortal perish. Out of it the soul comes purified, and rises into regions of celestial peace.

It was not without a shudder of fear—not without anguish and shrinking—that Deborah Norman walked with steady feet to the stake where the love which had become almost a part of her life was to be burned to ashes. Not with any sudden resolution, nor in a moment of enthusiasm, was this done; but after years of waiting, and hoping, and effort to lead the man who had won her love back into the ways from which his feet had gone. When, at last, she saw that his life was becoming more and more lost in worldliness and self-seeking, and that an internal union between them was impossible, she accepted the issue and met the fiery ordeal.

But Philip Cheston was of another mind. His love for Deborah was that of an intensely selfish man who desires some precious and costly thing for the good he expects to gain. Not for the blessing

he might give, but for the blessing he hoped to receive, did Philip love and seek to win the pure and pious maiden. Her refusal to accept a marriage to which she had never formally pledged herself, only quickened the ardor of his love, and made him the more determined to possess her as his own. He believed in the power of a resolute will, and thought all women weak in the direction of their sentiments. He knew that Deborah loved him, and trusted in the influence of her heart over any of the superfine notions, as he called them, which had found entrance into her busy brain. He had only to continue the siege upon her affections to make an ultimate conquest sure.

But Cheston found himself in error. Month after month the siege was prolonged, but there came no signs of capitulation. Not a stone was loosened in her tower of strength; not an impression made upon its walls.

"Our feet are set in different ways, Philip, and we cannot walk together." So she had answered him one evening, when, with more than his usual impassioned earnestness, he had urged his suit. "It is now over two years since our paths began to diverge, and we are getting farther and farther apart every day. Do not shut thy eyes any longer to this truth. There is a steadily widening gulf between us, which nothing, I fear, can bridge. I am giving myself to the work of helping and saving others, while thee looks down upon and despises others in comparison with thyself. Thou art making mammon thy God."

"A false accusation!" exclaimed Cheston, stung by this last sentence.

"We worship what the heart is set upon," answered Deborah, calmly, "and make that our God. Thy heart is set on money."

The strong, flashing eyes of the young man fell beneath her steady gaze.

"Only fools despise money," he returned, with a hard rattle in his voice.

"It is one thing to despise money, and another thing to accept it as a good gift and use it aright," said Deborah, in reply. "But," she added, her manner changing, "we will not talk any more. Thee sets thyself farther and farther away from me with every word."

They parted coldly, and did not meet again for over a year. At Cheston's next call, he was told that Deborah had dropped out of sight, and gone no one knew whither. How they met after that long interval we have seen. In nothing, as to quality, had either changed; and they stood farther away from each other than at any time before. Every sentence uttered by Philip only revealed to Deborah new evidences of a rank growth in worldliness that was fast absorbing all the life-forces of his nature. He was more passionate in his efforts to win her love; but she missed the old tenderness. He showed greater strength and force of character; but it was harder and more self-asserting. His presence hurt her pure and sensitive soul. To all he urged upon her, she had but one reply.

"I say it again, Philip—our feet are set in different paths. How, then, can we walk together? It is impossible."

And every time she thus answered him he felt the distance between them growing greater. It was well, perhaps, that, in his excitement at finding all his efforts to change the mind of Deborah unavailing, he betrayed more of his real self than appeared in guarded moments. If any latent weakness remained with Deborah, this had the effect to extinguish it, and set her free from any influence he might still have had over her.

They parted—she pale and calm; he chafed and turbulent as an impeded stream—she with a gentle admonition; he with a passionate charge of fickleness and want of heart, flung out madly through quivering lips.

CHAPTER V.

DEBORAH would have been less than a woman had she come out of this trial untouched by pain or weakness. Philip saw only her pale, calm face, and saintly eyes that looked into his steadily to the last moment; but she veiled her heart so that he could not see how faint and full of suffering it was. The heat of his anger as he turned from her made his step firm; and pride, though wounded by rejection, gave to his bearing a statelier air than usual. She went like a stricken thing to her chamber, and sunk upon her bed in utter exhaustion. To be so denounced and cruelly assailed by the man whose loving words had once been sweet to her ears, was hard to bear; and though it pushed him still farther away, and made the intervening gulf impassable, the process was full of bitterness for her gentle spirit.

It was like the shutting of a cloister gate upon some world-sick soul whose last dear hope had died. There was nothing to lean upon but God; and even He seemed afar off now, because her eyes were dim-sighted, and her heart too weak to lift itself toward Him.

Mrs. Conrad saw nothing more of Deborah that day. When supper was ready in the evening, she called her, but Deborah excused herself, saying that she did not wish any supper. The kind-hearted woman was troubled at this, and insisted on bringing a cup of tea, which Deborah received at the door, quietly thanking Mrs. Conrad, but not inviting her to enter. She came down as usual on the next morning, looking a little paler than on the day before, but with no other sign of the trial through which she had passed. As she was about leaving the house soon after breakfast for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Pyne in Coulter's Row, a lady past middle life, plainly dressed, and with signs of long and wearing trouble on her countenance, met her at the door.

"Are you Miss Norman?" she asked, on seeing Deborah.

"That is my name. Is there anything I can do for thee?" replied Deborah, a smile of encouragement resting on her lips.

Then turning back, she invited the woman to enter. On being seated in Mrs. Conrad's little parlor, Deborah said in her sweet, winning way: "And now what can I do for thee?"

"Oh, so much, I hope!" exclaimed the woman, clasping her hands together, while an eager light

flashed over her face. "I know all about what happened at Sandy Spieler's saloon, yesterday. It was so brave! God bless you for it!" And with a quick movement she caught one of Deborah's hands and kissed it. The act, so unexpected, sent a warm flush to the maiden's cheeks.

"Good has come of it already," the woman continued. "God has answered your prayer, and sent conviction and repentance to one heart at least—the heart of my husband!" Her voice broke into a sob on the last word, while tears ran over her cheeks. "He used to be a good, religious man," she went on, recovering herself, "and we were happy and well-to-do in the world. But, drink got the better of him in time. He was one of those who would take a little, thinking it good for him, and having no thought of danger. I saw when the appetite began to grow, and tried to hold him back; but it angered him whenever I spoke about it, and so I had to keep silent. I need not tell how it went on, getting worse and worse as the sorrowful years went by, until he ceased to care for anything but the gratification of his thirst for liquor.

"He was at Spieler's when God guided you, a tender lamb, into what seemed a den of wolves; and when you prayed, arrows of conviction entered his soul. Old feelings came back upon him. The Spirit of God had power to move his heart and fill it with penitence. He came home all broken down, and said he was going to try once more to get free from the horrible pit into which he had fallen. But, oh, dear, Miss Norman! it will be of no use if he trusts in himself alone. He knows that, as well as I do; but he's a backslider from the church, and seems afraid to go to God."

"Afraid of God!" said Deborah, in a tone of surprise. "Though all men turn from us, yet will He not! Ah, no; let him go in humble trust to the Lord, and he will find loving hands outstretched to receive him."

"I know! I know! But he is in such darkness. O Miss Norman! won't you come and see him? It will help him so much. It may save him!" And the trembling woman grasped the hand of Deborah and looked imploringly into her face.

In a small, meagrely furnished, but clean and tidy room, sat Joshua Gilbert, whom the reader will remember as one of the inmates of Spieler's saloon when the young Quakeress dropped in among them, bringing with her the pure airs of the higher region in which she dwelt. His elbows rested on a table, and the palms of his hands were held tightly against his temples. His face had a look of distress. A Bible and hymn-book were upon the table, the former lying open. A sound of feet on the stairs caused him to raise himself quickly and lean forward in a listening attitude. The door opened, and he saw the serene countenance of Deborah Norman. It was to him like the countenance of an angel. Light came suddenly into his dreary face, playing about his lips and shining from his eyes.

She came forward in her gentle way, and reaching forth one of her hands, said: "God help and comfort thee, my friend."

Gilbert rose, his face strongly agitated, and stood mute before the maiden.

"He is nearer to us in our sorrows than in our joys; nearer in our conscious weakness than when we feel strong and self-sufficient," she added; "and always very near to help us in every good resolution."

The wife of Mr. Gilbert, who had come in with Deborah, now reached a chair, and as she took it Gilbert dropped back again into the seat from which he had just risen. The light that had come into his face still shone there; but he was trembling under the rush and pressure of new feelings.

"In all our troubles and trials," said Deborah, "we may go to our Heavenly Father and be sure of receiving help and comfort. In our acknowledged weakness, His strength becomes manifest. Shall we go to Him now?"

She made a movement to kneel. Gilbert dropped from his chair and almost crouched upon the floor in an attitude of deepest humiliation. His wife knelt by his side and laid her hand upon him. Then the voice of Deborah came out in low, tender cadences, and she seemed like one speaking face to face with a loving friend who was wise to know and strong to help in every human need.

"Pity and help our weak and wandering brother," she said, "who, like the prodigal son, now turns his face toward his Father's house with tears and longings. Give him strength to come back; and put into his heart assurances of Thy favor. Oh, let him see Thee, while he is yet afar off, standing with outstretched arms and countenance full of love and forgiveness."

When they had arose from their knees, Deborah said, with that confidence of tone and manner which carries assurance: "It will not be hard for thee to lead the new life upon which thee has now entered, friend Gilbert. God will give all needed strength if thee will go to Him."

"But I have gone to Him, oh, so many times!" was answered, "and begged, with tears of sorrow, for strength to stand. And yet, I have fallen again and again. My good resolutions have been like flax in the fire."

"Because thee trusted in thyself and not in God," returned Deborah. "His strength, when given and received, never fails."

"I don't know how that may be," said Gilbert, his voice falling to a tone of weakness and despondency. "No one ever prayed more sincerely for help than I have prayed, times without number. And yet all has been of no avail. It has seemed as if God did not care for me any longer; as if, having so often broken my promises, and brought dishonor upon His name, He had cast me off as a son of perdition."

"Thee dishonors God more by such a thought than by any sin thee has ever committed," replied Deborah. "Thee cannot take thyself out of the circle of God's love. Thy sin may be an offence to His divine purity; but thy soul never ceases to be precious in His sight. Thee cannot get so low down in the pit of a defiling sensuality, nor so far off in the wilderness of sin, as to be out of the reach of His love and power. But thee will never be delivered from the pit unless thee grasp the

hand that is reached down to thee, and hold it in utter despair of thy own strength; and thee will never find thy way back from the wilderness unless thee walk in the path of daily self-denial and perpetual trust in God. It does not do to pray and then go off guard. We must watch and pray. It is not by prayer that we overcome. Prayer and trust in God are the means by which we get strength to overcome. God cannot save us unless we try to save ourselves. Salvation is our own work, which must be wrought out, as the apostle says, with fear and trembling; but the power to work is the gift of God. I think thee must have prayed in thy closet, believing that in answer to thy prayer, which was earnest and sincere, God would keep thee free from temptation, and defend thee from all that would hurt thy soul."

"God knows how earnestly I have so prayed, hundreds of times!" exclaimed Gilbert.

"And yet thee was not kept firm in the hour of temptation; and thee was not defended when the enemy rushed in upon thee," said Deborah.

"No—no—po!" he answered, shaking his head mournfully. There was something helpless and despairing in his eyes as he fixed them earnestly on the maiden's face.

"But God is true," Deborah spoke in a clear, strong voice. "And His Word is full of promises to deliver those who call upon Him in the day of trouble. Did thee always call upon Him and trust in Him in the day when thee stood face to face with this great enemy that is seeking to destroy thy soul? Think! Or did thee forget God and parley with the enemy? Did thee put thyself in battle array against him, and then look to God for divine aid, using it as it was given; or did thee match thy own poor strength with the powers of hell? The difference lies just there, my friend. No wonder thee has fallen so many times, if thee went into battle in thy own strength."

"What, then, must I do? How shall I get the needed strength? I have prayed and wrestled with God, oh, so often! I have implored Him to save me from this great evil; but all has been fruitless."

"Thee must keep off the enemy's ground," said Deborah. "This is thy first great duty. Thee must not lead thyself into temptation, as so many do—as thee has done, I fear, again and again. If thee tempts the tempter he will surely overmaster thee. Thy second duty is to stand fast and firm when the enemy comes upon thy ground, looking to God for strength. Do not parley nor be afraid. With all Heaven on thy side, ready to help, victory is in thy hands. Thee may stand as immovable as the mountains, if thee will."

The confidence with which Deborah spoke had the effect to lift Mr. Gilbert out of his weak despondency; and her practical way of stating the case as between him and God, enabled him to see how strength could be given and received.

"If," she said, "thee would have Heaven and its saving influences on thy side, thee must be obedient to the laws of Heaven. And what does the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly before Him?"

This is the sum of all religion; and here lies thy panoply of strength. If thee weaken by any self-indulgence thy power to serve others in some useful employment, then thee is unjust to thy neighbor, and unmerciful to those who are near and dear and dependent upon thee. And thee cannot walk humbly before God if thee prefer thyself and the gratification of thy appetites to the good of others—for humility would make thee regard others more than thyself.

"Now, does thee not see that for thee to touch drink is to sin against thy neighbor, and that in doing so thee takes thyself out of the protecting sphere of Heaven, and sets thyself among the influences that arise from beneath? That, in doing so, thee is neither just, nor merciful, nor humble; and do not, therefore, walk with God, in whom alone is strength and safety? Thee must feel that to touch or taste the poison that inflames thy blood and dethrones thy reason, is a sin against God; and when thee has the smallest desire to commit this sin, thee must set thyself against it on the instant, and in conscious weakness look up to God for strength to resist. But do not make the mistake of some, who pray for strength, yet fail to use the gift as if it were their own. God does not fight for us, but in us. He has given us a will-power that we can exercise in freedom; taking strength for action from Heaven or hell, just as we choose. Take from Heaven, my friend, and thou art safe."

"God helping me, I will!" Gilbert returned, in a steady voice.

"No fear about His help," answered Deborah, "if thee will but use the strength He is ever ready to give. And if thee will think of thy real enemies as having a personality—as evil spirits watching at the gates of thy soul, and ever ready to rush in through the smallest unguarded opening—thee will have a truer sense of thy danger and thy duty. A sword is often spoken of in the Bible, and in such connection as to give it a spiritual meaning—as something in the mind by which the soul fights against its enemies. Paul speaks of the Sword of the Spirit, which he calls the Word of God. Now, the Word of God is divine truth. And we may call any truth which we take from the Bible, and use in defending ourselves under the malignant assaults of evil spirits, a sword. A man tempted to defraud his neighbor in some business transaction, feels himself almost powerless to resist, though conscience tells him it is wrong. Evil spirits hold his thoughts to the gain he desires, and press him to consummate the wrong. He is, of himself, weak as a bending rush under the pressure of their influence. Without help from Heaven, he must fall. What can he do? How shall he defend himself and get the victory? He must draw the Sword of the Spirit, and cry unto God. Let him take from the armory of God this divine precept—drawing it forth as a sword—'Thou shalt not steal'; and let it even go out of his mouth, flashing in vocal utterance. And if he do this, turning his thought to God, and asking for help in the conflict, victory will be sure. As in this temptation, so in all others. By the Sword of the Spirit he shall surely conquer. And why?"

Think for a moment, and thee will see the reason. God is present in His Holy Word; and evil spirits flee from His presence. If, therefore, His words abide in us we shall dwell in safety."

Then Deborah prayed again for the humbled and penitent man, asking God to strengthen all his good purposes and to lead him back to the old paths from which his feet had strayed.

All this sank very deeply into the heart and conscience of Joshua Gilbert. A new influence, more powerful than any he had ever felt before, was pressing upon and controlling him. It seemed as if God had sent an angel from Heaven to help and to save him. Old hopes revived and visions of a new and better future made his heart swell with glad anticipations. A great peace fell upon his soul.

"Will you not come again?" he asked, tears filling his eyes as he caught the hands of Deborah, when she was going away. "I am very weak and afraid! Oh, if I could have you near me always!"

"Thee may have One stronger than I am always near thee, if thee will," she replied. "One who sticketh closer than a brother. He will not leave thee nor forsake thee. But, remember, that He cannot keep thee from going away from Him. Herein lieth thy great peril. Take hold of His hand and clasp it tightly. Let His words be in thy heart. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life; and if the spirit and life of our blessed Lord and Saviour be in us, giving light to the understanding and obedience to the heart, no evil can come near enough to do us harm."

"I know, I know," replied Mr. Gilbert. "But I have been in darkness so long that my eyes are not used to the purer light into which you have brought me. The hands of my spirit are not yet strong enough to take hold upon God. If you will come and see me every day, and let me feel the strength of your presence, I shall be able to stand."

"You *will* come!" cried Mrs. Gilbert. "Oh, yes; I know you will come!"

"Just as often as thee may desire," was the low-voiced answer. "But thee must not lean upon a human arm alone. That may help, but it cannot save."

"Help, now, is what I want," said Gilbert, with trembling eagerness. "I am not strong enough to stand alone."

"Ask and ye shall receive," returned Deborah. "It is the promise of One whose word cannot fail. No, thee is not strong enough to stand alone; and in thy conscious weakness lies thy assured strength. He that is for thee is more than all that be against thee. Leaning on and trusting in Him, thou shalt be as the immovable hills."

CHAPTER VI.

DEACON STRONG, to whom reference was made in Sandy Spieler's bar-room, was a Christian of a peculiar type; sound in the faith of his church, and a good hater of all sects and denominations outside the limit of his own peculiar

doctrine and form of worship. He had a high regard for religion, and considered it a sacred and holy estate; too sacred and holy to be brought into near contact with common life; something to be put on with his Sunday suit, and laid carefully away, to be kept free from spot or wrinkle, or any such thing during the six days of his worldliness and absorption in the lust of gain. He regarded himself as under the gospel, and not under the law. He had risen out of the bondage of legality and come into the freedom of grace. Was a disciple of Paul in his argumentative obscurity, rather than of Christ in His plain precepts. He trusted in faith for salvation; resting on the merit of Christ as all-sufficient to make him fit for Heaven. What could he do to merit Heaven? Nothing! Good works were an offence to God—the filthy rags of a presuming self-righteousness. And so he did not insult Heaven nor peril his soul by doing them.

Deacon Strong was liberal to the church; but on the principle of the man who pays freely to keep the bridge in repair over which he has to pass. His church was the bridge by which he was to reach Heaven, and he must see to it that it was always in good condition. The deacon had a cotton-mill in which he gave employment to about a hundred operatives, mostly women, young girls and boys; and they were the hardest worked and poorest paid toilers in the town of Kedron. Len Spangler's denunciation of his grinding exactions was in nothing unjust. Bad as this man was, he had more natural humanity than the deacon, and his chance for salvation was quite as good.

The cotton-mill yielded a handsome profit every year, and this profit had to be invested. Nothing, the deacon had discovered, paid so well as the miserable hovels of the poor, for which a rental of from twenty-five to fifty, and sometimes a hundred, per cent. on the cost, could usually be obtained. In the "Coulter's Row" district, he was a large owner; and especially of houses used for liquor-selling—the rent of such being generally paid most promptly. Deacon Strong did not look after this peculiar property himself; and rarely, if ever, went into the neighborhood where it was located. He had an agent named Maxwell, colder, harder and meaner than himself, to whom he gave entire charge of this part of his business. Of the character and condition of his tenants he made it a rule not to inquire. So the rent was paid, and the investment good, he was satisfied. He knew that they were a forlorn, wretched, thriftless set in the main; but he couldn't help that. They were not fit to live in any better way, and might as well pay him as any one else for the poor shelters into which they crept from sun and storm.

We hardly think it ever crossed the mind of Deacon Strong that he had any responsibility touching this miserable tenantry. They were, in his thought, "God-forsaken wretches," and doomed to perdition. Vile sinners under the curse of God. Men and women so far outside the pale of the church as to be entitled to little or no consideration. In his heart he loathed them.

On the question of temperance, Deacon Strong never had much to say. If the matter were dis-

cussed in his presence, he agreed with those who pronounced intemperance a great evil; but he saw no remedy. Men were free to eat and drink what they pleased, and none had a right to hinder them. Against legal measures for suppressing the traffic, he was outspoken. To stop the sale of liquor in Kedron would be to take many hundreds of dollars from his pocket yearly; for the thrift of sobriety would rob him of the tenants who paid the largest profit on his investments; and corner whisky shops, for which he received from three to five hundred dollars a year, would not bring half that sum if rented for any useful business. Not that Deacon Strong set this result squarely before his mind and went against legal suppression because it would diminish the productive value of his property in the neighborhood of "Coulter's Row." But the influence of this consideration was, nevertheless, quite as strong as if he had stated the case to himself as plainly as we have done it to the reader. Motives often act very subtly, and hide themselves from cognizance. Self-deception is a very easy thing; easier, often, than deception of others; and there were few in Kedron who did not know Deacon Strong's real character better than he knew it himself.

In person he was short in stature, but strongly built out of common material. Course and hard by nature, his spirit, in clothing itself with an earthly vesture, had selected the coarser and harder conditions of matter by natural instinct, and built for itself a body in all things suited for its proper contact with life in the outer world. Everywhere, in facial outline and expression, in muscular development and personal bearing, the hard, selfish soul made a clear revelation of itself; and all men could read the signs. A large-head covered with stiff hair, now turned to an iron-gray; cold, dark eyes of a nameless color; a heavy mouth, with the under-jaw projecting; a short, thick neck; a dark, leathery skin, through which the blood never showed itself in heart-warm flushes—these made a presence the reflection of which rarely faded from any mind upon which it was once cast.

His early surroundings and associations had drawn Andrew Strong into the church. Shrewder, better gifted with language, and more self-asserting than most of those with whom he came in contact, his self-esteem and love of being first soon raised him into leadership. The weaker and more modest deferred to his stronger will and desire for pre-eminence. And so his self-love found in Sunday-school and church work as real a gratification as men of no religious profession find in the pleasures and pursuits of the world. Some understood him, and some did not. Those who came nearest to him valued him least; and men of no religious faith, who held business relations with the deacon, did not hesitate to call him Pharisee and hypocrite. It was marvellous with what a loud-voiced confidence and melting fervor he could pray in public, and how prominent he made himself in every religious movement special to his own church. There was no conscious shame in his pious pretences. And it may be questioned

whether his self-ignorance was not so complete as to hide himself from himself.

Peter Maxwell, the agent who had charge of Deacon Strong's property in Kedron, was one after his master's own heart. In person he was small, with stooping shoulders and form a little bent forward, as if the body had yielded to a long-continued pressure. Your first thought on seeing him was of a man broken and utterly cowed; but the firmly-closed, thin lips, and the cold, gray eyes that looked steadily into yours when he raised them from the ground, where they generally rested, satisfied you that the spirit in him was alive and alert. He was not a barking dog; and so people who did not know him were seldom on guard at his appearance; but a sneaking cur, who came up quietly after you had passed and bit at your heels. By nature he was cold and pitiless.

About the time that Deborah Norman entered the poor abode of Mr. Gilbert on her mission of love, these two men sat together in the deacon's private office holding a business conference, as was their daily custom. The deacon's manner was more excited, and his heavy brows more contracted than usual. Something had disturbed him.

"If it gets going in Kedron," his agent was saying, "and the women have their way, it will upset things dreadfully."

"But our women are not going to be led into this thing by a forward girl whom nobody knows," answered Deacon Strong; "and a Quaker at that!" he added, with unconcealed contempt.

"I don't know," replied Maxwell. "If the gun is loaded and primed, it doesn't matter as to the one who pulls the trigger or applies the match. I'm not at all certain about the effect of this Quaker girl's visit to Sandy Spieler's after the news gets well about."

"When did you hear of the affair?" inquired Deacon Strong.

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Is it generally known through the town?"

"Not yet, I think."

The deacon drew his hard mouth together and lowered his heavy brows reflectively.

"It was done, as I am told, very quietly," said Maxwell. "She came in, as I heard a man say, like a gliding ghost; and even Len Spangler, who happened to be present, was struck dumb, and couldn't utter a word until she was gone."

"A profanation of holy things!" growled the deacon.

"Maybe it is," returned the agent. "I don't pretend to say. I'm not a professor, you know."

"More's the pity for you," said the deacon, with touch of acrimony in his voice. "But that doesn't signify now. Was there anything in the paper this morning about the excitement in Ohio?"

"Yes; considerable."

"It's still going on?"

"Yes; and spreading like wild-fire."

"To burn out as suddenly as it has blazed up."

"Most likely. But while it lasts it seems very much like a flight of locusts, or the march of army worms; not much is left in its course," returned Maxwell, in the rasping undertone with which he

usually spoke. "If it gets going here, somebody's bound to be hurt. I know of twenty or thirty properties that pay a handsome interest to-day, that won't net the taxes if the liquor trade goes down in Kedron."

"Whatever interferes with a man's business, or depreciates the value of his property, is wrong," said the deacon, with a positive jerk in his voice as it pronounced the last word. "Right or wrong, liquor is made and sold under the sanction of law. This manufacture and sale has become a large and important industry all over the land, and millions upon millions of dollars are invested therein. Its legality gives every man the right to engage in it if he will; and as long as he does not infringe the laws, society is bound to protect him. So large an industry connects itself, necessarily, with nearly all other industries, and you cannot make a sudden and destructive assault upon it without serious injury to the rest. What would be the effect here, for instance? Why, hundreds of people, in one

way or another connected with the business, would be thrown out of employment, to say nothing of direct pecuniary loss and depreciation in the value of property. It would be a calamity, Peter Maxwell! A great calamity!"

A boy entered the office and said that a lady had called and wished to speak with Mr. Strong.

"Who is she?" inquired the deacon, looking slightly annoyed.

"I don't know, sir," answered the boy.

"Tell her to come in." The tones were not very gracious, for Deacon Strong did not feel in a particularly amiable mood.

The boy went out. A few moments afterward the door opened quietly, and Deborah Norman entered with almost noiseless steps. Her face was calm, and her eyes had a soft and sweet expression, as she paused a few steps within the door and looked into Deacon Strong's cold, almost frowning face.

(To be continued.)

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSESIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 2.

I'VE a good mind to tell it! other folks have their family affairs, I suppose, just the same as the Pottses have, and I feel as if I'd like to tell it and let an arbitration of women decide, and then I'll know which is right, Brother Rube or myself. I have a pretty decided notion that I am correct; the women will know, any how.

Dear Aunt Kitty, one of the best of women, and our Cousin Sallie, a princess of a girl, visited us late last fall, and when they started on their homeward way, Rube and I took them in the deacon's little spring wagon as far as her Brother Andrews.

We had not gone forty rods toward home, until a dark cloud loomed up from the west and a dashing shower came down upon us. It was sunset then; all the way was hilly and broken; our families expected us both that night, and all we could do was to wrap up in the robe and jog along and make the best of it. I took off my new black silk calash, tied the ribbons, and hung it on my arm like a basket, turned the cape of the deacon's camel cloak up over my head, raised my faithful blue cotton umbarel, and we two rode along right cheerily. The way was rough but superbly beautiful; the road wound around hills, and a-down valleys, and across gullies, and long reaches of it lay through the leafy brown woods of November, where the tree-tops met above our heads in an arch sixty feet high. What did I care for the swashing rain! I knew the girls at home would have, ready and waiting, good fires, hot tea, slippers and woollen stockings a-near the stove, and a suit of warm, dry clothes lying all ready to slip into. Through the weird shadows and the darkness of that out-door November picture shone a brighter and a gladder one of the cheerful home that awaited my coming.

As we rode along, I said: "I think our father is changed so. Do you never notice that if anybody does anything mean, or low, or unprincipled, he never likes them afterward? Why, the girls and I have to be real careful not to tell of such things, and not to speak out a word against a neighbor, if we do, he seems to see nothing good in the person after that."

"Why," said Rube, opening his eyes wide right before me, "you and father are as much alike as two peas! that is just the way with yourself, Pipsy."

I flinched a little. "Oh, no, Rube! now you know I'm not that way. Maybe I was when I was a little

girl, but I've been fighting against it all my life like a hero. I want to be noble, and generous, and liberal, and I am striving for it. Now, I won't be a bit mad if you tell me of a few instances."

Rube said, "W-e-l-l," and jerked his head down and fell to thinking with all his might.

I chirked to the horses to save him a little exertion. Did I really draw a line and compel my neighbor to stand with their toes on the mark, or meet with my displeasure? Did I measure them with my measure, weigh them with my balances, put my own narrow construction on the motives that controlled them? Shame!

"Well, hurry up, Rube," said I.

"W-e-l-l," was his tardy answer; "indeed, you do that, Pipsy," said he, "but, somehow, I can't quite remember when."

"Oh, you can recall one single instance, can't you?" I urged.

"Oh, yes, now I have one! Yes, I have two!" he said, but not with the fervor in his voice that I expected. "You remember what beautiful, rosy, pretty girls the Pauls were when they came here, fifteen years ago. Just as handsome girls as you'd find anywhere. And you know, Pips, that you didn't like Sue one bit. You allowed just one little thing to turn you and the girls against her, and I never thought that was fair, or just, and for my part I always liked Sue and her sister, though you didn't want me to."

"Why, Ruben Potts!" said I, startled; "no woman who loved and revered the beauty and excellence of a true womanhood could tolerate the baseness of Sue Paul's character. You remember when Ida was a little girl, sitting at the roadside reading and watching a gap, that Sue came along and began talking to the shy little child, and she used low, scurrilous language, such as a drunken vagabond only would make use of, and our poor little sister cried with very anger and indignation! Now, could I, the one who filled a mother's place toward that motherless child, tolerate the presence of Sue Paul after that? And when, with some made-up pretence, she came to our house afterward, and sat and talked with you, would I have been a womanly woman, and an honest woman, if I had taken her hat and shawl, and shown her cordiality, and invited her to stay for supper, and urged her to come again? You know I would have belied my principles—I would have been dishonest, deceitful, and the little watchful ones in my care would have seen me proven a liar and a two-faced woman. The three pairs of honest blue eyes were following me then—it seemed to me that they were always on the lookout to see if I

practiced what I daily preached. They had such a sweet, abiding faith in me; and though I wore it every day, and was proud of it, it held me as trim as a straight jacket. I wanted to merit their approval. No, Rube, you can't bring that incident up against me; in your very heart you know I did what any well-meaning woman would have done;" and I chuckled over my victory.

He was not to be shaken off, however; he wanted to substantiate his charge; and as he stooped over to tuck the robe about our feet, he said slowly: "Well, but, Pipsey, you are proud—or something; you are a good deal like the deacon, after all; you are a good bit stuck-up, and you needn't deny it."

"Bring on your proof," said I. "I do deny the charge; but if you can prove it, I will own up. Give me one instance."

"Well, the case of the Hardys," said he. "Now you know they lived over the hill for nearly three years, within hearing of gunshot, and you never permitted yourself to become acquainted with them. The old lady was a member in good standing in the Disciple Church—a praying woman, a kind-hearted, affectionate neighbor; she'd a-taken the last bite out of her mouth and given away two-thirds of it; and yet, Miss Potts, you never called there unless you went on an errand, and that not more than twice in those three years; and though you met her often at church, you never any more than nodded, or said, 'fine weather'; and she told my Martha that you never invited her to a tea-drinking all the while she lived there! I believe you did send her some nick-nacks once when she had a sore breast, and gave her little girl some vine seeds, but that was all. Now what is that but stuck-up?"

"Will you please answer me a few questions, Mr. Potts?" said I.

"With pleasure," was his reply; and I have no doubt, could I have seen his face, that I would have seen it all aglow with the expression, "Aha! I have ye now!"

"Was she a woman who used clean language?" said I, slowly.

"She would swear like a trooper when she was mad; but she would be sorry for it before an hour," said he, apologetically.

"Was she not a good deal like Sue Paul in using low, mean talk?"

"Well, she was very sharp—and—yes—well, she would use low, bad language; but then she was so sharp. Oh, she could pray like a preacher! Oh, she could fill the house with her noise, and when she paused you could hear a pin fall!"

"I wonder why she don't have better boys and girls, then?" said I, to draw him out a little.

"Well, I guess her children don't believe her. She will pray for, and scold, and cuff them, all inside of the same hour."

"Do you think the Lord hears such prayers, or that he has faith in such people's professions?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said he; "but you know, Pips, we ought to think as kindly of everybody as we can. We have no business to set ourselves up above others, and to dictate to them, and to mark out their line of conduct, and condemn if they do not walk in the same path we do."

"Well, but we should not compel ourselves, against every honest desire of our hearts, to associate with them, just because they are human, and wear the same likeness that we do. If they are repulsive to us, it is no sign that we are proud, or stuck-up, or fastidious, when we do not frequent their company, but rather shun it. We know what our likes and dislikes are better than another knows for us. Ruben, there is an old saying of granny's that 'water will seek its own level.' Now because this queer, coarse woman, who could swear and pray in the same breath, was our neighbor, that was no reason that I should run hand in hand with her when I preferred another woman, or preferred the companionship of my books. I do not say that Sue Paul was bad at all; her early training may have

been neglected, or she may have been unfortunate in the selection of her companions, or she may have been deprived of all precious advantages that go so far in the making-up of a girl's character. And, while the girl was utterly repulsive to me, I thought of this, and always treated her with cool but polite civility. And so with the other woman. While I could not bear to associate with her, I made all allowance for the fervor and enthusiasm of an emotional nature. There is good in the heart of such a woman—there must be; but there is nothing positive in her character; she has no stability; else, when she sees her pitiable weakness, she would resolve, and then cling to her good resolutions, and grow into a strong, self-reliant woman.

"I think I am right in preferring to choose my own associates. I know best what my likes and dislikes are. I always thought you boys were a little too liberal in your judgment of others. You remember Charley Wilkins; now I never liked to have you associate with him, and I used to tell you so. He had a habit of sneering at women, and speaking lightly of religion, and I always felt miserable in his society, for I have no faith in a man who does this. But you used to say: 'O Pipsey, that fellow'd share the last cent with another; he'd give away his best coat to one in need!' I didn't doubt it at all; and it was this generous trait that made him all the more a dangerous companion for young men. He had the stuff in his nature that Bret Harte and John Hay seize upon when they would eulogize their heroes for bravery, intrepidity and valor. It is a dangerous lure for inexperienced young men; they will pour out their admiration, seeing only this one good trait; they make it to cover a multitude of sins."

By this time Rube was willing to talk about something else, but I could see that he still held his first position; I had not even shaken his citadel; he still thinks Pipsey is stuck-up because she does not take into her friendship and confidence every one who comes along.

I do wonder if I am correct? I don't want to be proud, or haughty, or unkind, or think myself better than my neighbors, but I should like the privilege of choosing my two or three friends without A., B. and C. sitting in judgment upon me with all the gravity of wise owls.

We really have not the authority to choose the path our friends should walk in, the associates who should walk with them, any more than we should dictate to them what to eat, and drink, and wear.

Well, when I got home that dark night, everything was just as cheery as I had pictured it—slippers, stockings and a suit of clothing hanging on a chair by the stove, the tea steeping, the table set in the little dining-room for one, and even the lamp burning there, and everything waiting bright and full of good cheer. Two of the students, Wilson and Covert, had called. Ida was playing, and Lily and the boys singing. The deacon, in an adjoining room, sat reading his Bible. I was soon dressed up, and as dry as toast—and—that is all there is of it.

We were especially favored last fall by such good visitors. An uncle from Lansing, Michigan, an excellent man, who married my mother's eldest sister about forty years ago, paid us a visit, accompanied by his third wife. My aunt died nearly twenty years since, but Uncle William is just as dear to us as ever. He holds very tenderly the memory of his first wife, the mother of his children. He made me promise to visit them next summer; says he will take me away to the deep, dark, dense pine woods, where the winding roads through them awe, and thrill, and make one shudder on beholding them the first time. Some of my cousins are in the lumbering business away off among the towering pines, and we will visit there; and, if the Lord spares my health, I will write and tell the women readers of the HOME of the sights and sounds among the sobbing pines. One of uncle's neighbors reads the

HOME, and he has heard her often speak of Pipsey, and wonder where she lived, and if she really and truly did carry an umbarel and go about in a roomy calash bonnet, but he knew no more of Pipsey than his neighbor. I never said a word until just after Uncle William kissed me good-bye, and then I said: "Uncle, I want to send a cordial kiss to your neighbor, Mrs. Mullet, and you must tell her your niece, Pipsey Potts, sent it to her." He took it with very blue eyes and heightened color, and his sad face—chiselled by the privations and sorrows of sixty years—was as beautiful as a pretty woman's face. How Mrs. Mullet will "oh!" and "ah!" and "dear me, suz!" when uncle offers the kiss for her acceptance, or rejection. I hope I shall give it to her with my own mouth, yet, sometime.

By the way, what good cheer you dear, kind, tender women readers do heap upon me! Why I boo-hoo right out, royally, sometimes, and I laugh at the same time, too. I wish I could tell you how it all came about, in God's own good time and way, for me to find my place, and write little, cosey, imperfect talks to you. I felt for years that I had something else to do than to trot, like a pet squirrel round its wheel, to turn old dresses wrong side out and upside down, and the legs of pantaloons hind side before; to pick berries to sell; to manage, and pinch, and contrive to keep my family presentable; to cook dinners out of nothing, and—oh, you poor dears! I needn't tell you—too many of you brave, true-hearted women know every inch of the ground yourselves, you walk on it every day, and you are greater heroes than those whose names are blazoned on the scroll of fame. So keep up good heart. My heart was full of the burden that it carried; sometimes I reached my arms up, but they always came back empty. I wanted to earn my own living—I felt my womanhood degraded, starving, cramped beyond endurance when I had to say, after nerving myself for the humiliation: "I need a dollar." Not a Potts ever said to me, "Why, is that whole dollar gone a'ready?" but women do hear it said every day, they tell me so, and they are pained and abased when they hear it.

Sometimes I felt almost strong enough to move mountains, strong physically, and vigorous intellectually, and I said, "There must be something more for me to do. The Lord has not led me through all these thorny paths, and darkened ways, and under these midnight skies, and a-down the vale of sorrow, unutterably bitter, even to the verge of the yawning grave, that I might only toil wearily days and years in the poor service of this little family." I tried to help myself. I reached out in this direction, but my hand came back as empty as it had gone forth; undismayed I extended it in another direction, but it returned to me void of anything.

Don't think me egotistical—let us talk together, I may comfort some of you by a word or a sentence. How I did reach forth! I said to one in authority, "Can I not be a nurse in a hospital?" but he wrote back, "Your sympathies are too strong, they would reach beyond your powers of endurance; you could not stand the sights, and sounds, and smells."

Then I tried to get some poor dead mother's little babies to bring up and care for, and thus receive a triple compensation, but that way was hedged up. I could have taken the sweet little "hindrances" from half a dozen living mothers, or the women who bore them, fashionable creatures whose children were a trouble instead of a blessing, but I didn't want that kind. Our poor, old, tumble-down log-house was illy arranged, and I could not take boarders.

A very excellent couple suggested that I would make a good matron in some public institution, and as Dr. —, in one of our large eastern cities had just sent a letter of inquiry to our State capital for such a woman for the large benevolent institution under his control, my friends sent a recommendation for me. I was delighted at the prospect, though the idea of leaving my dear family and the little ones in charge of a hired

girl, was exceedingly painful. The recommendation must have been a charming one, for the doctor was so very anxious to secure my services. I wrote back to inquire what all would be expected of me, the full extent of my duties and what would be the remuneration. In the meanwhile I turned my old brown dress the second time, set trimming on it to hide the ravages of years, took my other calash to the milliners to have it turned and made over, gave my dingy thibet shawl a fresh dip, darned my stockings, fixed up the deacon's best suit, made new clothes for the little girls, cut out some pantaloons for the three boys—who were all at home then—and was getting the things in good living order when the doctor's answer came. He had rather liked the style of my letter, and said my duties would not be very onerous. There were only one hundred and fifty in the institution, besides the officers and attendants. I would have to oversee the whole working machinery; manage the cooking; plan everything in the most advantageous and economical manner; in fact, mother over all of them. For recreation I could attend the dance that was given to the inmates once a week, and I could go to church on Sabbath mornings. My compensation would be the enormous sum of ten dollars a month and half the expenses paid on my journey there.

The laugh did me immense good—my venture had turned out so funny. None of the family laughed like I did. I thought they were very kind not to make fun of me. One of the boys said, "You are worth three thousand dollars a year at home, but I 'spect you'll never get it!"

Then I went on for three or four years doing the best I could. I churned and sold butter, and made new nests for the hens and enticed them to try them; sold berries, and melons, and lard, and cucumbers; and whenever I could spare a dollar, I bought a coveted book, and its possession made me rich. The little children were treated to new books on birthdays and Christmas days. And I made children's parties for them, and, by the blessing of God, they all three look back upon a happy childhood. That makes me glad. Our poor father had a bail debt to pay, and that was one cause of a great deal of self-denial and painful sacrifice in our family for years. I remember how I used to comfort the little girls when, all through the pretty summer Sabbaths they were obliged to wear their last winter's coarse, stubbed, hole-y leather shoes with thin little white coats and fluttering ribbons. I would stitch a bit of black cloth under the holes and hide the white of the stockings, and while I would puff, and rub, and polish with blacking, I would say, right cheerily, that brave old couplet:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The story of the Christ-child lying in the manger was a wonderful incentive to contentment and happiness, too.

I wrote a good deal about this time, but generally after the family were all abed. I never realized twenty dollars, however, for all that I wrote during a period of perhaps fifteen years. I wrote because I liked to do it, and I could not keep back what I wanted to say.

Within six years, my minister, Brother Jenkins, said to me: "Do editors ever send your manuscript back to you?"

"Very frequently," was my cordial reply.

"Well, out of, say half a dozen articles, on an average, how many come back to you rejected?"

"About two," I replied.

"Well, I declare!" was his answer; "do you suppose I would preach, if my people rejected two of my sermons out of six?"

There was not much encouragement in that, but his words touched me no more than water would touch a duck's back while swimming. I felt myself held in an irresistible power, stronger than any words of Brother Jenkins's.

All my life I regretted that some woman did not write out of the fulness of her heart to her sister-women; that she did not come close up to them, pityingly, lovingly, even with her earnest words, that would be like the laying on of her hands—words that would reach them as they toiled over the wash-tub, cook-stove, sewing-machine, ironing-table; in their pantries, cellars, dairies, sick-rooms; on their bended knees in their closets, smarting under unkind words, sorrowing all through noble, and brave, and blessed lives, lonely and unappreciated, and suffering pain of soul and pain of body uncomplainingly. Occasionally some man or woman did write comforting words that healed bleeding wounds, and carried new-born joy to stricken souls; but the few who wrote thus could be counted on your fingers. Too many of the stories were for ladies in their luxurious homes, and instead of making one glad they made one dissatisfied and filled her heart with murmuring and unrest.

My sympathies went out freely to the burdened wife, the girls who toil, and the poor women who, overtasked, sink under their imposed—perhaps self-imposed—burdens. I wanted to write for them; I wanted to make them stronger, to lift up their aspirations, and to make them friends with me; to make them take hold of the toll-worn, brown hands I so lovingly and tenderly extended; and, as laughter is called a good medicine, I wanted them to laugh with me.

What good times we've had! Why, we've united in a wave of jolly merriment that has rolled from the rock-bound coast of the Atlantic away to the silver sands of the Pacific! What a circle we did make when we all touched hands and felt the same thrill!

How kind you've all been! Why, bless you! you crowned me more than queen! One dear woman sent the darlingest little, soft, knit tidy for my rocking-chair all the way from Minnesota, and here it is now, and my shoulders rest against it as I write. One precious, hard-working woman sent me these soft, thick, woollen stockings that I have on this minute all the way from Wisconsin, through the liberal mail. I didn't hint for them! I didn't say that to me knitting was harder than mathematics; and I'm sure I never told you that I'd been a married woman twenty odd years ago, only that *he* always wore great long-legged, home-knit woollen stockings that came above his blessed knees! No, I didn't tell; this was just a streak of my good luck, getting these royal "Wisconsin grays." One little lady-bird in Montana sent me some posie seeds, just out of good-will. A grandmother in the State of Alabama sent me some snuff to cure my troublesome catarrh; and another in New Jersey something to cure the tetter on my hands. A lady reader, who writes a dashing hand, free, and easy, and flowing, with never a mistake in her good Yankee spelling, sent me from Vermont something to mend my broken lamp; another, from Ohio, some pretty embroidery for my nightgown—the one I wear when I go to associations and ordinations.

Then the letters from schoolma'ams, and school-girls, and tired mothers, and weary toilers, have come to me full of loving words, and kindly remembrances, and good recipes; and I do most cordially thank them for all. I wish I had time to write to all these good folks and tell them how happy they make me.

Thinking and thinking of what I wanted to write did not accomplish anything. If I asked an editor if he would like such a series as I proposed, he would hitch up his shoulders and try to turn the subject, and talk about the weather, and end by saying some very fine things.

At last I made a venture. I wrote out a few chapters after the manner I have been writing for the HOME, called it "OUR NEIGHBORHOOD," and sent it to a leading paper in a great Western city, with the request that they would read it, and, if they approved, it should be the beginning of a serial for their paper, giving them the privilege of setting their own price upon it.

I waited about six weeks and then wrote them, en-

closing postage, and requesting them to return the manuscript, saying I presumed I could not write well enough for their publication.

A bundle of late papers and a letter came immediately. The letter said, of course, my articles were good, and they had accepted them, and herewith they were all printed in the accompanying half-dozen papers. Not a word said about remuneration; but, instead, some kind of a glozing taunt.

Now that did bring the tears. The deacon said something kind of comforting from the scriptures about sinners, and I—well I wiped my eyes a wipe or two, and then had a laugh.

I waited another year; but the desire to write that serial broke out afresh, and I wrote a few chapters, called it "Other People's Windows," and sent it to Mr. Arthur. You all know the result, and how graciously that serial was received by those kind women for whom it was written.

But what a long story I have been telling!

It was dinner-time just now, and the girls have been doing a two-week's ironing to-day, and I wondered what they could have for dinner when they had so little time to cook. I expected bread and butter and tea, with something black spread on the bread, and I was surprised when I saw a nice cornstarch pudding. Lily had made it this morning, and set it out on the cupboard on the porch to cool. I think warm puddings are not as good as cold ones. I will ask her how it was made.

Well, she says take one pint of good, sweet milk, heat it scalding hot; beat three eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar together, and pour them into a tencupful of cold milk, in which has been dissolved two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; then pour this into the scalding milk, and cook till it is thick; pour out into a dish, and flavor with vanilla or lemon to suit the taste. This makes a delicious pudding.

I made a rice pudding yesterday. First I made a good custard, and then thickened it with boiled rice, not forgetting a little pinch of salt, a handful of raisins and a few little bits of butter. This is a good way to save a drib of boiled rice that would else be wasted.

We do not churn now, and in consequence we often have more cream than we are likely to use. Fact is, I don't believe I make very good butter—at least I don't think so—and I prefer to buy the little that we use from some good woman who has a cold, clear, sweet spring of water, and a sweet-smelling milk-house; then when I taste her butter I see the broad meadows where her cows graze, and I hear the bawling brook that dashes onward among the tall reeds, or winds and tinkles and giggles along among the willows and flags, and creeps down under the bottom rails of the mossy meadow fence, and then speeds onward between sedgy, sloping banks. I seem to see the rows of crocks, and jars, and pans inside of the spring-house under the wide-spreading branches of the spotted beech. That may only be a whim, but it is a very poetical and pleasing one, and comes up to me so freshly when I eat of "that other woman's" good, honest butter.

When we have a surplus of sweet cream, I often make a very nice pudding with creamy milk, eggs, sugar and dry crusts of bread. Always be careful and not put in too much bread, or it will be dry, and stuffy, and kind of tasteless.

Then we often kill a chicken just for the chance of using the cream in making cream gravy. It is better than gravy made with butter, and can be warmed over a dozen times if desired, and be as good as it was at first.

I think I never told you of the cunningest little dinner dish that I just happened to make one day. We had a good deal of nice chicken gravy left, and we had a good many slices of wheat bread that had been cut the day before, and a couple of large light biscuits. I put the bread and biscuits, broken, down quite compactly in a deep dish, and poured the hot gravy over and set

it away. The gravy was quite absorbed the next day, and when I was thinking what would be handy for dinner and easily gotten, I remembered that dish. I melted a little butter in the big spider, and when it was hot and nice, I cut and laid in slices out of the big dish and let them fry brown, then turned them and browned the other side. Really, it tasted just like the top crust of my mother's baked chicken pot-pies used to when I was a little girl. It is an excellent dinner dish, but to be good the fowl must be fat and the gravy made just right.

I said the girls did a two-weeks' ironing to-day. Some of the clothes were a little damp, but they are all right now. We have such a neat frame to hang our clothes on when they come first from the ironing-table, and now that I come to think of it, I never saw a like convenience in any of the homes I ever visited. I used to hang my ironing on chair-backs, and on lines stretched across the room, until one of my brothers got this made for me. It is a folding frame made of light linen stuff, and can be opened out until it is twelve feet long. I painted it white last summer. Any of you women can get a workman to make one for a trifle, and you will wonder then how you ever managed to get along without it. It is nice to hang garments on at any time, and can be used as a substitute for a little partition at the side or foot of a bed.

HOUSES AND HOMES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WHEN we speak of home we do not necessarily mean a house, nevertheless, the house is to the home what the body is to the soul. It is the outward manifestation—the corporeal surrounding. There may be houses which are not homes in the real sense of the term—which possess no home-like characteristics; but though the poet tells us "tis home where'er the heart is," home must have a visible abiding place, whether it be roomy mansion or a single garret.

There are houses which are in themselves home-like, there are others which only the outlay of time, strength and means can induce to take on any semblance of home.

It has always been one of the most unaccountable things to me, that women who are reckoned as mistresses of the house, and so directly concerned in all its interior arrangements, have not found themselves forced into architecture. Now and then a woman does attempt planning a house, in an amateurish way, for her own benefit; and we almost invariably find, however faulty her plans may be, measured by the strict standard of art, there is a visible improvement in practical matters. Women know better than men where they want closets, they economize passage ways, decrease the number of doors, (an item to be considered in house-cleaning times,) and they make calculations to save themselves steps. They never blunder into having no immediate connection between kitchen and dining-room, and having to traverse a long hall and open and shut two or three intermediate doors in going from one to the other. They do not commit the mistake of bringing the back stairs down into the dining-room—the last place in the world where they ought to go—or the still worse one of forgetting them altogether. Women will generally provide for both light and air in the kitchen; men are too apt to think either unnecessary.

Every new-married pair should follow the example of the birds, and proceed at once to provide themselves with a nest. There is no such thing as home in a boarding house or hotel. And the young people who spend the first years of their married lives in either place are committing a sad mistake. They not only miss the greatest happiness they can ever know, but are, by the habits and associations they are forming, totally unfitting themselves for simple domesticity in

future. They are learning to be extravagant, idle, and fond of pleasure; they lose all sense of responsibility; they even run the risk of losing the hold which each has upon the affections of the other. It is only by the closest, most intimate, most unconstrained, and most private companionship with one another, it is only by working for, waiting on, and living with one another, that the bonds of matrimony, which are at the first little more than a form, become firmly welded, and the two are in thought, feeling, tastes and affections figuratively one. This privacy and intimacy of relationship can never be obtained in the publicity of the hotel parlor and dining-room. There is no opportunity for the practice of economies, for little acts of self denial, for labor performed in love—opportunities which are constantly springing up in the privacy of home.

It has always been a wonder to me that men and women—women especially—of moderate means—mechanics, clerks and the like, and their wives—are content to remain in the city subject to all the inconveniences and expenses of city homes, while far more comfort and convenience can be obtained in the outskirts of most of our great towns, within easy access of business, and at a far less rate of living. The city house, built on the principles of cheapness and compactness, and on those alone, are the worst places in the world for the health and comfort of our fragile American women. Even if they have strong and hardy foreign help, these houses are still a perpetual source of weariness to not over-strong women. If a woman has no help, but has instead that abomination wherever found—a basement kitchen—so that she works and eats on one floor, finds her parlor and sitting-room on another, her nursery and sleeping apartments on one or two more, she is obliged during the day to perform feats of pedestrianism before which even Weston might quail, and which are enough to make her the invalid she too often is, without any other cause whatever.

It is an old proverb that "fools build houses and wise people live in them," a saying with which, however, I do not entirely agree. Every man and woman should build at least one house. It is an experience which every one needs, and a pleasure to which every one is entitled. If there was no other weighty reason for such an act, it should be done as a method of expression of character. It should be an embodiment of their individual needs and tastes, studied over, and drawn out carefully by themselves. And if the plan is afterwards submitted to an architect, as it had better be to have incongruities reconciled, mistakes remedied and cost estimated, it should be with the full understanding that none of the main features are to be changed.

But the time to build is not when a couple are just setting out in life. They had better buy or rent, then. If they are subjected to the disagreeable experience of frequent change, and thus become familiar with moving horrors, they may console themselves with the thought that it is part of their education; and that when the happy day comes when they may build air-castles, which have any probability of being realized, concerning their very own house, they will be all the better prepared to make it what it should be, and to find it satisfactory when completed. They will at least become cognizant of many things which they do not want, if they still remain in the dark as to what they do want.

I wonder if there is any one proof against the fascination of house-building upon paper? If there is, he or she can have no sympathy with me. I can scarcely remember the time when architectural drawing was not one of my most amusing pastimes, and the study of architectural plans a delight. Still, I lay no claim to professional knowledge on the subject. My best laid plans would probably "gang aft aglee" if carried to an architect for revision. Still, I maintain that these repeated studies and diversions, added to experience with various houses in both city and country, have given me a certain practical knowledge about the interior arrangement of a house that is of service to my-

self, and that I am glad to make of service to any one else.

The first thing to be considered in the planning of a house, is the amount of money to be expended upon it, and it is well, besides counting the actual outlay, to leave a margin for contingencies, which are certain to arise. In other words, do not calculate to have your house cost quite as much as you can afford; and before it is finished you will find plenty of use for your surplus money. This, even if it be built by contract; still more so if it is not.

If one's means are limited, and one has that longing for a home of their own, which is both natural and desirable, it is well to build a small house at first, but to build in such a manner that additions can be made from time to time, and not mar the harmony of either the internal or external arrangements.

If I were writing a book on architecture, nothing would delight me more than to fill its pages with various plans of my own designing. But I fear I would be scarcely excused in the present instance. However, while the general arrangement of the plan must be left to individual taste, there are certain suggestions which it may be well to make for the benefit of those who have not had experience as varied as my own.

In drawing the plans of a house, let there be special thought given to the chimneys, not only that they do not come in the way of windows or doors, or in undesirable parts of a room, but that as few as possible shall serve the purpose of many. If one lives within reach of coal, it is a great economy of time and fuel to have some kind of heater which, with one fire, will heat four or more rooms. I prefer the kind that are fed and burn in one of the rooms rather than in the cellar, for the two reasons that the former is more cheerful, and saves travel down and up the cellar-stairs. Such a heater placed in the parlor can be made with a hot air flue open to the sitting-room, dining-room or library back of it, and with flues also into two chambers above. The kitchen range, if there is one, will serve to warm the back portion of the house. Thus there will be only two fires to attend to, and abundance of warmth. If there is no range in the kitchen, and only a stove, (which, to tell the truth, I am singular enough to prefer,) the pipe can be carried up through the room above, and, with the addition of a drum, render that room warm enough for a sleeping apartment.

In the kitchen there should always be at least one window near the chimney to give full light to the cook in her culinary operations. This a male architect never seems to think of. I have often wished, as I have examined their plans, that they might be forced to cook a few dinners in their own dim kitchens over their dark ranges. I think there would be a marked improvement in their future plans. The kitchen, too, should have every opportunity for ventilation and draft, if it is to be comfortable. Somebody, either the mistress or her servant, must necessarily spend much of her time within its precincts, and there is no reason why she should roast or stew along with the dinner.

While I am dead set against a woman spending one moment more in her kitchen than is absolutely necessary, still I would have the kitchen as cheerful as possible. To procure this result, pantries, closets and dressers are necessities, that all the various paraphernalia of cooking and kitchen drudgery generally can be kept out of sight except when in use. Every woman may not be like me, but for myself there is no more depressing object than a bare flour barrel setting in full view in the kitchen, rough stools and benches grouped around, and the walls covered with pans, skillets and tinware of all sorts. I do not care how nicely and brightly they may be kept—I don't like them. I always have in my mind the model kitchen with its rag carpet, its curtained windows, its freshly whitewashed walls with the looking-glass and some pretty engraving, not quite good enough for the rest of the house—a kitchen all neatness and brightness, where the house-keeper need feel no hesitation in receiving a neighbor's

unceremonious call, if she is busy with domestic duties. The pantry should be as commodious as possible and well supplied with shelves and drawers. There should be water within the kitchen, or in close proximity to it in a shed, well protected from the suns of summer and the winds of winter.

Every outer door to the house should, if possible, be protected by a porch, or shelter and wind-break of some sort.

If one is building for comfort rather than show, let him not make the ceilings too high. I know advice is generally given all the other way, but having had experience in doing several jobs of papering in rooms of immoderate height, I have resolved that no home of mine shall ever exceed ten feet. That is high enough for health, and in a cottage where the rooms are not too large, even nine is quite high enough for looks. There is no closeness in summer, and the rooms are more easily heated in winter. If one walked like the flies, suspended from the ceiling, it would not make so much difference. But as the heat all ascends to the upper portion of the room, the higher the room is, the broader the cold belt beneath. If the contemplated house is of a more pretentious order of architecture, one must submit to the inevitable, and have walls of a corresponding height. But, then, in that case, the paper-hanging must be done by professionals.

I like bay-windows. Mrs. Swishelm does not, and compares them to warts and wens, marring the fair features of the house. But, then, I never did like order or regularity. And a bay-window here and a porch there, make to me a pleasing break in an otherwise dull uniformity. Besides, a bay-window judiciously placed to the south, will allow its possessor to keep a little summer within doors all winter long. Even to the east or west it is not so bad. But a bay-window to the north is not so desirable, as few flowers will bloom without sunlight at some portion of the day. A bay-window to be perfect should have the protection of double sash for winter.

The best position for a house is to front the west. That allows the morning sunlight to come where it is most needed—to the kitchen—early in the day. If there are trees upon the premises, something should be sacrificed, if necessary, to place the house near them, so that they may protect it from the sun at some portion of the day. Trees to the west of a house are most desirable, as they will shelter it from the fierce afternoon suns of summer. If there is a heavy wind-break of trees to the north, the house-builder is specially fortunate.

A dining-room should be long, rather than square. Whether the parlor be square or long is a matter for individual taste to decide.

When it comes to the chambers, let them all be large, and, if practicable, each one with a bath-room and dressing-room attached. If this latter is impracticable, then there should be at least one commodious bath-room on the second floor, entirely separate from any chamber, yet of easy access to all.

As to the exterior of the house, let there be as many porches as possible, or as consistent with your means; only do not build them in such a manner that shall darken your rooms. Every room should receive the unobstructed sunlight through at least a portion of its windows.

There must be as few passage-ways as possible. These may render a house cool in summer, but they are dreadful promoters of colds in winter, unless the heating apparatus is complicated indeed. All doors and passages should be arranged with special reference to the convenience of the mistress. The parlor should, of course, have one door near the front entrance, for the convenience of those entering, but it should have another in the rear especially for family use, either in direct communication with the room adjoining, or not far removed from it. Without this door, hundreds of unnecessary steps must be taken, in consequence of which the room may gradually fall into disuse alto-

gether. A mistress of a family, whether she does her own work or has a limited number of servants, is compelled to be almost ubiquitous. She must be in kitchen, nursery, dining-room and reception-room at almost one and the same periods. She always has steps enough to take, without unnecessary ones being forced upon her. For this reason I believe, when economy of ground is no object, it is well to have the nursery on the first floor, sandwiched in between the other rooms of the house, that it may be in direct, or nearly direct, communication with them all.

Halls have always been a stumblingblock to me. Yet no architect would dare plan a house without one. What is there more dreary, more forlorn, more inconvenient, than the long, narrow passage-way with a flight of stairs that we misname a hall! It seems especially planned to create extra labor in every way, without any returning good. As usually built in cottages, they serve apparently no other purpose whatever. A hall should be in some measure a reception-room, where a transient caller may wait before being admitted to the inner sanctuary of the home, and where every one may divest themselves of outer clothing. But as usually built it is scarcely large enough for two or three people to stand in conveniently, to say nothing of its failing utterly as a reception room. A large chair or table will fill all available space. A hat-rack and umbrella-stand is the most that can be crowded into it.

Our expensive villas have, of course, large halls; but even these seldom exceed nine feet in width, and are long and barren.

I once examined a pretty little cottage built by a carpenter for himself, after his own ideas. It was in most things perfect, but the hall completely won my fancy. It was simply an anti-room, six by nine feet, and cheerfully lighted, from which led the front staircase between parlor and dining-room. There was no long, dreary passage-way of waste room to be carpeted and kept clean, and to be traversed twenty times a day. Small as it was, it was far better adapted to the legitimate purposes of a hall than anything I had ever seen.

I have long had my ideal of a hall, but when I came to build, my builder utterly refused to put it into tangible shape, because I could not furnish the requisite wherewithal in vulgar currency. Never mind; I live in the hope of yet seeing my ideal realized. I will describe it here, in the hope that perhaps some one else will be attracted to it sufficiently to adopt it, and thus, though my own hopes prove fruitless, it will not be utterly lost to the world.

First let me give my ideal of the house to which such a hall should belong. It must be a cottage, and built with two prominent ideas, neither of which must be made subservient to the other—those of compactness and beauty. In brief, a home for a family of comparatively limited means yet refined tastes, in which every foot of space must be of practical use, and in which the mistress either does her own work or has but a limited amount of assistance.

I give arbitrary dimensions, which might be waived almost indefinitely. Let the front door, which shall have narrow side windows, after a common manner of hall doors, open upon a room stretching back say twenty-two feet, with a breadth of twelve feet. Ten feet from the door, and directly in front of it, and of course in the centre of the room, with a space of four feet on each side, will be a staircase four feet in width, with strong, heavy balusters, leading up to within two steps of the top. Here will be a broad landing, from which on each side will go up the two additional steps. (No winding stairs for me, if you please; I have too great a regard for my neck.) In front of the landing, and raised to a level with the first step above, should be a deep recessed window—a bay-window, if you like, and your means justify—at all events a broad, double or triple arched window. This recessed window should be filled with flowers and running vines, until the light filtered through the living green resembles that through stained glass. Now as this room must be something

more than a mere entrance-hall, I would place below, in the alcoves on either side the stairs, and underneath the turn of the stairs above, cases for books. So that we should have a hall and library in one. On either side the door should be wardrobe and hat-rack, and the remaining available space unoccupied by doors, should be furnished with easy chairs, stands and lounges, sufficient in number to give the room a habitable look, while the spaces on the walls should be filled with pictures, and brackets containing roses and statuettes.

Such a hall as this could be finished and furnished in almost any style. My own manner of doing it would be thus: The stairs and balusters should be of oak and black walnut, or some other richly-contrasting woods. Curled maple is prettier than oak. The doors dark, with light panels. The book-cases of the same dark wood, with glass above and light panels below. The floor should either have a dark, plain carpet of green, or else matting of inlaid wood, enlivened here and there with bright-colored rugs. The walls I would paper, to the height of three feet, in imitation of wainscoting, to match the woodwork. Above that the tone of the paper should be a pearl color, with panels of crimson, surrounded with dark imitation moulding. I select crimson for the paneling, because it is the richest color upon which to show pictures, and there should be one or more pictures to every panel. There might be a large vase on a pedestal on either side of the staircase. If the house is a small cottage, the dimensions might all be smaller, and the window at the head of the stairs a gable window merely, breaking the line of the straight, low-ceilinged roof.

Such a hall (remember I have seen it only in imagination,) would be always beautiful and attractive, and would strike the visitor with its novelty, and challenge his admiration when he first entered it. It would serve not only as hall, but as library, reception-room, and even miniature conservatory, counting the blooming window at the top of the stairs, and, probably, frequently as sitting-room, also.

The ideal as I have given it is capable of enlargement, and could be introduced into a villa with excellent effect. Then, if the length of the hall were increased, and richly-carved screens placed across the alcoves at the foot of the stairs, and a bay-window placed directly underneath the stairs between the two book-cases, a roomy apartment would be formed, which should be partially cut off by the screens from the hall in front. In the place of the window underneath the stairs there might be a door leading to a conservatory.

Such a hall as this, small or large, if arrangements were made for its proper heating in winter, would be comfortable and pleasant at all seasons of the year.

If one finds himself in a position to build a house, let him and his wife sit down with pencils and paper, and after carefully estimating the amount they can afford to invest in such an undertaking, consult with each other, plan and draw, revise and alter, until they both are satisfied that they have got everything exactly to their minds, and that to suit their purposes no farther improvements are possible. Then this completed plan had better be submitted to the inspection and correction of an architect in order that any defects may be remedied. Then they are ready for their builder.

If the man himself possesses mechanical skill, and is familiar with the use of tools, and neat and handy in workmanship, he may find it to his advantage to superintend his own building, engaging journeymen carpenters and masons as he may need them, and paying them by the day or job. But if he has no such mechanical knowledge, he will probably find it to his advantage, peculiarly and otherwise, to let the building of his house on contract, stipulating for every item, the whole to be completed within a certain time at a certain fixed rate.

As he submits his plan to his builder, he must be prepared for one thing, and that is, that his builder will

probably compel him to reject the carefully-arranged plan entirely, and accept one of his own, which will, perhaps, be larger, completer and more finished than the one he desires, and at the same time can be done at a cheaper rate. There is nothing for it, then, but to take home this latter plan, make a hurried examination of it in conjunction with his wife, to see if it can possibly be remodeled to suit their needs without changing it so much that the builder will have excuse for adding seriously to his charges; return the revised plan to the builder, and, resigning himself to an overpowering fate, let things take their course.

There will be one satisfaction to be derived from his own uncarried-out plan. He can always keep it treasured somewhere in a safe corner of his desk, examine

it occasionally with a sigh, half of satisfaction and half of regret, and resolve that if the time ever comes when he shall be peculiarly independent of builders, he will yet put it into tangible form.

Inscrutable are the ways of master-carpenters! I have sometimes wondered if they did not have a multitude of houses all cut after one pattern, laid by ready to put together at a moment's notice, and which, being manufactured by the wholesale, as it were, can be afforded at a cheaper rate than one after an entirely distinct plan! I knew if I went to a cabinet-maker and required a piece of furniture differing materially from the usual styles, I must pay for that difference. But houses! I thought they were another matter. It seems not, however.

Mothers' Department.

TIRED MOTHERS.

BY CELIA SANFORD.

"I AM so tired," said a weary, care-burdened, discouraged mother. "It seems that I can never get to the end of my burdens, and I have no heart to try. What with the steps of the little ones to mind; and the house to keep in order; my work-basket heaped with sewing, which must be done to make the children comfortable for the winter school, to say nothing of the knitting and mending, and a thousand other things, it almost makes me crazy to think of it."

"It is such a hard existence, with no brightness in it, and there is no escape from it, not while life lasts—not, at least, while health and strength hold out. Health and strength! I had not thought of that—what if my health and strength give way? Would not pain and suffering be harder to bear than weariness? And the little ones, Heaven bless them! ought it not to be accounted a blessing, instead of a hardship, to be able to care for them? I have something yet to be thankful for, though a moment ago I thought there was not one single thing to be thankful for in my life."

Yes, tired mother, there is yet many a cup of blessing within reach of thy lips. Thy life is not all a desert, there are lovely oases, green, sunny spots, with springs bubbling over with living, refreshing waters, scattered here and there in thy way. There are blessed rifts in the clouds of sorrow which hang over thee—granting that clouds of sorrow *do really* hang over thee. But do they? Ponder for a moment. You are weary, overworked and disheartened; but are you really forsaken of Heaven? Are your children all spared to you? Ah!

"There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant chair."

Does healthy blood course through their veins? and are they sound of limb? You would not envy the mother who is this moment bending over the wasted form of her darling, soothing the aching brow, and cooling the parched lips; nor her, who is tenderly nursing one who is a cripple for life. Does the light of intelligence glow in their faces? I knew a mother who, for ten long years, carried her boy in her arms, and in all that time, not one answering smile was given to brighten or repay her toil. And then the good Lord said, "It is enough," and gently lifted him from the tired, patient arms.

Can you give your children nourishing food, and warm, comfortable clothing? and have you provisions made for the long, cold, winter months? Anguish is wringing the hearts of thousands of mothers, even in our own happy land, because they know not where to-morrow's bread is coming from to nourish the dear ones who are dependent upon them for supplies; or to-morrow's wood or coal, to keep their half-clad forms from perishing.

Are your children affectionate and loving? and, as you tuck them into their little beds at night, can you kneel and thank God that every one nestles beneath your sheltering care? Remember the mothers who shed scalding tears, and keep lonely vigil for reckless and erring ones; or those whose children are scattered so far from the home-nest that no "light in the window" can reach them and guide their feet to mother and home.

Tired and hard-pressed mother, almost fainting under your burdens, if you would take time to think, and count over your blessings, you would find much to be thankful for; and as you thought, mayhap you would cease to complain, and instead of replinings your lips would take up a glad refrain for the mercies which have fallen to your share.

Yet I know that a mother's lot is often a hard one, viewed only from the dark side; there are many cares and many burdens, and especially if she have no help; if her one pair of hands must take up and go through with all the varied duties and labors of the household.

It is poor economy for a mother, if she can afford to have help, to slave and fag herself out, day after day, through summer's heat and winter's cold, thus expending the life-energies that should be carefully husbanded to bestow upon the more important interests of her family. Sometimes it is the wife's fault that she does so, but oftener, I think, it is the husband's.

It is the wife's fault if she foregoes needful help that she may save money to bestow upon the useless adornment of her little ones; forgetful that her sons were entrusted to her charge that she might train them to be men—noble, worthy, self-sacrificing men, fitted to take their places, in their proper lot and station, in this onward-marching world. That her daughters were placed in her care that she might have the honor of training them to be pure, godly, intellectual women.

It is her fault if, forgetful of the higher needs of her children, she spends the hours she needs for rest and recreation, in tolling and stitching, that Mary may have a delicately-embroidered slip, or Johnny an elaborately-trimmed suit.

It is the husband's fault if he is so absorbed in business and money-making that he fails to see that his wife is wearing herself out in the attempt to make his home comfortable, and bring up his children respectably, while, very likely, she is straitened for want of means, and everything she has to do with is as unhandy as it is possible to be; but he does not notice that her wearing cares are eating into her life, making her prematurely old, irritable and unlovely. He may even look on wonderingly and say, "How is it, wife? You are getting to be a regular scold. I don't see how the work can be so very hard. Mother had twice the family that we have, and yet she always managed to do

her work without help." Little he knew what struggles and sacrifices his mother had to bring his wayward feet up the slippery steps to manhood.

But, mother, if your lot is hard, and you cannot change it, resolve to make the best of it. A cheerful disposition, and a determination to look at the bright side of things, will go far toward lightening your burdens; and a true sense of the obligations of motherhood, with an earnest desire to fulfil them in the best manner, will lift you above petty cares and vexations.

Cultivate a thankful spirit for mercies received; and instead of sitting down to brood over your trials, remember that "The darkest day will wear away," and that dark and cloudy as the day may seem to you, it is darker still to some one else.

Make the moral and religious training of your children the first and greatest object of your life; and then take up the subordinate duties that lie in your path, cheerfully and one by one. It is this crowding the work of a week into a day that wears on one so. To be sure, one must look ahead, and plan and contrive, but all undue anxiety in regard to the future but adds to your burdens. The days and hours of the future, as well as the months and the years, are wisely hidden

from us; and the great Master said: "Take no thought for the morrow, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The poor mother who complains despondingly in the morning that the work of the day looks like a mountain before her, and she is sure she can never accomplish half what she really must, may be called to lay down every earthly burden before nightfall. Strive, then, to do well each duty as it comes, trusting in God.

A thorough systematic arrangement of your domestic labors, allotting to this and that, and as far as possible everything, a given time—which you may plan for yourself—would save you hours of trouble and perplexity.

But, you say, this may all look very well on paper; but how to do it is the thing. How to be thankful, and patient, and considerate, and systematic, and all this. It is easier said than done.

Yes, I know. But it may be done. And it is because I sympathize with you, and understand the thousand difficulties that beset your path—which I do from experience—that I have penned these words, hoping that some tired mother may be comforted and strengthened thereby, and inspired with new hope and courage.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

A STORY ABOUT VALENTINES.

BY MISS SARAH HART.

THE little girls of Miss Tower's school were grouped in pairs, and threes, and fours, and were chatting and laughing and enjoying themselves as little girls are apt to do in the few moments that remain before the time for the bell to ring. Just then Clara Seaton came bounding in among them, her pretty cheeks flushed, and her eyes brightly glowing.

"O girls!" she exclaimed, "I am going to have some capital fun! See here, Jennie Cole, and you, Mary Goodwin, I'll tell you something. I don't want any the rest of you to know. I'll tell you about it when I've had my fun." And so saying, she took her comrades and withdrew from the other little girls.

"Pooh! Who cares for Clara Seaton or her secrets!" said May Thornley, tossing her brown curls; and some of the others imitated her; but the remainder were very cautious about speaking so contemptuously of Clara, for Clara was the only daughter of very wealthy parents, and she therefore held her head very high, and looked down on the most of her schoolmates; so Jennie Cole and Mary Goodwin felt particularly flattered when they found themselves set apart for her confidence.

"I am going to have such splendid fun!" she said, when she had taken them to a safe distance. "See this, and this!" and she unfolded a batch of comic Valentines of every conceivable caricature. Mary and Jennie laughed at the hideous pictures met their gaze.

"You're not going to send them to any one, are you?" asked Mary.

"Certainly I am!" answered Clara. "This is for Uncle Jim; he's always twirling his moustache, you know. This is for Sister Julia; she'll be awful angry about it, but will never suspect me. And this is for—guess who."

After guessing awhile, and not being able to hit upon the right one, both girls gave it up.

"Now, don't you tell—never, never," said Clara.

Both promised.

"It's for that hateful Katie Blake!"

"Katie Blake!" said the astonished girls.

"Yes. She's always getting ahead of me; and ma says it's too bad. How impudently she marched up above me yesterday, when I had made sure of getting a head mark. I said then I'd have my revenge," and Clara looked triumphant.

"That will be a poor revenge," said Mary Goodwin, as she looked at the picture.

"It will make her think she has an enemy, and that will be spite enough for me, for I heard her say not long ago that it would grieve her dreadfully to think she had an enemy—the meek-faced saint!" said Clara, scornfully.

All further conversation was checked by the ringing of the bell, and in a very orderly manner the little girls walked into the room. Foremost among them moved Clara Seaton, and behind her came Katie Blake. She was a sweet-faced, bright-eyed, intelligent child, and the favorite of all who knew her, excepting Clara, and her dislike arose from envy alone. Clara could not bear to be excelled, and that by the daughter of a washerwoman—for Katie's mother did Miss Tower's washing in payment for her daughter's tuition.

No one who looked upon the bright, eager faces in the school-room that morning, could have suspected the schemes at work in the brains of at least three of the number. Clara Seaton was planning how best she might deliver her ill-natured missive, while May and Jennie were planning how they might defeat her scheme, and thus save Katie from the bitterness they knew she would feel should she receive the valentine. Finally they concluded to detain Katie at May's home after school, so that if Clara should send it to Mrs. Blake's house, that lady would destroy it, and Katie would never know. But Clara was too cunning for that. Her chief design was to see Katie's suffering. So she arranged with a little boy whom none of the girls knew to carry it to Katie and deliver it to her at school.

Early that afternoon the little boy came. Miss Tower herself answered the summons.

"Katie Blake is wanted," said Miss Tower, as she re-entered the room.

Katy turned red, smiled, looked awkward, and obeyed, exciting no little curiosity among the scholars as to who wanted Katie. She remained out so long that most of them had forgotten about her. But Miss Tower grew apprehensive, and went at last to seek for Katie, whom she found in the hall weeping bitterly, with the vicious valentine open in her hand. The kind teacher comprehended the situation at once, and tried to soothe the poor little girl by telling her it was not worth so much distress, and that only evil-minded per-

sons ever resorted to such low means to triumph over another.

"But, O Miss Tower! to think that any one hates me so!" sobbed Katie.

Miss Tower smoothed her hair and talked to her until she grew calm.

"You may be excused for the rest of the day," said the teacher. "We will say nothing of this to the scholars, Katie."

"Oh, thank you!" returned Katie, gratefully, for she felt that she could not return to the school-room.

"She got it. That's what she was called out for, and I suppose she is so mortified over it that Miss Tower has let her go home," whispered Clara, as she passed Jennie Cole in the aisle.

Jennie whispered Clara's message to May Goodwin at recess, and their hearts sunk within them. How now to act they knew not. They talked it over all recess, but could come to no conclusion, and so carried heavy hearts back to the school-room. But toward the close of the day, May seemed to have hit upon a plan that suited her. In her impatience, she tried every lawful way to let Jennie know that something could be done, but she was obliged to wait until school was over. It did seem there never was such a long hour as from three to four o'clock. But it was over at last, and as soon as she could get Jennie by herself, she confided to her her plan.

"Oh! splendid, splendid!" cried Jennie, jumping up and down. "Then, to-morrow, we'll ask the girls to show their valentines, and won't Clara open her eyes!"

Poor little Katie! In spite of Miss Tower's kindness, her wounded heart was not healed, and her tears flowed afresh as she showed the ugly picture to her mother and told her the story.

"Who could have done it, mamma?" she asked, with her tearful eyes on the picture.

"I do not know, my dear. You must not mind it. Some evil-minded person has only practised a joke on you," answered her mamma, with a kiss.

That evening, just as they were at supper, there was heard a knock at the door. Katie ran to open it. A little boy inquired, "Does Mrs. Blake live here?"

"She does," answered Katie.

"I have a package for Katie Blake," and he gave it to the astonished child, who, in a bewildered way, carried it to her mother.

"He said it was for Katie Blake, mamma. Do you really think he meant me?" asked Katie, her blue eyes wide open with surprise.

Her mother made no reply, but, quite as mystified as her little girl, untied the package. Such a sight!

An elegant little work-box with all the accompaniments complete, and on the top a beautiful valentine for "sweet Katie Blake."

"O mamma, mamma! It is for me, isn't it?" said Katie, half in gladness half in fear.

"I think it is," said mamma.

"Oh! it is just like a dream or a fairy story! Who could have sent it?"

"Some one who loves you, my dear," answered her mamma, and I am sure there were tears in her eyes, too.

"I believe that Miss Tower sent it, mamma," said Katie, after a moment's thought. "She felt so sorry for me to-day when I got that hateful thing."

Katie could hardly keep her eyes off of the beautiful, mysterious valentine. When she retired, she placed it where her eyes would open right on it in the morning.

"May I take it with me to school, mamma?" she asked, as they sat at breakfast.

Her mamma consented, and never was there a happier little girl than Katie as she carried her treasure to school. The girls crowded around to admire it, and Miss Tower was questioned; but when that lady denied all knowledge of it, Katie was more mystified than ever.

Now Miss Tower was one of the kind of persons who

keep their eyes and ears open, and, consequently, before the day closed she had discovered the authors of both of Katie's valentines. Her sorrow for Clara's conduct was only equalled by her admiration of Jennie's and May's. She was unwilling that such noble conduct should go unrewarded. So that night, although a little too late for a *real* valentine, there did come a beautiful one to each of the kind-hearted girls. May's valentine was a silver thimble on which was engraved "My valentine;" and Jennie's was exactly like it. I do not believe they have yet found out who sent them.

THE FARMER'S PARROT.

ONE beautiful spring a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of the largest fields in corn; but the neighboring crows committed sad havoc with it. The farmer, however, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair or foul means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and being very tame it was allowed its freedom to come and go at pleasure. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged in the farmer-like occupation of *raising* corn.

The farmer with his gun sallied forth. Reaching his cornfield he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Levelling his gun, he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

On looking among the murdered crows, great was the farmer's surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed:

"What did it, papa—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever, but never forgot its adventure in the corn-field; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry, "Bad company—bad company!"

A LITTLE SNOW SCENE.

BY G. DE B.

TOMMY stands watching the fast-falling snow, Wondering what makes the wild "white wind" blow.

"Auntie, oh, see it!" he joyously cries;

"Out-doors is full of nice, little, white flies."

"Ah, Tommy, darling," says auntie, "these things

Falling from heaven are angel's white wings,

Which the good Father sends, softly, like down,

Keeping the seeds in the cold, hard ground warm."

Tommy looks up, then, with faithful blue eyes,

Watches with wonder the slow-moving skies,

"Are dese de feeders dey drop?" questions he.

"Oh, won't dare mammas be sorry to see

'Em tummin' home wis dare little wings bare?

Auntie, I'll div 'em my tippet to wear!"

The Home Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 2.

WE are all glad when Saturday comes. That day brings freedom to the girls. They can help about the housework, fix up their clothes, wash and starch their collars and laces, go out calling and have a good time generally.

Sylvia never irons her laces, just stretches and smoothes them until they are dry; she says that prevents them from growing yellow. I do wonder if I told you girl-readers about Sylvia's pretty, comfortable and ingenious skirt! I told somebody and I cannot remember now who it was, but I will tell it again, for it will be new to some of the new girls who were not acquainted with Chatty Brooks and her blessed family of last year.

Two or three years ago, Sylvia was going to Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania, to stay a week among the wonders of that rare, and beautiful, and wild nook, and wanting a serviceable and cheap dress, she was beguiled into buying one of gray wash poplin. Now, you girls all think that wash poplin is a swindle; Sylvia thought so when she washed it and it shrank, and though she rinsed it time after time, it would dry in streaks in spite of her. So she hung it up in the closet and thought no more about it until, one day, she was looking around and contriving up comfortable clothing out of the stock of stuff on hand. It came to her, then, what to do with the gray dress of wash poplin. She needed a substantial skirt for winter, so she took that dress, lined it with the same about half a yard deep around the bottom, then trimmed it with rows of blue chambray, some of the strips wide and some narrow, stitched on the sewing machine with coarse thread of a contrasting color; and, really, girls, it is the prettiest skirt in the precincts of Millwood. Blue and gray harmonize beautifully. I told her I was afraid, when she washed it, that the gray would run into the blue and leave it all in dingy streaks, but she said she thought of that, and the first time she washed it she hung it on the line with the band down, so if any fading color did settle, it would not come in the blue trimming. It did not fade any more, however. That skirt is warmer in a cold, windy day than one of flannel or cloth; that kind of material is thick and almost impervious to wind.

Tuesday.—I must tell you something nice. A sister of one of my girls came from the West to visit her, or, I might say, to visit all of us, because we all enjoyed her society so much. She was a very thin, spare woman of thirty or thereabouts, and would have been homely, only that she knew what to wear and how to wear it. So many women are really quite pretty, only that they are so very thin—their faces narrow and the skin seeming to cling to the bones about their necks, throats and ears. Every muscle was as visible as a cord in this lady's long, thin neck; her ears were large and set out from her head; but a little, shrewd, womanly ingenuity had remedied all these defects. There was padding in her dress about the shoulders and thin shoulder blades, and this gave a hint of plumpness and took away those angularities that are not pretty. Then she wore a very tasteful, full, standing frill, and her hair was arranged in just the one way left for such women to wear their hair. It was put up in a loose coil at the back of her head. She had saved, carefully, all the loose hair that she had combed out and had given it into the hands of a poor girl to make into curls. She made four, and they were fastened on hair-pins and stuck into the side of the coil and covered the

thinness about her neck and ears, and made a pretty background for her finely-chiselled face. We all admired the lady, and admired the good taste that had induced her to hide these little deformities. I forgot to say that the upper part of the waist of her alpaca dress was gathered and held into fullness before it was fitted upon the lining. Mary says *puffed* is the word to use here, that girls will understand it, then. That kept her from seeming so spare and thin as she really was. She said she always saved every loose hair and laid it away lightly in a box kept for that purpose, for the reason that she might lose all her hair, sometime, through sickness, and then she could wear her own braids or frizzes and not be obliged to resort to an entire deception.

Morning.—Last evening Mary and I went to church to hear the new minister. Nearly all my girls went, some with escorts, some with their companions, or relatives, and it so chanced that Mary and I went together, but, between us, I do hope I'll never have to go any place with that fussy, fidgety, little Mary again! She is so poky. She was the last one to get ready. I sat and read awhile after my gloves were on, and then sat and warmed my feet, then went round through the house to see that all the fires were safe, and still Mary was not ready. At last we started. She slipped her arm in mine, but before we had walked ten rods she stopped to fix her garter. Then we walked on, and suddenly she halted me with, "I do declare for it! if my gaiter isn't untied." I held her hymn-book and muff, and stood chattering until the gaiter was laced. She took my arm, and we walked on, perhaps a dozen steps, when she stood still suddenly, and found out that the other gaiter was untied. So I held her things while she doubled over and tied it up snugly. Then she hustled around and loosened my wraps in a very decided manner in her search for my arm. By this time she was chilled and was not content with merely taking my arm, she must nestle her hand in a warm place clear in under my cloak and furs. We walked on a few rods, when, with apparent dismay, she found that the first gaiter was untied again.

"Let it go," said I, "you can lace it after you get there."

So she hobbled along, like a cripple, a few steps, when she halted, saying: "I can't stand this; take my book and muff, and I'll fix it in an instant."

The chill wind was blowing a gale, but I stood there until she gave marching orders. We had not proceeded a dozen steps until her shawl fell back because the pin had lost out. I fumbled about my own clothing and found a pin for her, but in trying to handle it with her tight kid gloves on, she lost it, and very suavely asked me if I could spare her another. I shouldn't wonder if there were wrinkles in my forehead by this time, but I said nothing, drew off my gloves, took a pin out of my own dress and very safely pinned on the little flirt's shawl. Then, with her teeth a-chatter, she rummaged until her arm was within mine, and we walked on. By this time I was decidedly "out of sorts," but she was so calm and cool that I was determined to try and appear so, if I wasn't.

About eight rods this side of the church the last gaiter became untied again, and she handed me her book and muff. I very deliberately laid them down in the snow beside her and said I would slowly walk on. Just before I reached the church door I heard her "Aunt Chatty! Aunt Chatty!" and then, with a whispered vow that I never would go any place again with that little fidget, I stopped for her.

Little things do influence me so. Now my temper was a good deal ruffled, although I tried to be serene and calm.

The girl's flirty ways had annoyed me more than I would have confessed even to my best friend.

There is nothing more admirable in a woman's character than to see her easy, graceful, self-possessed—mistress of the situation. How despicable a woman does appear when she "has on her clothes," and knows, and feels, and acts that she is dressed up! What is more humiliating than to see a sister-woman softly stealing glances down at the bow of ribbon on her breast, or the chain fixed thereon, or the dress trimmings, sitting admiring herself like a vain peacock? How common to see a girl with the prettiest side of her hat made to the "congregation side; to see her lean pensively on the hand that wears the gaudy show of rings; to see her sleeves a little short to show off the glittering bracelet; her neck bared beyond comfort to show the foamy white laces that rise and fall on her compressed bosom with every poor, short, imperfect respiration.

Oh, how hollow! Nothing stamps a woman's character as frivolous, vapid, sooner than to see this display of vanity.

I remember when I was a very little girl, so little that I toddled along to church in my bare feet, of my Aunt Abbie stopping me in the road and saying: "Chatty, I saw you looking down at the ruffle on your dress; that is not pretty—not lady-like. Whenever you have on a pretty dress, or any new clothes, you must act just as though you didn't know of it at all. Now I will show you how you ought to walk, and you must remember it, child."

And that woman—beautiful, and intellectual, and beloved—bade me stand still at the grassy roadside while she walked a few rods, and then back again. I remember distinctly her lithe, trim figure, the queenly poise of her head, the graceful shoulders thrown back, just as she appeared to the little barefoot child on that summer morning, long, long ago. We were walking in "the hollow," we called it, a scooped-out green dell, with dense thicket of blooming crab-trees on one side of the road and grassy meadow on the other. That "hollow" it is well nigh level with the broad fields that surround it now.

But the teachings of Aunt Abbie. How I did admire her! And then, as if to finish the lesson she had taught me, she took my hand again and led me a circuitous route, that went through the old burying-ground. Pausing at a sunken grave, she said: "We must all come to this; this is the end of our lives on earth. How can we be proud, or lifted up, or look down on another with scorn or hatred?"

And then she told me of the life beyond the grave—a beautiful life, with no sorrow in it, no tears, no trials. She must have made her talk very simple, so that the capacity of the little eight-years-old girl could comprehend it, for I remember it all, and understood it as clearly as I would now.

I hope the time will come soon in which this subject, that so materially concerns Mary, may be brought up and dwelt upon in a manner that may be for her edification.

One of the sweetest girls I ever saw, a perfect lady in all her ways, owed all to her one charm—her self-possession. I met her last fall at a convention; the best men and women in the State were there; no lady present received more attention than did Cecilia. I chanced to sit beside her one day, and, though I did not mean to do it, I can remember exactly how she was dressed. She was poor in this world's goods, and could not afford to dress well; but dress seemed to be the least thing in her thoughts. Had she been arrayed in royal velvet, she would have behaved no more like a princess. Her hat was a plain, coarse, black straw, trimmed with a little knot of velvet ribbons and bunch of little meadow grasses and leaves; her dress was black and white ninelence calico, made plain; a small double cape of black thibet or cashmere was about her shoulders; lace about her neck and wrists; good kid gloves; and that was all; and yet that calm, sweet,

modest face and modest demeanor stamped her as one who "was a lady born."

Wednesday afternoon.—I was over to Millers for butter this forenoon, and did not get home until the girls had dinner almost ready. I had told Lottie to mop the floor in the dining-room preparatory to putting down the new carpet, and just as soon as I came in and sniffed a little I knew she had not done it well. It did not smell clean, like fresh water and fresh pine boards ought to. I said nothing, however, for the poor dear looked tired and worried, and her hair was frowzy, and her appearance was anything but tidy. After she had gone down to the Institute for the afternoon recitation, I put on the boiler, heated water, and mopped the floor thoroughly with hot soapsuds, wiped it off and rinsed it twice. Then I washed the chair-boards, and window-sills, and door-frames, and made the dining-room smell fresh and clean.

Some girls do mop that way. They will take a little drib of warmish water, perhaps in a pail that has been used for something else, and will drag the mop about in a listless, sleepy way, merely wetting the floor, while in reality they are leaving it dirtier than they found it. The right way, and indeed the only correct way, is to move every movable article out of the room, make the way clear, and then, with plenty of hot suds in a tub, scrub the floor with a broom, taking care not to splash the walls. Then with a mop gather up and wring out all the dirty water, wipe the floor dry, and then go over it with warm or hot water, clean. Scrub well with the broom, wipe up with the mop, and after that rinse with clear, cold water, and wipe it up with the mop after it has been washed out and made perfectly clean. That is the good old way our mothers scrubbed and mopped floors, and is the only way to do it well. Any good housekeeper can tell as soon as she goes into a room whether it has been honorably scrubbed or not. I must tell dear little Lottie about this sometime in an off-hand way, so that she will not surmise any hint. A mop should be taken out of the clasp, washed, rinsed and dried, and then put back and kept in a dry, airy place. I notice some of my girls drop the mop down wet and leave it.

We had a caller last evening—a young preacher from the West. He is a cordial, good fellow, but some of his ways are very funny. I should have sat back in the shadows and laughed a little, only that I wanted to set a good example for my girls.

The poor fellow! he rocked himself backward and forward in the big rocking-chair in a way that startled us for fear he would tip over and spill himself out. He is unmarried; and Professor McWilliams says he needs a fellow-worker, and is in search of one. I had to shake my head at Tудie and Midget for exchanging knowing looks at each other. Josephine was inquiring about her former pastor, now in the far West, and the young man, in his excess of good-will toward the aforesaid brother, remarked: "I'd rather hear him preach than to sit down and eat any time; his sermons are better than any thanksgiving dinner."

The girls teased Josephine a good deal about the young preacher who compared sermons to dinners.

By the way, Josephine cooked the dinner to-day. We had some flabby bits of veal that would not do to fry, and were not worth boiling, and too thin to roast, so she boiled them in just water enough to cook them, then made drop-dumplings of batter, and dropped in a spoonful at a time, and one in a place. They made a very nice dinner, and certainly it was an economical one. We have to study economy in our little home-nest. Indeed, I always had to, though, for we were poor in my father's house; and then my dear dead husband was only a tailor, and barely made a good living. The tailor's trade is not a lucrative one, especially in a country village.

Thursday morning.—I do not want to say anything against the dear people of Millwood, because they have been my friends all these years that I have lived among them; but I did think Parson Welland stirred them up

one Sabbath at church lately. It seems that he was annoyed at the general behavior during service, and at last he had to speak of it. I don't know whether it is the custom in other congregations to bob the head around as soon as the door opens, or a footfall is heard in the aisle, I hope not. But here in Millwood every head turns and stays turned until the long look is satisfactory. If a little dog barks, or a baby pipes out a shrill cry, or a cow bawls out in the street, or a horse snorts, that sets the young people giggling. If any one should happen to fall, or blunder, it is a source of infinite amusement. If Jack Williams should happen to sit in the pew occupied by the young widow, Euna Shelley, then the younger part of the congregation will wink and blink at each other, and send notes or write comments in their hymn-books, and conduct themselves in a manner very unbecoming the place, and the day, and the occasion. So the parson dwelt a few moments on this subject. He said nothing annoyed a minister more than for people to turn their heads at every noise, twisting them about as though they were set on pivots, to look at every new arrival, to whisper, nod, make comments and behave in a light, frivolous manner. He said the minister often drew inspiration from a pair of attentive eyes, and if people only knew and felt the importance of good attention, and how much it contributed to his assistance, they would pay it most devoutly. Then he told what he had overheard a beautiful young lady say one evening when she was going home from service. She was walking before him, in the dark, her arm inlanked with another girl's. She was conversing fluently, and saying, "I always like to sit away up in front, so that my eye can take in the whole congregation. I like to see people when they come in, and see if there are any strangers, and how they are dressed. One often sees new fashions and new contrivances, and more than once I've seen something that helps me wonderfully toward working over some of my old clothes into new ones, that even my own folks wouldn't know they'd ever seen before."

I could not blame our pastor for dwelling rather pointedly upon this theme. Before he dropped the subject he told us that when we were at service among other denominations it would be courteous and kind if we adopted their ways; kneeling when they knelt, sitting, standing, bowing the head or whatever their customs were. He said he had frequently been pained at baptisms to see members of other denominations look upon the ordinance with derision, smile, turn away or behave in some manner that stamped them as very unladylike or ungentelemanly. All these sacred ceremonies and ordinances should be witnessed with a sense of profound reverence and respect.

I was very glad Brother Welland dwelt upon this subject, not that any of my girls particularly needed to be reminded, but none of us can be too cautious in our observances of the Lord's day.

By earnest thought and prayer we should bring our minds away from the cares and occupations of the week, and we should endeavor to centre them on thoughts of sacred things.

Poor little Tuddie, while she lay cradled in my lap, she said: "I do wish, Aunt Chatty, that I could make myself mind when I am in church. I want to think of what the preacher says, and know what the beautiful hymns mean, and while I am trying my very hardest the first thing I know I am thinking of my lessons, or the dear baby at home, or wondering how much some lady's shawl cost, or wishing my hat could be made over into another shape, or that my feather was blue instead of black; but, then, auntie, I mean to keep on trying."

Poor little Tuddie! she will find hard work, I fear.

A CONTENTED mind is of more worth than all the treasure of both the Indies; and he that is master of himself in an innocent and homely retreat, enjoys all the wealth and curiosities of the universe.

WAITING.

(See Engraving.)

SHE had gazed from the window long,
Down the dim and crowded street;
She had listened with ear down-bent
To the tread of the passing feet.

She had watched the last flush die out
From the cold, gray, winter sky,
And the first pale star look sadly down;
She had greeted it with a sigh.

Like a flash in the street below,
The lamplighter sped along;
And solemnly, faint and low
Came the notes of an old street song,

They were singing a well-known lay
She often had sung to him
Long ago, in the country home;
And her eyes with tears grew dim.
But she turned from the window away,
And glanced round the home-like room;
Tears, tears must not greet him of foolish heart;
I know that he soon will come.

And so, woman-like, with a half-breathed sigh,
She shuts out the dreary night,
Draws close the curtains, and tends the fire,
Till the little room glows with light.

She is kneeling before the hearth,
Little wife, with an anxious face;
For the wearying thought comes back again—
He is late; time wears on apace.

And the firelight gleams on the soft brown hair,
And kisses the rounded cheek;
Deep thoughts are thronging the woman's heart,
What a woman's lips fear to speak.

"I love him! I love him!" she whispers low;
"He is all the world to me;
But, ah! husband mine, thou must never know
How this frail heart worships thee.

"Yet I often think, when I'm waiting here—
Watching and waiting alone—
What if the world steal away his heart,
Which is now my own—my own?"

"For what am I but a simple girl,
With only my love to give?
And yet he tells me I am more dear
Than aught that this world can give.

"But when, as to-night, he is late—so late,
My heart sinketh faint and low;
But all these fancies, my best beloved,
Thou must never, ah! never know."

Little she dreams of the loving eyes
That are watching her from the door,
And how deep, deep, in her husband's heart,
The love growth more and more;

Till, as he watches her kneeling there,
She seems, to his fancy quaint,
Like the guardian angel of his home,
A woman, and yet a saint.

Saint and angel she is to him,
Fond, loving woman beside;
More fair and dear as the trial-tried wife
Than the day she was his bride.

What, Nelly! musing? a hand is laid
On the fair and down-bent brow;
And stands beside her the watched-for one,
Ah! where are her sad thoughts now?

All vanished and fled at the well-known voice,
At the clasp of the fond embrace;
And the firelight falls on no fairer sight
Than the young wife's happy face.

I'VE BROUGHT THEE AN IVY LEAF.

WORDS BY O. D. MARTIN.

MUSIC BY D. WOOD.

1. I've brought thee an I - vy leaf, on - ly an I - vy leaf, From the
2. I'd have brought thee a flow - er, a beau - ti - ful flow - er, But
3. I'd have brought thee a rose - bud, a fai - ry like rose - bud, To
4. An I - vy leaf green, a beau - ti - ful I - vy leaf, Bright

land of the rose, where the wild heath-er grows, And the
it would have sighed till it had - ed and died, And have
place in thy hair, and to per - fume the air, But
type of true heart, of true friendship a part, Oh

vi - o - let blos - soms in qui - et re - pose; I've brought thee an I - vy leaf,
droop'd in hu - man - i - ty's with - er - ing tide; So I brought thee an I - vy leaf,
it like the flow - er would fade in de - spair; So I brought thee an I - vy leaf,
wear it for - ev - er, love, near - est thy heart; I've brought thee an I - vy leaf,
colla parte. a tempo.

on - ly an I - vy leaf,
on - ly an I - vy leaf,
on - ly an I - vy leaf,
on - ly an I - vy leaf,
di - min - u - en - do.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY OUR HOMES.

HUNDREDS of ladies every year make generous collections of the treasures of our northern woods, such as mosses, ferns, trailing evergreens, etc., but lay them away in some closet to be forgotten. Doubtless this is, in many cases, owing to a lack of ingenuity in devising means for their use. The following hints may be suggestive to those who can better execute than plan.

Ferns of every kind, from the delicate, feathery fronds to those of the coarsest texture, may be used in hundreds of ways.

For a window transparency.—Form a bouquet of pressed ferns and delicate grasses upon the finest tissue paper, white or tinted, according to taste, each spray must be slightly touched with mucilage to fasten it to the paper.

Over this place a picture-mat with oval center, and a glass same size, and bind over the edges of both with black ribbon a half an inch wide, or with black paper, in imitation of the *passé-partout* frames. A spray of bright autumn leaves, or some pressed flowers, can be added if desired.

To make illuminated texts.—Mark the letters carefully upon card-board with a lead pencil, cover them one at a time with mucilage, then arrange tiny bits of ferns over them. Tiny pressed flowers might add to the pleasing effect if skillfully introduced. Take, for instance, the text, "No cross, no crown," make the cross of birch-bark with mosses and ferns at the base, and a vine of pressed cypress with scarlet star-like blossoms climbing upon it. Cover the letters as described above, and make the crown of pressed golden-rod, or of ferns after they have assumed their yellow, autumn hue. *Crosses, anchors, lyres, etc.* may be made by slightly gumming together ferns, maiden hair, and autumn

leaves. These have a very pretty effect when pinned upon muslin or lace curtains, or upon window-shades of white material.

A SUBSCRIBER.

SPEAK A CHEERFUL WORD.

DID you never go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened, that a pall seemed spread over all the world. But on meeting some friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent matters, you have felt your spirits wonderfully lightened. Even a child dropping in to your house on an errand, has often brought in a ray of sunshine which did not depart when he went his way again. It is a blessed thing to speak a cheerful word when you can. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness" the world over, and those who live in palaces are not exempt, and good words to such hearts "are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Even strangers we casually meet by the way, in the travellers' waiting room, are unconsciously influenced by the words and tones we use. It is the one with pleasant words on his lips, to whom the stranger in a strange land, turns for advice and direction in his perplexities. Take it as a compliment if some poor wayfarer comes to you to direct him which street or which train to take, your manner has struck him as belonging to one he can trust.

It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word, when the shadows rest on our own hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing good to another.

When you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word, you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing, absent friend, by sitting down and writing a good, warm-hearted letter.

M. C.—.

Evenings with the Poets.

FEBRUARY RAIN.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

STARLESS is the night, and dreary;
And my ear is very weary
Listening to the wind's wild sighing,
And the wave's more hoarse replying—
To the fitful dash and flutter
Of dead vines against the shutter;
To the pattering and the beating,
To the surging and retreating,
And the riotous refrain
Of the February rain.

If I slumber, dream I only
Of all things most stark and lonely;
Beetling cliffs, with shadows dismal,
Lost in blackest deeps abysmal;
Spectral horsemen, madly riding—
Spectral sails, in moonlight gliding—
Lightning-scarr'd and blacken'd branches,
Clicking, shuddering avalanches—
Strange that thought should catch such train
From the February rain!

Yet, I know the kind earth keepeth
Every little drop that creepeth
Down among the roots of flowers,
To make glad the April hours.
'Midst the roots of grains and grasses,
Whispering, as the cold flood passes,
'Lo—neath aspect of affliction,
Nature's holiest benediction!
Fairer crown shall Summer gain
For the February rain!"

And from this I fain would borrow
Comfort in my night of sorrow;
Trusting that its clouds, distilling
Now such bitter tears, and filling
All my heart with doubt and sadness,
Yet shall water germs of gladness;
Flowers, whose bloom shall languish never;
Pure resolve, and strong endeavor—

Hopes serene, and chastened feeling—
Clear-eyed faith, to Heaven upstealing—
Patient-waiting—self-denial—
Till I bless this stormy trial,
Even as flower, and fruit, and grain,
Bless the February rain!

SLOW AND SURE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

UPON the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from branch to root;
And blossoms bloom and fall withal,
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheaten bread,
Then cradle, thresh and go to mill,
Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out
That makes the winner win.

THE PARADOX.

BY CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

I WISH that the day were over,
The week, the month and the year;
Yet life is not such a burden
That I wish the end were near.

And my birthdays come so swiftly
That I meet them grudgingly:
Would it be so were I longing
For the life that is to be?

Nay: the soul, though ever reaching
For that which is out of sight,
Yet soars with reluctant motion,
Since there is no backward flight.

Lippincott's Magazine.

ANTICIPATION.

WHEN failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darken round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.

Chambers' Journal.

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed;

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight,

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Atlantic Monthly.

SOLOMON RAY.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

A HARD, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away;
He hoarded and saved;
He pinched and shaved;
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned dollars he toiled to gain
Brought him little but care and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent

He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray.
The years went by, and his hair grew gray,
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within

Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.

But he died, one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting, and man but dust,
The heirs were gay
That laid him away.

And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarrelled now, who had little cared
For Solomon Ray while his life was spared.
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold

All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat, and pinch, and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave.
All their gold some day
Will melt away,

Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

Housekeepers' Department.

"PIPSEY."

CALCINED plaster is what we use to repair our lamps when the mouldings have become loosened. Fill the cavity with plaster, which you must first wet with cold or warm water; then set the glass firmly and hold it in place for a few minutes. It hardens quickly—and your lamp is as strong as when new.

That starch was nice, Pipsey. But when you make again, just put your sifted flour and cold water in a pan, and shake, with a moderate movement, for a minute or two; all the lumps will disappear, it is smooth, all ready for the boiling water; you will see that rubbing or dabbling your hands in it is quite unnecessary. Indeed, you can make it with your best "allpao" on, if you choose, without soiling.

The hands—how people do misuse and abuse these serving members; thrusting them, without mercy, into boiling heats or icy chillness; aye, do some not actually use them for hoes, shovels and tongs, spoons, ladies and forks, little caring that the Creator has given them reasoning powers to construct implements to save and coverings to protect them.

Oh, dear Pipsey, if I had your nice way of telling what I wish to, (writing, I mean.) I would like to give a chapter to show the many ways I have learned to save my hands; first, from necessity, and now because I find it easy and more comfortable.

Dear old friend! you have advised, instructed and benefited us all the way. My oracle! So, when Mrs. R. came to me, troubled because baby Maud, with the aid of a big, sweet apple, had traced indecible patterns on a choice article—a souvenir, made by hands that have laid down their work forever—I was sorry, and said, I'll ask Pipsey. Can you tell what will remove those stains? Yours, EXIE.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING SOUPS.

LEAN, JUICY BEEF, MUTTON AND VEAL, form the basis of all good soups; therefore it is advisable to procure those pieces which afford the richest succulence, and such as are fresh-killed. Stale meat renders them bad, and fat is not so well adapted for making them. The principal art in composing good, rich soup, is so to proportion the several ingredients that the flavor of one shall not predominate over another, and that all the articles of which it is composed, shall form an agreeable whole. To accomplish this, care must be taken that the roots and herbs are perfectly well cleaned, and that the water is proportioned to the quantity of meat and other ingredients. Generally a quart of water may be allowed to a pound of meat for soups, and half the quantity for gravies. In making soups or gravies, gentle stewing or simmering is incomparably the best. It may be remarked, however, that a really good soup can never be made but in

a well-closed vessel, although, perhaps, greater wholesomeness is obtained by an occasional exposure to the air. Soups will, in general, take from three to six hours doing, and are much better prepared the day before they are wanted. When the soup is cold, the fat may be much more easily and completely removed; and when it is poured off, care must be taken not to disturb the settlings at the bottom of the vessel, which are so fine that they will escape through a sieve. A tamis is the best strainer, and if the soup is strained while it is hot, let the tamis or cloth be previously soaked in cold water. Clear soups must be perfectly transparent, and thickened soups about the consistence of cream. To thicken and give body to soups and gravies, potato-mucilage, arrow-root, bread-rusings, isinglass, flour and butter, barley, rice or oatmeal, in a little water rubbed well together, are used. A piece of boiled beef pounded to a pulp, with a bit of butter and flour, and rubbed through a sieve, and gradually incorporated with the soup, will be found an excellent addition. When the soup appears to be *too thin* or *too weak*, the cover of the boiler should be taken off, and the contents allowed to boil till some of the watery parts have evaporated; or some of the thickening materials above mentioned should be added. When soups and gravies are kept from day to day in hot weather, they should be warmed up every day, and put into fresh scalded pans or tureens, and placed in a cool cellar. In temperate weather, every other day may be sufficient.

VARIOUS HERBS AND VEGETABLES are required for the purpose of making soups and gravies. Of these the principal are—Scotch barley, pearl barley, wheat flour, oatmeal, bread-rusings, peas, beans, rice, vermicelli, macaroni, isinglass, potato-mucilage, mushroom or mushroom ketchup, champignons, parsnips, carrots, beetroot, turnips, garlic, shallots and onions. Sliced onions, fried with butter and flour till they are browned, and then rubbed through a sieve, are excellent to heighten the color and flavor of brown soups and sauces, and form the basis of many of the fine relishes furnished by the cook. The older and drier the onion, the stronger will be its flavor. Leeks, cucumber or burnet vinegar; celery or celery seed pounded. The latter, though equally strong, does not impart the delicate sweetness of the fresh vegetable; and when used

as a substitute, its flavor should be corrected by the addition of a bit of sugar. Cress-reed, parsley, common thyme, lemon thyme, orange thyme, knotted marjoram, sage, mint, winter savory and basil. As fresh green basil is seldom to be procured, and its fine flavor is soon lost, the best way of preserving the extract is by pouring wine on the fresh leaves.

FOR THE SEASONING OF SOUPS, bay-leaves, tomato, tarragon, chervil, burnet, allspice, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, clove, mace, black and white pepper, essence of anchovy, lemon-peel and juice, and Seville orange juice, are all taken. The latter imparts a finer flavor than the lemon, and the acid is much milder. These materials, with wine, mushroom ketchup, Harvey's sauce, tomato sauce, combined in various proportions, are, with other ingredients, manipulated into an almost endless variety of excellent soups and gravies. Soups, which are intended to constitute the principal part of a meal, certainly ought not to be flavored like sauces, which are only designed to give a relish to some particular dish.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

ALMOND CAKE.—Cup and a half sugar; half-cup butter; half-cup milk (sweet); four eggs; two cups flour; teaspoon cream tartar; half-teaspoon soda, stirred in. If baked well, this will prove exceedingly nice.

CREAM PIE.—Pint of scalded milk; two eggs; half-cup flour, mixed with milk; cup sugar; any flavor that is preferred—almond is excellent. Use cup-cake, or any light cake, slightly warm. Pour the custard over it.

ORANGE CAKE (very nice).—Five eggs—the whites to be used for frosting; two cups of white sugar; four tablespoonfuls of butter; half of sweet milk; one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; two and a half cups of flour; the juice of one orange. Bake in four cakes. Put frosting between, and sprinkle the grated orange peel on it. Frost the top. Extra.

TEACUP PUDDING.—Three eggs; two cups of sour cream; two of sour milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus; one tablespoonful of molasses. To be steamed in cups three-quarters of an hour. To be eaten with sauce. Half the quantity sufficient for four persons. This is good if made right.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE month of February presents no marked changes in the fashion of our clothing. The modes were settled upon in December and January, and it is yet too early to see any indications of spring styles. The heaviest goods are worn in the outer clothing, which is cut in the form of jackets, sacques and polonaises. We see less of the costume *en suite* this season than for a number of years, the dressy and coquettish English jackets in cloth and velvet being quite generally substituted in the place of the polonaise of the same material as the dress.

Metellasse, which we have already described in a former number of the magazine, is used for petticoats to be worn with court trains, and for front gores to silk dresses, as well as for trimmings, but it cannot be called a genuine success for entire outside garments.

Very showy jackets and *tablier* overskirts are made by covering them with a heavy braiding or embroidery in a contrasting color. We saw, in one of our fashionable establishments, a jacket and *tablier* of gray, braided in a running vine pattern of brown, which was very effective in its appearance.

Bugles have never been so much worn as now. They

dot the lace which trims the garments; they are sometimes made to bespangle the garments themselves; they are woven in heavy fringes. It is not uncommon to see a polonaise so literally loaded with them that its weight is really burdensome to the wearer. How foolish this is we need not say. This rage for bugles is likely to be short-lived. Those, therefore, who are making up good garments, with the hope that they may serve them for years, had best by all means avoid them; for when they go out of fashion, which must be shortly, they will be very much out of fashion.

Heavy worsted fringes, and ball trimmings, are used to trim the heavy, clinging, coarse, woven fabrics which are so much in favor this season. The gray, or light-brown and white-mixed feather trimmings are very stylish and very popular, and comparatively inexpensive. They harmonize beautifully with many of the camel's-hair velvets, woollen corduroys, fancy twills and plaids, but their most striking effects are produced by contrasts with royal purples, blues, dark greens and blacks.

Velvets in bias folds, plaits and ruffles, and in various combinations, are used with as fashionable effects as heretofore, and velvet ribbons are also once more in high favor.

The hats most commonly seen this season are of felt. They are stylish, becoming and cheap. They are, for the most part, trimmed simply and inexpensively with velvet and feathers of a tint to match, flowers and laces being inadmissible upon them.

For the hair, knots of ribbon are worn at home, as well as jets, and top and side combs of either jet or shell. Ostrich-tips, wings and flowers are prevailing favorites for full dress, provided the lady has no jewels for her locks.

New Publications.

Bric-a-Brac Series No. 4. Reminiscences of Barham, Harvess and Hodder. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. The biographies of these three men, neither of them of any special note, are rich in recollections and anecdotes of the most illustrious persons of a past generation. The volume, the contents of which have been gleaned from these biographies, is exceedingly entertaining, at the same time that it gives us glimpses into the history and character of these illustrious persons, such as their own legitimate biographies do not afford.

Rhymes and Jingles. By Mary Mapes Dodge, Author of "The Silver Skates," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a treasury of good things for the youngest, charmingly illustrated, and choice in everything. If you want to make a little five or six-year-old boy or girl happy, get him or her "Rhymes and Jingles."

Life of Rear Admiral Paul Jones. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This naval hero of a past generation worthily finds a place among the "pioneers and patriots of America." His life reads like romance, so full is it of startling interest and adventure. This is a book that all boys will prize.

Grace for Grace. Letters of Rev. William James. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. A volume of essays on religious subjects, which will be read with interest and profit by a large class in the community.

The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., Author of "Sex in Education." Boston: James Osgood & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. We have received this little volume, and when we have had time to give it a proper degree of attention, we will tell our readers our opinion of it.

Deutsche Rundschau. Herausgegeben von Julius Bodenberg. Erster Jahrgang, Heft 1, October, 1874. Heft 2, November, 1874. Berlin: Verlag von Gehröder Paetel. Through the courtesy of the New York agent, we have received the first and second numbers of this new German periodical. It is a magazine of the highest class, and contains articles from the pens of the best writers in Germany. It is designed to occupy, in German periodical literature, a position like that filled in France by the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." To the students of German, who are rapidly increasing in this country, as well as to the large class of cultivated readers of German birth or blood among us, we know nothing of a similar character that we can more heartily recommend than this magazine. The first number, among other articles, contains a characteristic tale of Auerbach; a forebode essay on the first partition of Poland, by Heinrich von Sybel; an interesting scientific treatise called "Botanic Problems," by Prof. Ferd. Cohn; and also a charming story by Theodore Storm; "Nerina," a tale by Paul Heyse; "Talents and Education," by Edward Larkee; and "The Polar Explorations of Our Time," by Fred. von Hellwald, form a portion of the contents of the second number. Stecher & Wolff, No. 2, Bond Street, New York, are the principal American agents.

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The Starling. By Norman Macleod, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Smith and English. This is a charming Scottish story which we can heartily recommend to the attention of our readers.

Estelle. A Novel. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Mrs. Edwards is well known as one of the most popular of English writers, and her stories always find a large circle of admirers.

Caleb Krinkle. A Story of American Life. By Charles Carleton Coffin, "Carleton." Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a cleverly-written book, in which the characters are well and contrastingly delineated, the scenes vividly described and the action natural and life-like.

Our Helen. By Sophie May, Author of "Little Prudie Stories." Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

That Queer Girl. By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These two volumes belong to a series called "The Maidenhood Series," which is now in course of publication. The volumes of this series are all superior. "Our Helen" is a charming story, as all will feel assured of when we say that Sophie May writes as well for youth as she does for the little folks. Of Miss Townsend's abilities as a writer of fiction we surely need not speak to the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE, who were for so many years familiar with her stories. The present tale is an excellent one, and the book has numerous illustrations.

The Exhibition Drama. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This volume contains dramas, comedies and farces, adapted for private theatricals, home representations, holiday and school exhibitions. They are prepared with special reference to the needs and requirements of amateur companies, and will meet with a hearty welcome from the public.

The Song Fountain. By Wm. Tillinghast and D. P. Horton. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Bancroft & Co., 512 Arch Street. This volume is specially adapted to the needs of the singing-school and for the day-school in which music is taught. The music is simple yet pleasing, and the collection is such as will find favor with musicians.

The Dorcas Club; or, Our Girls Afloat. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is the fifth volume of the "Yacht Club Series," and it is a story which will interest girls equally with boys.

Sowed by the Wind; or, The Poor Boy's Fortune. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Mr. Kellogg has written three series of juvenile books, which have become exceedingly popular. He now begins a fourth series, to be known as "The Forest Gem Series." Each story will be complete in itself, and all, if we may judge from the volume before us, will be entertaining, instructive and handsomely illustrated.

Little Songs. By Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen. With new illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. It is scarcely less than thirty-five or forty years since these charming "Little Songs" first appeared, and for which thousands of mothers and their little children have ever since been glad and grateful. They are among the simplest, sweetest and best to be found. In this new edition, with its exquisite illustrations and perfect typography, it cannot fail to become more widely popular than ever.

Hazel-Blossoms. By John Greenleaf Whittier.

Boston: James Osgood & Co. A collection of the more recent poems of the author, in a tasteful volume that will find its way into the hands of thousands of his admirers. "The Golden Wedding of Longwood;" "Conductor Bradley;" "John Underhill;" "The Friends' Burial," etc., are among the number. But the chief attraction for many readers will be found in the selection which the author has made from poems left by his late sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, and which he introduces to the public in some fitting and tender remarks. They show her to have been almost as rarely gifted as her brother.

Editor's Department.

Materialization of Spirits.

THE recent exposure, in this city, of the "Katie King" deception, should be a salutary lesson to those who are inclined to give much credence to what are known as spiritual manifestations. In all cases where, through pretended mediumistic influence, there is an apparent suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, fraud may be assumed. The ever-present power of God in nature cannot be set aside by weak, foolish or tricky men and women; and whenever it seems to be done we may be very sure that delusion or artifice is present.

The "spirit photograph" humbug, which science soon exposed, has been followed by a grosser deception—nothing less than a pretended materialization of spirit! And what is remarkable, we find men of education and intelligence quick to endorse this later absurdity, and to bewilder weaker minds by attempted explanations of what they regard as new phenomena—explanations that only show how really ignorant they are of the true relation of matter to spirit.

All the conditions attendant on the various seances at which it is pretended that spirits become visible to sight and tangible to touch, are singularly favorable to deception; and the marvel is that so many sensible people are made to believe in jugglery that is often of the coarsest kind. Not only did this pretended Katie King become materialized as to sight, but she was able, in a few minutes, to clothe herself with such real flesh that it felt solid, soft and warm in your hand—you could actually feel her pulse beat—as one testified! And all this real flesh and blood would dissolve itself away in a few moments! Into such strange delusions were many who witnessed these exhibitions thrown, that they presented this spirit of Katie King (who assumed to be the daughter of an English freebooter, who lived one or two hundred years ago,) with bouquets, crosses, jewelry, oranges, etc., to be spiritualized by her and presented to friends in the other world! The discovery of many of these things in the possession of a young woman who confessed to having played the rôle of Katie, was, of course, a sad disappointment to those who had fondly believed their offerings of love transferred to the other side and in the hands of their departed ones!

We trust that the exposure of this transparent fraud will open the eyes of many to the folly of giving up their reason and senses to such gross delusions.

To show how completely this may sometimes be done, even with persons of more than ordinary acuteness of mind, we quote the following brief statement from an article, by Robert Dale Owen, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December. He says:

"When I read that, 'the doors being shut,' Jesus suddenly appeared among His affrighted followers, or that, after talking with two disciples at Emmaus, He 'vanished out of their sight,' I see no more reason for disbelieving this than for rejecting a thousand other historical incidents of an ancient date; seeing that, in a lighted room and with the doors so securely closed that entrance or exit was impossible, I have seen a ma-

terialized form, that had spoken to me a few minutes before, disappear under my very eyes, and reappear and walk about as before; and this at a distance from me of seven or eight feet only, and not over, but on five or six different occasions. In each case I had taken such vigilant precautions beforehand against possible deception, that I had no alternative except to admit that these marvelous phenomena were realities, or else to assume that the senses of sight, hearing and touch are witnesses utterly unworthy to be trusted."

And yet the senses of even Mr. Owen, with all his intelligence, acuteness and precaution, were deceived, as he has since publicly confessed. A man and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Holmes,) and a confederate who personated Katie King, with the simple apparatus of a cabinet, set against a window or door, having a movable panel in the back, were able, night after night, for months, to deceive Mr. Owen and other credulous persons, who paid their money to see, and touch, and talk with departed spirits re-clothed in real flesh and blood! So thoroughly were many of them deceived by these impostors that not a few really thought they saw the faces of departed loved ones in the india-rubber masks that were blown up by Mr. Holmes, who was inside of the cabinet pretending to be in a mediumistic trance, and presented at a little aperture facing the spell-bound audiences!

Mr. Owen, in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, takes the ground that there is no such thing as a miracle—that is, a suspension of natural law; and he is able to accept as true the appearance of our Lord after His resurrection on the theory of a possible materialization of spirit. A much simpler explanation may be found in the declaration of St. Paul, that there "is a spiritual body" as well as a natural body. If there is a spiritual body, then it must have spiritual senses, and all the powers and faculties needed for an intelligent and useful life in the spiritual world, whenever the man's natural life dies and his natural body is resolved again into the elements from which it was taken. So long as man is in the natural world, these senses of his spiritual body are normally closed. But scripture record, and the experience of mankind in all ages, show that, under peculiar and rare conditions, the spiritual eyes of some men have been opened, so that they could see, for a brief period, some inhabitant of the spiritual world. How much easier to believe that our Saviour, after His resurrection, opened the inner eyes of those who saw Him, than that He clothed Himself again with material substance. In this, there would be no setting aside of any natural law; but a simple opening of eyes that had as real an existence and sight-power as the natural eyes. But in a materialization of spirit, if it were actually to take place, there would be a violation of the laws attendant on flesh-making and the building-up of a material, human body with all its marvellous congeries of vital organs, nerves and tissues.

So far, the world has gained nothing as to useful knowledge, or incentives to a higher Christian morality, from any form of this so-called spiritualism. While, on the other hand, its path through modern society is strewn with the saddest wrecks—reason dethroned,

homes destroyed and virtue cast down. It matters not as to the truth or falsity of any of its assumed manifestations. By their fruits they must be judged. If spirits do really communicate through mediums, then it is very plain, from the character of the communications received, that, for the most part, those who talk with men are of a low order, and that few of them, if in the flesh, would be tolerated among intelligent people or in good society.

Reader, if you have not meddled with this thing, take our advice and let it alone; if, on the other hand, you have been unhappily drawn within its influences, get out of them as quickly as possible. If you are in search of genuine spiritual truth you will never find it here.

Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

SCARCELY a day passes without a record by the public press of some shocking and fiendish cruelty to helpless little children, at which the heart grows sick. For years we have had societies in most of our large cities for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but, until within a few weeks, there has been no movement towards a society for the protection of children. Gladly do we announce the organization of such a society in New York. It is in the hands of some of the foremost men of that city, and they are evidently in earnest. Among the officers of the society we notice the names of John D. Wright, Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, Elbridge T. Gerry, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John J. Cisco, Henry Burgh, August Belmont, Theodore Roosevelt, and other men of wealth, prominence and influence.

The constitution thus defines the scope and purpose of this society.

1st. To rescue little children of this State (New York) from the cruelty and demoralization which neglect, abandonment and improper treatment engender.

2d. To aid by all lawful means in the enforcement of the laws intended for their protection and benefit.

3d. To secure by like means the prompt conviction and punishment of all persons violating such laws, and especially of such persons as cruelly ill treat and shamefully neglect such little children of whom they claim the care, custody or control.

Most earnestly do we utter a "God speed!" to the work of this new society. How pressing the need for its care and protection of children may be seen from the following paragraph which we clip from the *New York Tribune*.

"The number of vagrant and neglected children in the city of New York when the last census was taken, was twenty-four per cent. of the whole number. By these we mean the utterly impoverished class who swarm in idleness about the alleys and tenement houses, or attempt to earn a miserable living by working in factories at an age when a child with a fair chance for its life would be in its mother's arms, or kept close by her side. Over three thousand children, from four to eight years old, were found in different manufactories kept at work from ten to fourteen hours a day. The time of labor has been legally reduced; but the poor babies are at work still, with the thin dwarfed bodies, overgrown heads and yellow skins which make them appear a mere nightmare of childhood."

Trade and thrift are often as cruel to children as vice and evil passions; and from the one as well as from the other they need protection.

But not alone in New York are children treated with shameless inhumanity. Their moans and cries go up from every city, and town, and village in the whole land; and christian men and women can no longer disregard these sorrowful appeals for help and stand guiltless in the sight of God. Let each city, and town, and neighborhood have its "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." If every minister of the Gospel throughout the land would bring this subject strongly before his people, and urge them to take part in a movement for the protection of abused and neglected children, a new public sentiment would speedily be created, and the conditions of thousands and tens of thousands of suffering little ones, be changed for the better.

Ancient Civilization.

THE antiquities found in the Island of Cypress by General Cesnola, and placed on exhibition in New York, are very curious and remarkable. In his explorations, he uncovered an ancient Greek cemetery, and beneath it found an older Phœnician cemetery, in which he opened nearly three thousand tombs, taking from them articles buried with the dead, consisting of pottery, household utensils, glassware and jewelry. The Island of Cypress was, in ancient times, very populous, containing some four millions of people, who represented the highest civilization of the period. Now it has only about a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The articles found by General Cesnola number nearly thirty thousand, and are valuable as illustrating the manners and customs of the various races which have occupied the island. Among them are articles of jewelry three or four thousand years old, and very much resembling the ornaments worn by ladies in our day. The ear-rings have clasps for attaching them to the ear without its being bored. Egyptian customs are illustrated by groups of small statuary similar to those of Rogers's, in which their funeral processions and other events of daily life are represented. All these objects were buried with the dead, and now, coming to the light, are the means by which we of this later age may know something of the habits, customs and domestic life of races and people about whom history gives only a meager account.

Postal Card Abuse.

THE writing of scurrilous, insulting or offensive communications on postal cards, has been one of the abuses attendant on our new and cheap method of correspondence. Mean-spirited, ill-natured and spiteful persons indulge in this species of annoyance, which is sometimes very great. The sending of bills and duns is also a common practice with some, where they have a creditor who from neglect or lack of means is dilatory in making payments. All this is wrong, and those who do it render themselves liable to prosecution. In England, this misuse of postal cards is punished by law; and we are glad to see that a suit has been brought in New York against a person for sending an improper card.

The law provides the means for collecting debts which any creditor can use. Dunning by postal cards, or in any other annoying or humiliating way, is not one of these; and creditors who resort to such methods render themselves liable to a suit at law.

The Sister of the Poet Whittier.

IN our notice, this month, of Whittier's last volume, "Hazel-Blossoms," we referred to the poems by his sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, which are appended to the volume. In his introduction to these poems, the brother says:

"I have ventured, in compliance with the desire of dear friends of my beloved sister, to add to this little volume the few poetical pieces which she left behind her. As she was very distrustful of her own powers, and altogether without ambition for literary distinction, she shunned everything like publicity, and found far greater happiness in generous appreciation of the gifts of her friends, than in the cultivation of her own. Yet it has always seemed to me that, had her health, sense of duty and fitness, and her extreme self-distrust permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers. These poems, with, perhaps, two or three exceptions, afford but slight indications of the inward life of the writer, who had an almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism, or of her tenderness of sympathy, chastened mirthfulness and pleasant play of thought and fancy, when her shy, beautiful soul opened like a flower in the warmth of social communion."

This is tenderly and beautifully said. The specimen

of Miss Whittier's poetry which we give below justifies the brother's estimate of her ability.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

"Dear Anna, when I brought her veil,
Her white veil on her wedding-night,
Threw o'er my thin, brown hair its folds,
And, laughing, turned me to the light.

"See, Bessie, see! you wear at last
The bridal veil, forsworn for years!
She saw my face—her laugh was hushed,
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

"With kindly haste and trembling hand
She drew away the gauzy mist;
'Forgive, dear heart!' her sweet voice said;
Her loving lips my forehead kissed.

"We passed from out the searching light;
The summer night was calm and fair:
I did not see her pitying eyes,
I felt her soft hand smoothe my hair.

"Her tender love unlocked my heart;
'Mid falling tears, at last, I said,
'Forsworn, indeed, to me that veil,
Because I only love the dead.'

"She stood, one moment, statue-still,
And, musing, spake in undertone,
'The living love may colder grow;
The dead is safe with God alone!'"

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